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Portrait of Sir Walter Scott.

Painted by Sir Henry Raeburn, R. A. Etched by H. W. Batley.

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WAVERLEY

OR

'TIS SIXTY YEARS SINCE

IN TWO VOLUMES

VOL. I.

BY SIR WALTER SCOTT, BART.

With Introductory Essay and Notes

BY ANDREW LANG

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS

BOSTON

ESTES AND LAURIAT

1893

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TYPOGRAPHY, ELECTROTYPING, AND PRINTING BY JOHN WILSON AND SON, UNIVERSITY PRESS, CAMBRIDGE, U.S.A.

THIS NEW EDITION OF THE WAVERLEY NOVELS

IS DEDICATED TO THE HON. MRS. MAXWELL SCOTT OF ABBOTSFORD AND HER CHILDREN,

Walter, Mary, Michael, Alice, Malcolm, Margaret, and Herbert,

GREAT-GRANDDAUGHTER AND GREAT-GREAT-GRANDCHILDREN OF THE AUTHOR,

BY THE PUBLISHERS.

TO

THE KING'S MOST GRACIOUS MAJESTY.

SIRE, —

The Author of this collection of Works of Fiction would not have presumed to solicit for them your Majesty's august patronage, were it not that the perusal has been supposed in some instances to have succeeded in amusing hours of relaxation, or relieving those of languor, pain, or anxiety, and therefore must have so far aided the warmest wish of your Majesty's heart, by contributing in however small a degree to the happiness of your people.

They are therefore humbly dedicated to your Majesty, agreeably to your gracious permission, by

Your Majesty's Dutiful Subject,

WALTER SCOTT.

ABBOTSFORD, 1st January, 1829.

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EDITOR'S NOTE.

THE purpose of the added matter in this edition of the Waverley Novels — a reprint of the *magnum opus* of 1829–1832 — is to give to the stories their historical setting, by stating the circumstances in which they were composed and made their first appearance.

Sir Walter's own delightful Introductions, written hastily, as Lockhart says, and with a failing memory, have occasionally been corrected by Lockhart himself. His "Life of Scott" must always be our first and best source, but fragments of information may be gleaned from Sir Walter's unpublished correspondence.

The Editor owes to the kindness of Mrs. Maxwell Scott permission to examine the twenty-four large volumes of letters to Sir Walter, and some other manuscripts, which are preserved at Abbotsford. These yield but little of contemporary criticism or remark, as is natural, for Scott shared his secret with few, and most topics were more grateful to him than his own writings. Lockhart left little for his successors to do, and the more any one studies the Abbotsford manuscripts, the more must he admire the industry and tact of Scott's biographer.

The Editor has also put together some examples of contemporary published criticism which it is now not uninteresting to glance over. In selecting these he has been aided by the kindness of Mrs. Ogilbie. From the Abbotsford manuscripts and other sources he has added notes on points which have become ob-

scure by lapse of time. He has especially to thank, for their courteous and ready assistance, Lady Napier and Ettrick, who lent him Sir Walter's letters to her kinswoman, the Marchioness of Abercorn; Mr. David Douglas, the editor and publisher of Scott's "Journal," who has generously given the help of his antiquarian knowledge; and Mr. David MacRitchie, who permitted him to use the corrected proofs of "Redgauntlet."

ANDREW LANG.

ADVERTISEMENT.

It has been the occasional occupation of the Author of "Waverley" for several years past to revise and correct the voluminous series of Novels which pass under that name, in order that if they should ever appear as his avowed productions, he might render them in some degree deserving of a continuance of the public favour with which they have been honoured ever since their first appearance. For a long period, however, it seemed likely that the improved and illustrated Edition which he meditated would be a posthumous publication; but the course of the events which occasioned the disclosure of the Author's name having in a great measure restored to him a sort of parental control over these Works, he is naturally induced to give them to the press in a corrected, and, he hopes, an improved form, while life and health permit the task of revising and illustrating them. Such being his purpose, it is necessary to say a few words on the plan of the proposed Edition.

In stating it to be revised and corrected, it is not to be inferred that any attempt is made to alter the tenor of the stories, the character of the actors, or the spirit of the dialogue. There is no doubt ample room for emendation in all these points, but where the tree falls it must lie. Any attempt to obviate criticism, however just, by altering a work already in the hands of the public, is generally unsuccessful. In the most

improbable fiction, the reader still desires some air of *vraisemblance*, and does not relish that the incidents of a tale familiar to him should be altered to suit the taste of critics, or the caprice of the author himself. This process of feeling is so natural that it may be observed even in children, who cannot endure that a nursery story should be repeated to them differently from the manner in which it was first told.

But without altering in the slightest degree either the story or the mode of telling it, the Author has taken this opportunity to correct errors of the press and slips of the pen. That such should exist cannot be wondered at, when it is considered that the Publishers found it their interest to hurry through the press a succession of the early editions of the various Novels, and that the Author had not the usual opportunity of revision. It is hoped that the present Edition will be found free from errors of that accidental kind.

The Author has also ventured to make some emendations of a different character, which, without being such apparent deviations from the original stories as to disturb the reader's old associations, will, he thinks, add something to the spirit of the dialogue, narrative, or description. These consist in occasional pruning where the language is redundant, compression where the style is loose, infusion of vigour where it is languid, the exchange of less forcible for more appropriate epithets, — slight alterations, in short, like the last touches of an artist, which contribute to heighten and finish the picture, though an inexperienced eye can hardly detect in what they consist.

The General Preface to the new Edition, and the Introductory Notices to each separate work, will contain an account of such circumstances attending the first publication of the Novels and Tales as may appear interesting in themselves, or proper to be communi-

cated to the public. The Author also proposes to publish, on this occasion, the various legends, family traditions, or obscure historical facts which have formed the groundwork of these Novels, and to give some account of the places where the scenes are laid, when these are altogether, or in part, real, as well as a statement of particular incidents founded on fact; together with a more copious Glossary, and Notes explanatory of the ancient customs and popular superstitions referred to in the Romances.

Upon the whole, it is hoped that the Waverley Novels in their new dress will not be found to have lost any part of their attractions in consequence of receiving illustrations by the Author, and undergoing his careful revision.

ABBOTSFORD, *January*, 1829.

GENERAL PREFACE

TO THE FIRST EDITION OF WAVERLEY.

> And must I ravel out
> My weaved-up follies ?
>
> *Richard II. Act iv.*

HAVING undertaken to give an Introductory Account of the compositions which are here offered to the public, with Notes and Illustrations, the Author, under whose name they are now for the first time collected, feels that he has the delicate task of speaking more of himself and his personal concerns than may perhaps be either graceful or prudent. In this particular he runs the risk of presenting himself to the public in the relation that the dumb wife in the jest-book held to her husband when, having spent half of his fortune to obtain the cure of her imperfection, he was willing to have bestowed the other half to restore her to her former condition. But this is a risk inseparable from the task which the Author has undertaken, and he can only promise to be as little of an egotist as the situation will permit. It is perhaps an indifferent sign of a disposition to keep his word that, having introduced himself in the third person singular, he proceeds in the second paragraph to make use of the first. But it appears to him that the seeming modesty connected with the former mode of writing is overbalanced by the inconvenience of stiffness and affectation which attends it during a narrative of some length, and which may be observed less or more in every work in which the

third person is used, from the Commentaries of Cæsar, to the Autobiography of Alexander the Corrector. (*a*) [1]

I must refer to a very early period of my life, were I to point out my first achievements as a tale-teller; but I believe some of my old schoolfellows can still bear witness that I had a distinguished character for that talent, at a time when the applause of my companions was my recompense for the disgraces and punishments which the future romance-writer incurred for being idle himself, and keeping others idle, during hours that should have been employed on our tasks. The chief enjoyment of my holidays was to escape with a chosen friend, (*b*) who had the same taste with myself, and alternately to recite to each other such wild adventures as we were able to devise. We told, each in turn, interminable tales of knight-errantry and battles and enchantments, which were continued from one day to another as opportunity offered, without our ever thinking of bringing them to a conclusion. As we observed a strict secrecy on the subject of this intercourse, it acquired all the character of a concealed pleasure, and we used to select, for the scenes of our indulgence, long walks through the solitary and romantic environs of Arthur's Seat, Salisbury Crags, Braid Hills, and similar places in the vicinity of Edinburgh; and the recollection of those holidays still forms an oasis in the pilgrimage which I have to look back upon. I have only to add that my friend still lives, a prosperous gentleman, but too much occupied with graver business to thank me for indicating him more plainly as a confidant of my childish mystery.

When boyhood advancing into youth required more

[1] See Editor's Notes at the end of the Volume. Wherever a similar reference occurs, the reader will understand that the same direction applies.

serious studies and graver cares, a long illness threw me back on the kingdom of fiction, as if it were by a species of fatality. My indisposition arose, in part at least, from my having broken a blood-vessel; and motion and speech were for a long time pronounced positively dangerous. For several weeks I was confined strictly to my bed, during which time I was not allowed to speak above a whisper, to eat more than a spoonful or two of boiled rice, or to have more covering than one thin counterpane. When the reader is informed that I was at this time a growing youth, with the spirits, appetite, and impatience of fifteen, and suffered, of course, greatly under this severe regimen, which the repeated return of my disorder rendered indispensable, he will not be surprised that I was abandoned to my own discretion, so far as reading (my almost sole amusement) was concerned, and still less so that I abused the indulgence which left my time so much at my own disposal.

There was at this time a circulating library in Edinburgh, — founded, I believe, by the celebrated Allan Ramsay, — which, besides containing a most respectable collection of books of every description, was, as might have been expected, peculiarly rich in works of fiction. It exhibited specimens of every kind, from the romances of chivalry and the ponderous folios of Cyrus and Cassandra, down to the most approved works of later times. I was plunged into this great ocean of reading without compass or pilot; and unless when some one had the charity to play at chess with me, I was allowed to do nothing save read from morning to night. I was, in kindness and pity, — which was perhaps erroneous, however natural, — permitted to select my subjects of study at my own pleasure, upon the same principle that the humours of children are indulged to keep them out of mischief. As my taste

and appetite were gratified in nothing else, I indemnified myself by becoming a glutton of books. Accordingly, I believe I read almost all the romances, old plays, and epic poetry in that formidable collection, and no doubt was unconsciously amassing materials for the task in which it has been my lot to be so much employed.

At the same time I did not in all respects abuse the license permitted me. Familiar acquaintance with the specious miracles of fiction brought with it some degree of satiety, and I began, by degrees, to seek in histories, memoirs, voyages and travels, and the like, events nearly as wonderful as those which were the work of imagination, with the additional advantage that they were at least in a great measure true. The lapse of nearly two years, during which I was left to the exercise of my own free will, was followed by a temporary residence in the country, (*c*) where I was again very lonely but for the amusement which I derived from a good though old-fashioned library. The vague and wild use which I made of this advantage I cannot describe better than by referring my reader to the desultory studies of Waverley in a similar situation, the passages concerning whose course of reading were imitated from recollections of my own. It must be understood that the resemblance extends no farther.

Time, as it glided on, brought the blessings of confirmed health and personal strength to a degree which had never been expected or hoped for. The severe studies necessary to render me fit for my profession occupied the greater part of my time, and the society of my friends and companions who were about to enter life along with me, filled up the interval with the usual amusements of young men. I was in a situation which rendered serious labour indispensable; for neither pos-

sessing, on the one hand, any of those peculiar advantages which are supposed to favour a hasty advance in the profession of the law, nor being, on the other hand, exposed to unusual obstacles to interrupt my progress, I might reasonably expect to succeed according to the greater or less degree of trouble which I should take to qualify myself as a pleader.

It makes no part of the present story to detail how the success of a few ballads had the effect of changing all the purpose and tenor of my life, and of converting a painstaking lawyer of some years' standing into a follower of literature. It is enough to say that I had assumed the latter character for several years before I seriously thought of attempting a work of imagination in prose, although one or two of my poetical attempts did not differ from romances otherwise than by being written in verse. But yet I may observe that about this time (now, alas! thirty years since) I had nourished the ambitious desire of composing a tale of chivalry, which was to be in the style of the "Castle of Otranto," with plenty of Border characters and supernatural incident. Having found unexpectedly a chapter of this intended work among some old papers, I have subjoined it to this introductory essay, thinking some readers may account as curious the first attempts at romantic composition by an author who has since written so much in that department.[1] And those who complain, not unreasonably, of the profusion of the Tales which have followed "Waverley," may bless their stars at the narrow escape they have made, by the commencement of the inundation which had so nearly taken place in the first year of the century, being postponed for fifteen years later.

This particular subject was never resumed; but I did not abandon the idea of fictitious composition in

[1] See the fragment alluded to, in the Appendix, No. I.

prose, though I determined to give another turn to the style of the work.

My early recollections of the Highland scenery and customs made so favourable an impression in the poem called the "Lady of the Lake" that I was induced to think of attempting something of the same kind in prose. I had been a good deal in the Highlands at a time when they were much less accessible, and much less visited, than they have been of late years, and was acquainted with many of the old warriors of 1745, who were, like most veterans, easily induced to fight their battles over again, for the benefit of a willing listener like myself. It naturally occurred to me that the ancient traditions and high spirit of a people who, living in a civilized age and country, retained so strong a tincture of manners belonging to an early period of society, must afford a subject favourable for romance, if it should not prove a curious tale marred in the telling.

It was with some idea of this kind that about the year 1805 I threw together about one third part of the first volume of "Waverley." It was advertised to be published by the late Mr. John Ballantyne, bookseller in Edinburgh, under the name of "Waverley; or, 'tis Fifty Years since," — a title afterwards altered to "'Tis Sixty Years since," that the actual date of publication might be made to correspond with the period in which the scene was laid. Having proceeded as far, I think, as the seventh chapter, I showed my work to a critical friend, whose opinion was unfavourable; and having then some poetical reputation, I was unwilling to risk the loss of it by attempting a new style of composition. I therefore threw aside the work I had commenced, without either reluctance or remonstrance. I ought to add that though my ingenious friend's sentence was afterwards

reversed, on an appeal to the public, it cannot be considered as any imputation on his good taste; for the specimen subjected to his criticism did not extend beyond the departure of the hero for Scotland, and, consequently, had not entered upon the part of the story which was finally found most interesting.

Be that as it may, this portion of the manuscript was laid aside in the drawers of an old writing-desk, which, on my first coming to reside at Abbotsford, in 1811, was placed in a lumber-garret and entirely forgotten. Thus though I sometimes, among other literary avocations, turned my thoughts to the continuation of the romance which I had commenced, yet as I could not find what I had already written, after searching such repositories as were within my reach, and was too indolent to attempt to write it anew from memory, I as often laid aside all thoughts of that nature.

Two circumstances in particular recalled my recollection of the mislaid manuscript. The first was the extended and well-merited fame of Miss Edgeworth, whose Irish characters have gone so far to make the English familiar with the character of their gay and kind-hearted neighbours of Ireland that she may be truly said to have done more towards completing the Union than perhaps all the legislative enactments by which it has been followed up.

Without being so presumptuous as to hope to emulate the rich humour, pathetic tenderness, and admirable tact which pervade the works of my accomplished friend, I felt that something might be attempted for my own country, of the same kind with that which Miss Edgeworth so fortunately achieved for Ireland, — something which might introduce her natives to those of the sister kingdom in a more favourable light than they had been placed hitherto, and tend to procure sympathy for their virtues, and indulgence for their

foibles. I thought, also, that much of what I wanted in talent might be made up by the intimate acquaintance with the subject which I could lay claim to possess, as having travelled through most parts of Scotland, both Highland and Lowland; having been familiar with the elder, as well as more modern race; and having had from my infancy free and unrestrained communication with all ranks of my countrymen, from the Scottish peer to the Scottish ploughman. Such ideas often occurred to me, and constituted an ambitious branch of my theory, however far short I may have fallen of it in practice.

But it was not only the triumphs of Miss Edgeworth which worked in me emulation and disturbed my indolence. I chanced actually to engage in a work which formed a sort of essay piece, and gave me hope that I might in time become free of the craft of romance-writing, and be esteemed a tolerable workman.

In the year 1807–1808, I undertook, at the request of John Murray, Esq., of Albemarle Street, to arrange for publication some posthumous productions of the late Mr. Joseph Strutt, distinguished as an artist and an antiquary, amongst which was an unfinished romance entitled "Queen-Hoo Hall." The scene of the tale was laid in the reign of Henry VI., and the work was written to illustrate the manners, customs, and language of the people of England during that period. The extensive acquaintance which Mr. Strutt had acquired with such subjects in compiling his laborious "Horda Angel Cynnan," his "Royal and Ecclesiastical Antiquities," and his "Essay on the Sports and Pastimes of the People of England," had rendered him familiar with all the antiquarian lore necessary for the purpose of composing the projected romance; and although the manuscript bore the marks of hurry and incoherence natural to the first rough draught of the

author, it evinced, in my opinion, considerable powers of imagination.

As the Work was unfinished, I deemed it my duty, as Editor, to supply such a hasty and inartificial conclusion as could be shaped out from the story of which Mr. Strutt had laid the foundation. This concluding chapter [1] is also added to the present Introduction, for the reason already mentioned regarding the preceding fragment. It was a step in my advance towards romantic composition; and to preserve the traces of these is in a great measure the object of this Essay.

"Queen-Hoo Hall" was not, however, very successful. I thought I was aware of the reason, and supposed that, by rendering his language too ancient, and displaying his antiquarian knowledge too liberally, the ingenious author had raised up an obstacle to his own success. Every work designed for mere amusement must be expressed in language easily comprehended; and when, as is sometimes the case in "Queen-Hoo Hall," the author addresses himself exclusively to the Antiquary, he must be content to be dismissed by the general reader with the criticism of Mungo, in "The Padlock," on the Mauritanian music: "What signifies me hear, if me no understand?"

I conceived it possible to avoid this error; and by rendering a similar work more light and obvious to general comprehension, to escape the rock on which my predecessor was shipwrecked. But I was, on the other hand, so far discouraged by the indifferent reception of Mr. Strutt's romance as to become satisfied that the manners of the Middle Ages did not possess the interest which I had conceived, and was led to form the opinion that a romance, founded on a Highland story and more modern events, would have a better

[1] See Appendix, No. II.

chance of popularity than a tale of chivalry. My thoughts, therefore, returned more than once to the tale which I had actually commenced, and accident at length threw the lost sheets in my way.

I happened to want some fishing-tackle for the use of a guest, when it occurred to me to search the old writing-desk already mentioned, in which I used to keep articles of that nature. I got access to it with some difficulty, and in looking for lines and flies, the long-lost manuscript presented itself. I immediately set to work to complete it according to my original purpose. And here I must frankly confess that the mode in which I conducted the story scarcely deserved the success which the Romance afterwards attained. The tale of "Waverley" was put together with so little care that I cannot boast of having sketched any distinct plan of the work. The whole adventures of Waverley, in his movements up and down the country with the Highland cateran Bean Lean, are managed without much skill. It suited best, however, the road I wanted to travel, and permitted me to introduce some descriptions of scenery and manners to which the reality gave an interest which the powers of the Author might have otherwise failed to attain for them. And though I have been in other instances a sinner in this sort, I do not recollect any of these Novels in which I have transgressed so widely as in the first of the series.

Among other unfounded reports, it has been said that the copyright of "Waverley" was, during the book's progress through the press, offered for sale to various booksellers in London at a very inconsiderable price. This was not the case. Messrs. Constable and Cadell, who published the work, were the only persons acquainted with the contents of the publication, and they offered a large sum for it while in the course of

printing, which, however, was declined, the Author not choosing to part with the copyright.

The origin of the story of "Waverley," and the particular facts on which it is founded, are given in the separate Introduction prefixed to that Romance in this edition, and require no notice in this place.

"Waverley" was published in 1814; and as the title-page was without the name of the Author, the work was left to win its way in the world without any of the usual recommendations. Its progress was for some time slow; but after the first two or three months its popularity had increased in a degree which must have satisfied the expectations of the Author, had these been far more sanguine than he ever entertained.

Great anxiety was expressed to learn the name of the Author; but on this no authentic information could be attained. My original motive for publishing the work anonymously was the consciousness that it was an experiment on the public taste which might very probably fail, and therefore there was no occasion to take on myself the personal risk of discomfiture. For this purpose considerable precautions were used to preserve secrecy. My old friend and schoolfellow, Mr. James Ballantyne, who printed these Novels, had the exclusive task of corresponding with the Author, who thus had not only the advantage of his professional talents, but also of his critical abilities. The original manuscript, or, as it is technically called, copy, was transcribed, under Mr. Ballantyne's eye, by confidential persons; nor was there an instance of treachery during the many years in which these precautions were resorted to, although various individuals were employed at different times. Double proof-sheets were regularly printed off. One was forwarded to the Author by Mr. Ballantyne, and the alterations which it received were, by his own hand, copied upon the other proof-sheet for

the use of the printers, so that even the corrected proofs of the Author were never seen in the printing-office; and thus the curiosity of such eager inquirers as made the most minute investigation was entirely at fault.

But although the cause of concealing the Author's name in the first instance, when the reception of "Waverley" was doubtful, was natural enough, it is more difficult, it may be thought, to account for the same desire for secrecy during the subsequent editions, to the amount of betwixt eleven and twelve thousand copies, which followed each other close, and proved the success of the work. I am sorry I can give little satisfaction to queries on this subject. I have already stated elsewhere that I can render little better reason for choosing to remain anonymous than by saying, with Shylock, that such was my humour. It will be observed that I had not the usual stimulus for desiring personal reputation, — the desire, namely, to float amidst the conversation of men. Of literary fame, whether merited or undeserved, I had already as much as might have contented a mind more ambitious than mine; and in entering into this new contest for reputation, I might be said rather to endanger what I had, than to have any considerable chance of acquiring more. I was affected, too, by none of those motives which, at an earlier period of life, would doubtless have operated upon me. My friendships were formed, my place in society fixed, my life had attained its middle course. My condition in society was higher perhaps than I deserved, certainly as high as I wished, and there was scarce any degree of literary success which could have greatly altered or improved my personal condition.

I was not, therefore, touched by the spur of ambition, usually stimulating on such occasions ; and yet I ought to stand exculpated from the charge of ungracious or

unbecoming indifference to public applause. I did not the less feel gratitude for the public favour, although I did not proclaim it, — as the lover who wears his mistress's favour in his bosom is as proud, though not so vain, of possessing it, as another who displays the token of her grace upon his bonnet. Far from such an ungracious state of mind, I have seldom felt more satisfaction than when, returning from a pleasure voyage, I found "Waverley" in the zenith of popularity, and public curiosity in full cry after the name of the Author. The knowledge that I had the public approbation was like having the property of a hidden treasure, not less gratifying to the owner than if all the world knew that it was his own. Another advantage was connected with the secrecy which I observed. I could appear or retreat from the stage at pleasure, without attracting any personal notice or attention other than what might be founded on suspicion only. In my own person also, as a successful author in another department of literature, I might have been charged with too frequent intrusions on the public patience; but the Author of "Waverley" was in this respect as impassible to the critic as the Ghost of Hamlet to the partisan of Marcellus. Perhaps the curiosity of the public, irritated by the existence of a secret, and kept afloat by the discussions which took place on the subject from time to time, went a good way to maintain an unabated interest in these frequent publications. There was a mystery concerning the Author which each new Novel was expected to assist in unravelling, although it might in other respects rank lower than its predecessors.

I may perhaps be thought guilty of affectation should I allege as one reason of my silence a secret dislike to enter on personal discussions concerning my own literary labours. It is in every case a dangerous intercourse for an author to be dwelling continually among

those who make his writings a frequent and familiar subject of conversation, but who must necessarily be partial judges of works composed in their own society. The habits of self-importance which are thus acquired by authors are highly injurious to a well-regulated mind; for the cup of flattery, if it does not, like that of Circe, reduce men to the level of beasts, is sure, if eagerly drained, to bring the best and the ablest down to that of fools. This risk was in some degree prevented by the mask which I wore; and my own stores of self-conceit were left to their natural course, without being enhanced by the partiality of friends, or adulation of flatterers.

If I am asked further reasons for the conduct I have long observed, I can only resort to the explanation supplied by a critic as friendly as he is intelligent; namely, that the mental organization of the Novelist must be characterized, to speak craniologically, by an extraordinary development of the passion for delitescency! I the rather suspect some natural disposition of this kind; for from the instant I perceived the extreme curiosity manifested on the subject, I felt a secret satisfaction in baffling it, for which, when its unimportance is considered, I do not well know how to account.

My desire to remain concealed, in the character of the Author of these Novels, subjected me occasionally to awkward embarrassments, as it sometimes happened that those who were sufficiently intimate with me would put the question in direct terms. In this case, only one of three courses could be followed. Either I must have surrendered my secret, or have returned an equivocating answer, or, finally, must have stoutly and boldly denied the fact. The first was a sacrifice which I conceive no one had a right to force from me, since I alone was concerned in the matter. The alternative of

rendering a doubtful answer must have left me open to the degrading suspicion that I was not unwilling to assume the merit (if there was any) which I dared not absolutely lay claim to, or those who might think more justly of me must have received such an equivocal answer as an indirect avowal. I therefore considered myself entitled, like an accused person put upon trial, to refuse giving my own evidence to my own conviction, and flatly to deny all that could not be proved against me. At the same time I usually qualified my denial by stating that, had I been the Author of these works, I would have felt myself quite entitled to protect my secret by refusing my own evidence when it was asked for to accomplish a discovery of what I desired to conceal.

The real truth is that I never expected or hoped to disguise my connection with these Novels from any one who lived on terms of intimacy with me. The number of coincidences which necessarily existed between narratives recounted, modes of expression, and opinions broached in these Tales, and such as were used by their Author in the intercourse of private life, must have been far too great to permit any of my familiar acquaintances to doubt the identity betwixt their friend and the Author of "Waverley;" and I believe they were all morally convinced of it. But while I was myself silent, their belief could not weigh much more with the world than that of others; their opinions and reasoning were liable to be taxed with partiality, or confronted with opposing arguments and opinions; and the question was not so much whether I should be generally acknowledged to be the author, in spite of my own denial, as whether even my own avowal of the works, if such should be made, would be sufficient to put me in undisputed possession of that character.

I have been often asked concerning supposed cases in which I was said to have been placed on the verge of

discovery ; but as I maintained my point with the composure of a lawyer of thirty years' standing, I never recollect being in pain or confusion on the subject. In Captain Medwyn's "Conversations of Lord Byron," the reporter states himself to have asked my noble and highly-gifted friend, "If he was certain about these Novels being Sir Walter Scott's ?" To which Lord Byron replied : "Scott as much as owned himself the Author of 'Waverley' to me in Murray's shop. I was talking to him about that Novel, and lamented that its author had not carried back the story nearer to the time of the Revolution ; Scott, entirely off his guard, replied, 'Ay, I might have done so ; but — ' there he stopped. It was in vain to attempt to correct himself ; he looked confused, and relieved his embarrassment by a precipitate retreat." I have no recollection whatever of this scene taking place, and I should have thought that I was more likely to have laughed than to appear confused, for I certainly never hoped to impose upon Lord Byron in a case of the kind ; and from the manner in which he uniformly expressed himself, I knew his opinion was entirely formed, and that any disclamations of mine would only have savoured of affectation. I do not mean to insinuate that the incident did not happen, but only that it could hardly have occurred exactly under the circumstances narrated, without my recollecting something positive on the subject. In another part of the same volume Lord Byron is reported to have expressed a supposition that the cause of my not avowing myself the Author of "Waverley" may have been some surmise that the reigning family would have been displeased with the work. I can only say it is the last apprehension I should have entertained, as indeed the inscription to these volumes sufficiently proves. The sufferers of that melancholy period have, during the last and present reign, been honoured both with the

sympathy and protection of the reigning family, whose magnanimity can well pardon a sigh from others, and bestow one themselves, to the memory of brave opponents, who did nothing in hate, but all in honour.

While those who were in habitual intercourse with the real author had little hesitation in assigning the literary property to him, others, and those critics of no mean rank, employed themselves in investigating with persevering patience any characteristic features which might seem to betray the origin of these Novels. Amongst these, one gentleman, equally remarkable for the kind and liberal tone of his criticism, the acuteness of his reasoning, and the very gentlemanlike manner in which he conducted his inquiries, displayed not only powers of accurate investigation, but a temper of mind deserving to be employed on a subject of much greater importance; and I have no doubt made converts to his opinion of almost all who thought the point worthy of consideration.[1] Of those letters, and other attempts of the same kind, the Author could not complain, though his incognito was endangered. He had challenged the public to a game at bo-peep, and if he was discovered in his "hiding-hole," he must submit to the shame of detection.

Various reports were of course circulated in various ways, — some founded on an inaccurate rehearsal of what may have been partly real, some on circumstances having no concern whatever with the subject, and others on the invention of some importunate persons who might perhaps imagine that the readiest mode of forcing the Author to disclose himself was to assign some dishonourable and discreditable cause for his silence.

It may be easily supposed that this sort of inquisition was treated with contempt by the person whom it prin-

[1] Letters on the Author of Waverley; Rodwell and Martin, London, 1822. (*d*)

cipally regarded, as, among all the rumours that were current, there was only one, and that as unfounded as the others, which had nevertheless some alliance to probability, and indeed might have proved in some degree true.

I allude to a report which ascribed a great part, or the whole, of these Novels to the late Thomas Scott, Esq., of the Seventieth Regiment, then stationed in Canada. Those who remember that gentleman will readily grant that, with general talents at least equal to those of his elder brother, he added a power of social humour and a deep insight into human character, which rendered him an universally delightful member of society, and that the habit of composition alone was wanting to render him equally successful as a writer. The Author of "Waverley" was so persuaded of the truth of this that he warmly pressed his brother to make such an experiment, and willingly undertook all the trouble of correcting and superintending the press. Mr. Thomas Scott seemed at first very well disposed to embrace the proposal, and had even fixed on a subject and a hero. The latter was a person well known to both of us in our boyish years, from having displayed some strong traits of character. Mr. T. Scott had determined to represent his youthful acquaintance as emigrating to America, and encountering the dangers and hardships of the New World with the same dauntless spirit which he had displayed when a boy in his native country. Mr. Scott would probably have been highly successful, being familiarly acquainted with the manners of the native Indians, of the old French settlers in Canada, and of the Brulés, or Woodsmen, and having the power of observing with accuracy what, I have no doubt, he could have sketched with force and expression. In short, the Author believes his brother would have made himself distinguished in that strik-

ing field, in which, since that period, Mr. Cooper has achieved so many triumphs. But Mr. T. Scott was already affected by bad health, which wholly unfitted him for literary labour, even if he could have reconciled his patience to the task. He never, I believe, wrote a single line of the projected work; and I only have the melancholy pleasure of preserving, in the Appendix,[1] the simple anecdote on which he proposed to found it.

To this I may add, I can easily conceive that there may have been circumstances which gave a colour to the general report of my brother being interested in these works, and in particular that it might derive strength from my having occasion to remit to him, in consequence of certain family transactions, some considerable sums of money about that period. To which it is to be added that if any person chanced to evince particular curiosity on such a subject, my brother was likely enough to divert himself with practising on their credulity.

It may be mentioned that while the paternity of these Novels was from time to time warmly disputed in Britain, the foreign booksellers expressed no hesitation on the matter, but affixed my name to the whole of the Novels, and to some besides to which I had no claim.

The volumes, therefore, to which the present pages form a preface, are entirely the composition of the Author by whom they are now acknowledged, with the exception, always, of avowed quotations, and such unpremeditated and involuntary plagiarisms as can scarce be guarded against by any one who has read and written a great deal. The original manuscripts are all in existence, and entirely written (*horresco referens*) in the Author's own hand, excepting during the years 1818 and 1819, when, being affected with severe ill-

[1] See Appendix, No. III.

ness, he was obliged to employ the assistance of a friendly amanuensis.

The number of persons to whom the secret was necessarily intrusted, or communicated by chance, amounted, I should think, to twenty at least, to whom I am greatly obliged for the fidelity with which they observed their trust, until the derangement of the affairs of my publishers, Messrs. Constable and Co., and the exposure of their accompt books, which was the necessary consequence, rendered secrecy no longer possible. The particulars attending the avowal have been laid before the public in the Introduction to the "Chronicles of the Canongate."

The preliminary Advertisement has given a sketch of the purpose of this edition. I have some reason to fear that the Notes which accompany the Tales, as now published, may be thought too miscellaneous and too egotistical. It may be some apology for this that the publication was intended to be posthumous, and still more that old men may be permitted to speak long, because they cannot in the course of nature have long time to speak. In preparing the present edition, I have done all that I can do to explain the nature of my materials, and the use I have made of them; nor is it probable that I shall again revise or even read these Tales. I was therefore desirous rather to exceed in the portion of new and explanatory matter which is added to this edition, than that the reader should have reason to complain that the information communicated was of a general and merely nominal character. It remains to be tried whether the public (like a child to whom a watch is shown) will, after having been satiated with looking at the outside, acquire some new interest in the object when it is opened, and the internal machinery displayed to them.

That "Waverley" and its successors have had their

day of favour and popularity must be admitted with sincere gratitude; and the Author has studied (with the prudence of a beauty whose reign has been rather long) to supply, by the assistance of art, the charms which novelty no longer affords. The publishers have endeavoured to gratify the honourable partiality of the public for the encouragement of British art, by illustrating this edition with designs by the most eminent living artists.

To my distinguished countryman, David Wilkie, to Edwin Landseer, who has exercised his talents so much on Scottish subjects and scenery, to Messrs. Leslie and Newton, my thanks are due, from a friend as well as an author. Nor am I less obliged to Messrs. Cooper, Kidd, and other artists of distinction to whom I am less personally known, for the ready zeal with which they have devoted their talents to the same purpose.

Further explanation respecting the Edition is the business of the publishers, not of the Author; and here, therefore, the latter has accomplished his task of introduction and explanation. If, like a spoiled child, he has sometimes abused or trifled with the indulgence of the public, he feels himself entitled to full belief, when he exculpates himself from the charge of having been at any time insensible of their kindness.

ABBOTSFORD,
1st January, 1829.

APPENDIX

No. I.[1]

FRAGMENT OF A ROMANCE WHICH WAS TO HAVE BEEN ENTITLED

THOMAS THE RHYMER.

CHAPTER I.

THE sun was nearly set behind the distant mountains of Liddesdale, when a few of the scattered and terrified inhabitants of the village of Hersildoun, which had four days before been burned by a predatory band of English Borderers, were now busied in repairing their ruined dwellings. One high tower in the centre of the village alone exhibited no appearance of devastation. It was surrounded with court walls, and the outer gate was barred and bolted. The bushes and brambles which grew around, and had even insinuated their branches beneath the gate, plainly showed that it must have been many years since it had been opened. While the cottages around lay in smoking ruins, this pile, deserted and desolate as it seemed to be, had suffered nothing from the violence of the invaders; and the wretched beings who were endeavouring to repair their miserable huts against nightfall, seemed to neglect the preferable shelter which it might have afforded them, without the necessity of labour.

[1] It is not to be supposed that these fragments are given as possessing any intrinsic value of themselves; but there may be some curiosity attached to them, as to the first etchings of a plate, which are accounted interesting by those who have, in any degree, been interested in the more finished works of the artist.

Before the day had quite gone down, a knight, richly armed, and mounted upon an ambling hackney, rode slowly into the village. His attendants were a lady, apparently young and beautiful, who rode by his side upon a dappled palfrey; his squire, who carried his helmet and lance, and led his battle-horse, a noble steed, richly caparisoned. A page and four yeomen, bearing bows and quivers, short swords, and targets of a span breadth, completed his equipage, which, though small, denoted him to be a man of high rank.

He stopped and addressed several of the inhabitants whom curiosity had withdrawn from their labour to gaze at him; but at the sound of his voice, and still more on perceiving the St. George's Cross in the caps of his followers, they fled, with a loud cry that the Southrons were returned. The knight endeavoured to expostulate with the fugitives, who were chiefly aged men, women, and children; but their dread of the English name accelerated their flight, and in a few minutes, excepting the knight and his attendants, the place was deserted by all. He paced through the village to seek a shelter for the night, and despairing to find one either in the inaccessible tower or the plundered huts of the peasantry, he directed his course to the left hand, where he spied a small, decent habitation, apparently the abode of a man considerably above the common rank. After much knocking, the proprietor at length showed himself at the window, and speaking in the English dialect, with great signs of apprehension, demanded their business. The warrior replied that his quality was an English knight and baron, and that he was travelling to the court of the king of Scotland on affairs of consequence to both kingdoms.

"Pardon my hesitation, noble Sir Knight," said the old man, as he unbolted and unbarred his doors, —

"Pardon my hesitation, but we are here exposed to too many intrusions to admit of our exercising unlimited and unsuspicious hospitality. What I have is yours; and God send your mission may bring back peace and the good days of our old Queen Margaret!"

"Amen, worthy franklin," quoth the knight, — "Did you know her?"

"I came to this country in her train," said the franklin; "and the care of some of her jointure lands, which she devolved on me, occasioned my settling here."

"And how do you, being an Englishman," said the knight, "protect your life and property here, when one of your nation cannot obtain a single night's lodging, or a draught of water, were he thirsty?"

"Marry, noble sir," answered the franklin, "use, as they say, will make a man live in a lion's den; and as I settled here in a quiet time, and have never given cause of offence, I am respected by my neighbours, and even, as you see, by our *forayers* from England."

"I rejoice to hear it, and accept your hospitality. Isabella, my love, our worthy host will provide you a bed. My daughter, good franklin, is ill at ease. We will occupy your house till the Scottish king shall return from his Northern expedition. Meanwhile call me Lord Lacy of Chester."

The attendants of the baron, assisted by the franklin, were now busied in disposing of the horses and arranging the table for some refreshment for Lord Lacy and his fair companion. While they sat down to it, they were attended by their host and his daughter, whom custom did not permit to eat in their presence, and who afterwards withdrew to an outer chamber, where the squire and page (both young men of noble birth) partook of supper, and were accommodated with beds. The yeomen, after doing honour to the rustic cheer of

Queen Margaret's bailiff, withdrew to the stable, and each, beside his favourite horse, snored away the fatigues of their journey.

Early on the following morning the travellers were roused by a thundering knocking at the door of the house, accompanied with many demands for instant admission, in the roughest tone. The squire and page of Lord Lacy, after buckling on their arms, were about to sally out to chastise these intruders, when the old host, after looking out at a private casement, contrived for reconnoitring his visitors, entreated them, with great signs of terror, to be quiet, if they did not mean that all in the house should be murdered.

He then hastened to the apartment of Lord Lacy, whom he met dressed in a long furred gown and the knightly cap called a *mortier*, irritated at the noise, and demanding to know the cause which had disturbed the repose of the household.

"Noble sir," said the franklin, "one of the most formidable and bloody of the Scottish Border riders is at hand. He is never seen," added he, faltering with terror, "so far from the hills, but with some bad purpose, and the power of accomplishing it; so hold yourself to your guard, for—"

A loud crash here announced that the door was broken down, and the knight just descended the stair in time to prevent bloodshed betwixt his attendants and the intruders. They were three in number. Their chief was tall, bony, and athletic, his spare and muscular frame, as well as the hardness of his features, marked the course of his life to have been fatiguing and perilous. The effect of his appearance was aggravated by his dress, which consisted of a jack, or jacket, composed of thick buff leather, on which small plates of iron of a lozenge form were stitched, in such a manner as to overlap each other and form a coat of

mail, which swayed with every motion of the wearer's body. This defensive armour covered a doublet of coarse gray cloth, and the Borderer had a few half-rusted plates of steel on his shoulders, a two-edged sword, with a dagger hanging beside it, in a buff belt; a helmet, with a few iron bars, to cover the face instead of a visor, and a lance of tremendous and uncommon length, completed his appointments. The looks of the man were as wild and rude as his attire; his keen black eyes never rested one moment fixed upon a single object, but constantly traversed all around, as if they ever sought some danger to oppose, some plunder to seize, or some insult to revenge. The latter seemed to be his present object, for, regardless of the dignified presence of Lord Lacy, he uttered the most incoherent threats against the owner of the house and his guests.

"We shall see — ay, marry shall we — if an English hound is to harbour and reset the Southrons here. Thank the Abbot of Melrose and the good Knight of Coldingnow that have so long kept me from your skirts. But those days are gone, by St. Mary, and you shall find it!"

It is probable the enraged Borderer would not have long continued to vent his rage in empty menaces, had not the entrance of the four yeomen, with their bows bent, convinced him that the force was not at this moment on his own side.

Lord Lacy now advanced towards him. "You intrude upon my privacy, soldier; withdraw yourself and your followers. There is peace betwixt our nations, or my servants should chastise thy presumption."

"Such peace as ye give such shall you have," answered the moss-trooper, first pointing with his lance towards the burned village, and then almost instantly levelling it against Lord Lacy. The squire drew his

sword, and severed at one blow the steel head from the truncheon of the spear.

"Arthur Fitzherbert," said the baron, "that stroke has deferred thy knighthood for one year; never must that squire wear the spurs whose unbridled impetuosity can draw unbidden his sword in the presence of his master. Go hence, and think on what I have said."

The squire left the chamber abashed.

"It were vain," continued Lord Lacy, "to expect that courtesy from a mountain churl which even my own followers can forget. Yet before thou drawest thy brand," for the intruder laid his hand upon the hilt of his sword, "thou wilt do well to reflect that I came with a safe-conduct from thy king, and have no time to waste in brawls with such as thou."

"From *my* king, — from my king!" re-echoed the mountaineer. "I care not that rotten truncheon," striking the shattered spear furiously on the ground, "for the king of Fife and Lothian. But Habby of Cessford will be here belive; and we shall soon know if he will permit an English churl to occupy his hostelry."

Having uttered these words, accompanied with a lowering glance from under his shaggy black eyebrows, he turned on his heel and left the house with his two followers; they mounted their horses, which they had tied to an outer fence, and vanished in an instant.

"Who is this discourteous ruffian?" said Lord Lacy to the franklin, who had stood in the most violent agitation during this whole scene.

"His name, noble lord, is Adam Kerr of the Moat, but he is commonly called by his companions the Black Rider of Cheviot. I fear, I fear, he comes hither for no good; but if the Lord of Cessford be near, he will not dare offer any unprovoked outrage."

"I have heard of that chief," said the baron; "let me know when he approaches. And do thou, Rodulph," to the eldest yeoman, "keep a strict watch. Adelbert," to the page, "attend to arm me." The page bowed, and the baron withdrew to the chamber of the lady Isabella, to explain the cause of the disturbance.

. . . . . .

No more of the proposed tale was ever written; but the Author's purpose was that it should turn upon a fine legend of superstition which is current in the part of the Borders where he had his residence, where, in the reign of Alexander III. of Scotland, that renowned person, Thomas of Hersildoune, called the Rhymer, actually flourished. This personage, the Merlin of Scotland, and to whom some of the adventures which the British bards assigned to Merlin Caledonius, or the Wild, have been transferred by tradition, was, as is well known, a magician, as well as a poet and prophet. He is alleged still to live in the land of Faery, and is expected to return at some great convulsion of society, in which he is to act a distinguished part, — a tradition common to all nations, as the belief of the Mahomedans respecting their twelfth Imaum demonstrates.

Now, it chanced many years since that there lived on the Borders a jolly, rattling horse-cowper, who was remarkable for a reckless and fearless temper, which made him much admired, and a little dreaded, amongst his neighbours. One moonlight night, as he rode over Bowden Moor, on the west side of the Eildon Hills, the scene of Thomas the Rhymer's prophecies, and often mentioned in his story, having a brace of horses along with him which he had not been able to dispose of, he met a man of venerable appearance and singularly antique dress, who, to his great surprise, asked the price of his horses, and began to chaffer with him

on the subject. To Canobie Dick — (for so shall we call our Border dealer) — a chap was a chap, and he would have sold a horse to the devil himself, without minding his cloven hoof, and would have probably cheated Old Nick into the bargain. The stranger paid the price they agreed on; and all that puzzled Dick in the transaction was that the gold which he received was in unicorns, bonnet-pieces, and other ancient coins, which would have been invaluable to collectors, but were rather troublesome in modern currency. It was gold, however, and therefore Dick contrived to get better value for the coin than he perhaps gave to his customer. By the command of so good a merchant, he brought horses to the same spot more than once; the purchaser only stipulating that he should always come by night, and alone. I do not know whether it was from mere curiosity, or whether some hope of gain mixed with it, but after Dick had sold several horses in this way, he began to complain that dry bargains were unlucky, and to hint that since his chap must live in the neighbourhood, he ought, in the courtesy of dealing, to treat him to half a mutchkin.

"You may see my dwelling if you will," said the stranger; "but if you lose courage at what you see there, you will rue it all your life."

Dicken, however, laughed the warning to scorn, and having alighted to secure his horse, he followed the stranger up a narrow foot-path, which led them up the hills to the singular eminence stuck betwixt the most southern and the centre peaks, and called, from its resemblance to such an animal in its form, the Lucken Hare. At the foot of this eminence, which is almost as famous for witch meetings as the neighbouring wind-mill of Kippilaw, Dick was somewhat startled to observe that his conductor entered the hill-side by a

passage or cavern, of which he himself, though well acquainted with the spot, had never seen or heard.

"You may still return," said his guide, looking ominously back upon him; but Dick scorned to show the white feather, and on they went. They entered a very long range of stables; in every stall stood a coal-black horse; by every horse lay a knight in coal-black armour, with a drawn sword in his hand; but all were as silent, hoof and limb, as if they had been cut out of marble. A great number of torches lent a gloomy lustre to the hall, which, like those of the Caliph Vathek, was of large dimensions. At the upper end, however, they at length arrived, where a sword and horn lay on an antique table.

"He that shall sound that horn and draw that sword," said the stranger, who now intimated that he was the famous Thomas of Hersildoune, "shall, if his heart fail him not, be king over all broad Britain. So speaks the tongue that cannot lie. But all depends on courage, and much on your taking the sword or the horn first."

Dick was much disposed to take the sword; but his bold spirit was quailed by the supernatural terrors of the hall, and he thought to unsheathe the sword first, might be construed into defiance, and give offence to the powers of the Mountain. He took the bugle with a trembling hand, and a feeble note, but loud enough to produce a terrible answer. Thunder rolled in stunning peals through the immense hall; horses and men started to life; the steeds snorted, stamped, grinded their bits, and tossed on high their heads; the warriors sprung to their feet, clashed their armour, and brandished their swords. Dick's terror was extreme at seeing the whole army, which had been so lately silent as the grave, in uproar, and about to rush on him. He dropped the horn, and made a feeble attempt to seize the enchanted sword; but at the same moment a voice pronounced aloud the mysterious words, —

"Woe to the coward, that ever he was born,
Who did not draw the sword before he blew the horn!"

At the same time a whirlwind of irresistible fury howled through the long hall, bore the unfortunate horse-jockey clear out of the mouth of the cavern, and precipitated him over a steep bank of loose stones, where the shepherds found him the next morning with just breath sufficient to tell his fearful tale, after concluding which he expired.

This legend, with several variations, is found in many parts of Scotland and England. The scene is sometimes laid in some favourite glen of the Highlands, sometimes in the deep coal-mines of Northumberland and Cumberland, which run so far beneath the ocean. It is also to be found in Reginald Scott's book on Witchcraft, which was written in the sixteenth century. It would be in vain to ask what was the original of the tradition. The choice between the horn and sword may, perhaps, include as a moral that it is foolhardy to awaken danger before we have arms in our hands to resist it.

Although admitting of much poetical ornament, it is clear that this legend would have formed but an unhappy foundation for a prose story, and must have degenerated into a mere fairy tale. Dr. John Leyden has beautifully introduced the tradition in his "Scenes of Infancy":—

"Mysterious Rhymer, doomed by fate's decree
Still to revisit Eildon's fated tree,
Where oft the swain, at dawn of Hallow-day,
Hears thy fleet barb with wild impatience neigh,—
Say, who is he, with summons long and high,
Shall bid the charmèd sleep of ages fly,
Roll the long sound through Eildon's caverns vast,
While each dark warrior kindles at the blast,
The horn, the falchion, grasp with mighty hand,
And peal proud Arthur's march from Fairy-land?"[1]

[1] Scenes of Infancy, Part I.

In the same cabinet with the preceding fragment, the following occurred among other *disjecta membra*. It seems to be an attempt at a tale of a different description from the last, but was almost instantly abandoned. The introduction points out the time of the composition to have been about the end of the eighteenth century.

THE LORD OF ENNERDALE.

IN A FRAGMENT OF A LETTER FROM JOHN B——, ESQ., OF THAT ILK, TO WILLIAM G——, F.R.S.E.

"FILL a bumper," said the knight; "the ladies may spare us a little longer. Fill a bumper to the Archduke Charles."

The company did due honour to the toast of their landlord.

"The success of the archduke," said the muddy vicar, "will tend to further our negotiation at Paris; and if—"

"Pardon the interruption, Doctor," quoth a thin, emaciated figure, with somewhat of a foreign accent; "but why should you connect those events, unless to hope that the bravery and victories of our allies may supersede the necessity of a degrading treaty?"

"We begin to feel, Monsieur L'Abbé," answered the vicar, with some asperity, "that a Continental war entered into for the defence of an ally who was unwilling to defend himself, and for the restoration of a royal family, nobility, and priesthood who tamely abandoned their own rights, is a burden too much even for the resources of this country."

"And was the war, then, on the part of Great Britain," rejoined the Abbé, "a gratuitous exertion of generosity? Was there no fear of the wide-wasting

spirit of innovation which had gone abroad? Did not the laity tremble for their property, the clergy for their religion, and every loyal heart for the Constitution? Was it not thought necessary to destroy the building which was on fire, ere the conflagration spread around the vicinity?"

"Yet if upon trial," said the doctor, "the walls were found to resist our utmost efforts, I see no great prudence in persevering in our labour amid the smouldering ruins."

"What, Doctor," said the baronet, "must I call to your recollection your own sermon on the late general fast? Did you not encourage us to hope that the Lord of Hosts would go forth with our armies, and that our enemies, who blasphemed him, should be put to shame?"

"It may please a kind father to chasten even his beloved children," answered the vicar.

"I think," said a gentleman near the foot of the table, "that the Covenanters made some apology of the same kind for the failure of their prophecies at the battle of Dunbar, when their mutinous preachers compelled the prudent Lesley to go down against the Philistines in Gilgal."

The vicar fixed a scrutinizing and not a very complacent eye upon this intruder. He was a young man, of mean stature and rather a reserved appearance. Early and severe study had quenched in his features the gaiety peculiar to his age, and impressed upon them a premature cast of thoughtfulness. His eye had, however, retained its fire, and his gesture its animation. Had he remained silent, he would have been long unnoticed; but when he spoke, there was something in his manner which arrested attention.

"Who is this young man?" said the vicar, in a low voice, to his neighbour.

"A Scotchman called Maxwell, on a visit to Sir Henry," was the answer.

"I thought so, from his accent and his manners," said the vicar.

It may be here observed that the Northern English retain rather more of the ancient hereditary aversion to their neighbours than their countrymen of the South. The interference of other disputants, each of whom urged his opinion with all the vehemence of wine and politics, rendered the summons to the drawing-room agreeable to the more sober part of the company.

The company dispersed by degrees, and at length the vicar and the young Scotchman alone remained, besides the baronet, his lady, daughters, and myself. The clergyman had not, it would seem, forgot the observation which ranked him with the false prophets of Dunbar, for he addressed Mr. Maxwell upon the first opportunity.

"Hem! I think, sir, you mentioned something about the civil wars of last century. You must be deeply skilled in them indeed, if you can draw any parallel betwixt those and the present evil days, — days which I am ready to maintain are the most gloomy that ever darkened the prospects of Britain."

"God forbid, Doctor, that I should draw a comparison between the present times and those you mention; I am too sensible of the advantages we enjoy over our ancestors. Faction and ambition have introduced division among us; but we are still free from the guilt of civil bloodshed, and from all the evils which flow from it. Our foes, sir, are not those of our own household; and while we continue united and firm, from the attacks of a foreign enemy, however artful, or however inveterate, we have, I hope, little to dread."

"Have you found anything curious, Mr. Maxwell,

among the dusty papers?" said Sir Henry, who seemed to dread a revival of political discussion.

"My investigation amongst them led to reflections which I have just now hinted," said Maxwell; "and I think they are pretty strongly exemplified by a story which I have been endeavouring to arrange from some of your family manuscripts."

"You are welcome to make what use of them you please," said Sir Henry; "they have been undisturbed for many a day, and I have often wished for some person as well skilled as you in these old pothooks, to tell me their meaning."

"Those I just mentioned," answered Maxwell, "relate to a piece of private history savouring not a little of the marvellous, and intimately connected with your family; if it is agreeable, I can read to you the anecdotes in the modern shape into which I have been endeavouring to throw them, and you can then judge of the value of the originals."

There was something in this proposal agreeable to all parties. Sir Henry had family pride, which prepared him to take an interest in whatever related to his ancestors. The ladies had dipped deeply into the fashionable reading of the present day. Lady Ratcliff and her fair daughters had climbed every pass, viewed every pine-shrouded ruin, heard every groan, and lifted every trap-door, in company with the noted heroine of "Udolpho." They had been heard, however, to observe that the famous incident of the Black Veil singularly resembled the ancient apologue of the Mountain in labour, so that they were unquestionably critics, as well as admirers. Besides all this, they had valorously mounted *en croupe* behind the ghostly horseman of Prague, through all his seven translators, and followed the footsteps of Moor through the forest of Bohemia. Moreover, it was even hinted (but this was

a greater mystery than all the rest) that a certain performance, called the "Monk," in three neat volumes, had been seen by a prying eye, in the right-hand drawer of the Indian cabinet of Lady Ratcliff's dressing-room. Thus predisposed for wonders and signs, Lady Ratcliff and her nymphs drew their chairs round a large blazing wood-fire, and arranged themselves to listen to the tale. To that fire I also approached, moved thereunto partly by the inclemency of the season, and partly that my deafness, which you know, cousin, I acquired during my campaign under Prince Charles Edward, might be no obstacle to the gratification of my curiosity, which was awakened by what had any reference to the fate of such faithful followers of royalty as you well know the house of Ratcliff have ever been. To this wood-fire the vicar likewise drew near, and reclined himself conveniently in his chair, seemingly disposed to testify his disrespect for the narration and narrator by falling asleep as soon as he conveniently could. By the side of Maxwell (by the way, I cannot learn that he is in the least related to the Nithsdale family) was placed a small table and a couple of lights, by the assistance of which he read as follows: —

"*Journal of Jan Von Eulen.*

"On the 6th November, 1645, I, Jan Von Eulen, merchant in Rotterdam, embarked with my only daughter on board of the good vessel 'Vryheid,' of Amsterdam, in order to pass into the unhappy and disturbed kingdom of England.—*7th November.* A brisk gale; daughter sea-sick; myself unable to complete the calculation which I have begun, of the inheritance left by Jane Lansache, of Carlisle, my late dear wife's sister, the collection of which is the object of my voyage. — *8th November.* Wind still stormy and adverse; a horrid disaster nearly happened, — my dear child washed overboard as the vessel lurched to leeward. — Memorandum, to reward the young sailor who saved her, out of the first moneys which I

can recover from the inheritance of her aunt Lansache. — *9th November.* Calm. P. M. light breezes from N. N. W. I talked with the captain about the inheritance of my sister-in-law, Jane Lansache. He says he knows the principal subject, which will not exceed £1000 in value. — N. B. He is a cousin to a family of Petersons, which was the name of the husband of my sister-in-law; so there is room to hope it may be worth more than he reports. — *10th November*, 10 A. M. May God pardon all our sins! An English frigate, bearing the Parliament flag, has appeared in the offing, and gives chase. — 11 A. M. She nears us every moment, and the captain of our vessel prepares to clear for action. May God again have mercy upon us!"

. . . . . .

"Here," said Maxwell, "the journal with which I have opened the narration ends somewhat abruptly."

"I am glad of it," said Lady Ratcliff.

"But, Mr. Maxwell," said young Frank, Sir Henry's grandchild, "shall we not hear how the battle ended?"

I do not know, cousin, whether I have not formerly made you acquainted with the abilities of Frank Ratcliff. There is not a battle fought between the troops of the Prince and of the government, during the years 1745–46, of which he is not able to give an account. It is true, I have taken particular pains to fix the events of this important period upon his memory by frequent repetition.

"No, my dear," said Maxwell, in answer to young Frank Ratcliff, — "No, my dear, I cannot tell you the exact particulars of the engagement, but its consequences appear from the following letter, despatched by Garbonete Von Eulen, daughter of our journalist, to a relation in England, from whom she implored assistance. After some general account of the purpose of the voyage, and of the engagement, her narrative proceeds thus: —

"The noise of the cannon had hardly ceased, before the sounds of a language to me but half known, and the confusion on board our vessel, informed me that the captors had boarded us and taken possession of our vessel. I went on deck, where the first spectacle that met my eyes was a young man, mate of our vessel, who, though disfigured and covered with blood, was loaded with irons, and whom they were forcing over the side of the vessel into a boat. The two principal persons among our enemies appeared to be a man of a tall, thin figure, with a high-crowned hat and long neckband, and short-cropped head of hair, accompanied by a bluff, open-looking elderly man in a naval uniform. 'Yarely! yarely! pull away, my hearts,' said the latter, and the boat bearing the unlucky young man soon carried him on board the frigate. Perhaps you will blame me for mentioning this circumstance; but consider, my dear cousin, this man saved my life, and his fate, even when my own and my father's were in the balance, could not but affect me nearly.

"'In the name of him who is jealous, even to slaying,' said the first——"

. . . . . .

Cetera desunt.

No. II.

CONCLUSION OF MR. STRUTT'S ROMANCE OF

QUEEN-HOO HALL.

BY THE AUTHOR OF WAVERLEY.

CHAPTER IV.

A HUNTING PARTY. — AN ADVENTURE. — A DELIVERANCE.

THE next morning the bugles were sounded by daybreak in the court of Lord Boteler's mansion, to call the inhabitants from their slumbers, to assist in a splendid chase, with which the baron had resolved to entertain his neighbour Fitzallen and his noble visitor St. Clere. Peter Lanaret the falconer was in attendance, with falcons for the knights, and tiercelets for the ladies, if they should choose to vary their sport from hunting to hawking. Five stout yeomen keepers, with their attendants, called Ragged Robins, all meetly arrayed in Kendal green, with bugles and short hangers by their sides, and quarterstaffs in their hands, led the slow-hounds, or brachets, by which the deer were to be put up. Ten brace of gallant greyhounds, each of which was fit to pluck down, singly, the tallest red deer, were led in leashes by as many of Lord Boteler's foresters. The pages, squires, and other attendants of feudal splendour, well attired in their best hunting-gear, upon horseback or foot, according to their rank, with their boar-spears, long bows, and cross-bows, were in seemly waiting.

A numerous train of yeomen, called in the language of the times retainers, who yearly received a livery coat and a small pension for their attendance on such solemn occasions, appeared in cassocks of blue, bearing upon their arms the cognizance of the house of Boteler as a badge of their adherence. They were the tallest men of their hands that the neighbouring villages could supply, with every man his good buckler on his shoulder, and a bright burnished broadsword dangling from his leathern belt. On this occasion they acted as rangers for beating up the thickets and rousing the game. These attendants filled up the court of the castle, spacious as it was.

On the green without, you might have seen the motley assemblage of peasantry convened by report of the splendid hunting, including most of our old acquaintances from Tewin, as well as the jolly partakers of good cheer at Hob Filcher's. Gregory the jester, it may well be guessed, had no great mind to exhibit himself in public after his recent disaster; but Oswald the steward, a great formalist in whatever concerned the public exhibition of his master's household state, had positively enjoined his attendance. "What," quoth he, "shall the house of the brave Lord Boteler, on such a brave day as this, be without a fool? Certes, the good Lord St. Clere and his fair lady sister might think our housekeeping as niggardly as that of their churlish kinsman at Gay Bowers, who sent his father's jester to the hospital, sold the poor sot's bells for hawk-jesses, and made a nightcap of his long-eared bonnet. And, sirrah, let me see thee fool handsomely,—speak squibs and crackers, instead of that dry, barren, musty gibing which thou hast used of late; or, by the bones! the porter shall have thee to his lodge, and cob thee with thine own wooden sword till thy skin is as motley as thy doublet."

To this stern injunction, Gregory made no reply, any more than to the courteous offer of old Albert Drawslot, the chief park-keeper, who proposed to blow vinegar in his nose, to sharpen his wit, as he had done that blessed morning to Bragger, the old hound, whose scent was failing. There was, indeed, little time for reply, for the bugles, after a lively flourish, were now silent, and Peretto, with his two attendant minstrels, stepping beneath the windows of the strangers' apartments, joined in the following roundelay, the deep voices of the rangers and falconers making up a chorus that caused the very battlements to ring again.

Waken, lords and ladies gay,
On the mountain dawns the day;
All the jolly chase is here,
With hawk and horse and hunting-spear:
Hounds are in their couples yelling,
Hawks are whistling, horns are knelling,
Merrily, merrily, mingle they,
"Waken, lords and ladies gay."

Waken, lords and ladies gay,
The mist has left the mountain gray;
Springlets in the dawn are streaming,
Diamonds on the brake are gleaming,
And foresters have busy been,
To track the buck in thicket green;
Now we come to chant our lay:
"Waken, lords and ladies gay."

Waken, lords and ladies gay,
To the green-wood haste away;
We can show you where he lies,
Fleet of foot, and tall of size;
We can show the marks he made
When 'gainst the oak his antlers frayed;
You shall see him brought to bay,
"Waken, lords and ladies gay."

Louder, louder chant the lay,
" Waken, lords and ladies gay; "
Tell them, youth and mirth and glee
Run a course as well as we.
Time, stern huntsman, who can baulk,
Staunch as hound, and fleet as hawk?
Think of this, and rise with day,
Gentle lords and ladies gay.

By the time this lay was finished, Lord Boteler, with his daughter and kinsman, Fitzallen of Marden, and other noble guests had mounted their palfreys, and the hunt set forward in due order. The huntsmen, having carefully observed the traces of a large stag on the preceding evening, were able, without loss of time, to conduct the company, by the marks which they had made upon the trees, to the side of the thicket in which, by the report of Drawslot, he had harboured all night. The horsemen spreading themselves along the side of the cover, waited until the keeper entered, leading his bandog, a large blood-hound tied in a leam or band, from which he takes his name.

But it befell thus. A hart of the second year, which was in the same cover with the proper object of their pursuit, chanced to be unharboured first, and broke cover very near where the Lady Emma and her brother were stationed. An inexperienced varlet, who was nearer to them, instantly unloosed two tall greyhounds, who sprung after the fugitive with all the fleetness of the north wind. Gregory, restored a little to spirits by the enlivening scene around him, followed, encouraging the hounds with a loud tayout,[1] for which he had the hearty curses of the huntsman, as well as of the baron, who entered into the spirit of the chase with all the juvenile ardour of twenty. "May the foul fiend, booted and spurred, ride down his bawling throat, with

[1] *Tailliers-hors*; in modern phrase, Tally-ho!

a scythe at his girdle," quoth Albert Drawslot; "here have I been telling him that all the marks were those of a buck of the first head, and he has hollowed the hounds upon a velvet-headed knobbler! By Saint Hubert, if I break not his pate with my cross-bow, may I never cast off hound more! But to it, my lords and masters! the noble beast is here yet, and, thank the saints, we have enough of hounds."

The cover being now thoroughly beat by the attendants, the stag was compelled to abandon it, and trust to his speed for his safety. Three greyhounds were slipped upon him, whom he threw out, after running a couple of miles, by entering an extensive furzy brake which extended along the side of a hill. The horsemen soon came up, and casting off a sufficient number of slow-hounds, sent them, with the prickers, into the cover, in order to drive the game from his strength. This object being accomplished, afforded another severe chase of several miles, in a direction almost circular, during which the poor animal tried every wile to get rid of his persecutors. He crossed and traversed all such dusty paths as were likely to retain the least scent of his footsteps; he laid himself close to the ground, drawing his feet under his belly, and clapping his nose close to the earth, lest he should be betrayed to the hounds by his breath and hoofs. When all was in vain, and he found the hounds coming fast in upon him, his own strength failing, his mouth embossed with foam, and the tears dropping from his eyes, he turned in despair upon his pursuers, who then stood at gaze, making an hideous clamour, and awaiting their two-footed auxiliaries. Of these, it chanced that the Lady Eleanor, taking more pleasure in the sport than Matilda, and being a less burden to her palfrey than the Lord Boteler, was the first who arrived at the spot, and taking a cross-bow from an attendant, discharged a

bolt at the stag. When the infuriated animal felt himself wounded, he pushed franticly towards her from whom he had received the shaft, and Lady Eleanor might have had occasion to repent of her enterprise had not young Fitzallen, who had kept near her during the whole day, at that instant galloped briskly in, and ere the stag could change his object of assault, despatched him with his short hunting-sword.

Albert Drawslot, who had just come up in terror for the young lady's safety, broke out into loud encomiums upon Fitzallen's strength and gallantry. "By 'r Lady," said he, taking off his cap, and wiping his sun-burnt face with his sleeve, "well struck, and in good time! But now, boys, doff your bonnets, and sound the mort."

The sportsmen then sounded a treble mort and set up a general whoop, which, mingled with the yelping of the dogs, made the welkin ring again. The huntsman then offered his knife to Lord Boteler, that he might take the say of the deer; but the baron courteously insisted upon Fitzallen going through that ceremony. The Lady Matilda was now come up, with most of the attendants; and the interest of the chase being ended, it excited some surprise that neither St. Clere nor his sister made their appearance. The Lord Boteler commanded the horns again to sound the recheat, in hopes to call in the stragglers, and said to Fitzallen: "Methinks St. Clere, so distinguished for service in war, should have been more forward in the chase."

"I trow," said Peter Lanaret, "I know the reason of the noble lord's absence; for when that moon-calf, Gregory, hallooed the dogs upon the knobbler, and galloped like a green hilding, as he is, after them, I saw the Lady Emma's palfrey follow apace after that varlet, who should be trashed for overrunning, and I think her noble brother has followed her, lest she

should come to harm. But here, by the rood, is Gregory to answer for himself."

At this moment Gregory entered the circle which had been formed round the deer, out of breath, and his face covered with blood. He kept for some time uttering inarticulate cries of "Harrow!" and "Wellaway!" and other exclamations of distress and terror, pointing all the while to a thicket at some distance from the spot where the deer had been killed.

"By my honour," said the baron, "I would gladly know who has dared to array the poor knave thus; and I trust he should dearly aby his *outrecuidance*, were he the best, save one, in England."

Gregory, who had now found more breath, cried, "Help, an ye be men! Save Lady Emma and her brother, whom they are murdering in Brockenhurst thicket."

This put all in motion. Lord Boteler hastily commanded a small party of his men to abide for the defence of the ladies, while he himself, Fitzallen, and the rest made what speed they could towards the thicket, guided by Gregory, who for that purpose was mounted behind Fabian. Pushing through a narrow path, the first object they encountered was a man of small stature lying on the ground, mastered and almost strangled by two dogs, which were instantly recognized to be those that had accompanied Gregory. A little farther was an open space, where lay three bodies of dead or wounded men; beside these was Lady Emma, apparently lifeless, her brother and a young forester bending over and endeavouring to recover her. By employing the usual remedies, this was soon accomplished; while Lord Boteler, astonished at such a scene, anxiously inquired at St. Clere the meaning of what he saw, and whether more danger was to be expected?

"For the present, I trust not," said the young warrior, who they now observed was slightly wounded; "but I pray you, of your nobleness, let the woods here be searched; for we were assaulted by four of these base assassins, and I see three only on the sward."

The attendants now brought forward the person whom they had rescued from the dogs, and Henry, with disgust, shame, and astonishment, recognized his kinsman, Gaston St. Clere. This discovery he communicated in a whisper to Lord Boteler, who commanded the prisoner to be conveyed to Queen-Hoo Hall and closely guarded; meanwhile he anxiously inquired of young St. Clere about his wound.

"A scratch, a trifle!" cried Henry; "I am in less haste to bind it than to introduce to you one without whose aid that of the leech would have come too late. Where is he? Where is my brave deliverer?"

"Here, most noble lord," said Gregory, sliding from his palfrey and stepping forward, "ready to receive the guerdon which your bounty would heap on him."

"Truly, friend Gregory," answered the young warrior, "thou shalt not be forgotten; for thou didst run speedily and roar manfully for aid, without which, I think verily, we had not received it. But the brave forester who came to my rescue when these three ruffians had nigh overpowered me, where is he?"

Every one looked around; but though all had seen him on entering the thicket, he was not now to be found. They could only conjecture that he had retired during the confusion occasioned by the detention of Gaston.

"Seek not for him," said the Lady Emma, who had now in some degree recovered her composure; "he will not be found of mortal, unless at his own season."

The baron, convinced from this answer that her

terror had, for the time, somewhat disturbed her reason, forebore to question her; and Matilda and Eleanor, to whom a message had been despatched with the result of this strange adventure, arriving, they took the Lady Emma between them, and all in a body returned to the castle.

The distance was, however, considerable, and before reaching it they had another alarm. The prickers, who rode foremost in the troop, halted, and announced to the Lord Boteler, that they perceived advancing towards them a body of armed men. The followers of the baron were numerous, but they were arrayed for the chase, not for battle; and it was with great pleasure that he discerned, on the pennon of the advancing body of men-at-arms, instead of the cognizance of Gaston, as he had some reason to expect, the friendly bearings of Fitzosborne of Diggswell, the same young lord who was present at the May-games with Fitzallen of Marden. The knight himself advanced, sheathed in armour, and, without raising his visor, informed Lord Boteler, that having heard of a base attempt made upon a part of his train by ruffianly assassins, he had mounted and armed a small party of his retainers, to escort them to Queen-Hoo Hall. Having received and accepted an invitation to attend them thither, they prosecuted their journey in confidence and security, and arrived safe at home without any further accident.

Abbotsford (from the Tweed).

Drawn by D. Herdman. Etched by D. Y. Cameron.

CHAPTER V.

INVESTIGATION OF THE ADVENTURE OF THE HUNTING. — A DISCOVERY. — GREGORY'S MANHOOD. — FATE OF GASTON ST. CLERE. — CONCLUSION.

So soon as they arrived at the princely mansion of Boteler, the Lady Emma craved permission to retire to her chamber, that she might compose her spirits after the terror she had undergone. Henry St. Clere, in a few words, proceeded to explain the adventure to the curious audience. "I had no sooner seen my sister's palfrey, in spite of her endeavours to the contrary, entering with spirit into the chase set on foot by the worshipful Gregory than I rode after to give her assistance. So long was the chase that when the greyhounds pulled down the knobbler, we were out of hearing of your bugles; and having rewarded and coupled the dogs, I gave them to be led by the jester, and we wandered in quest of our company, whom, it would seem, the sport had led in a different direction. At length, passing through the thicket where you found us, I was surprised by a cross-bow bolt whizzing past mine head. I drew my sword and rushed into the thicket, but was instantly assailed by two ruffians, while other two made towards my sister and Gregory. The poor knave fled, crying for help, pursued by my false kinsman, now your prisoner; and the designs of the other on my poor Emma (murderous no doubt) were prevented by the sudden apparition of a brave woodsman, who, after a short encounter, stretched the

miscreant at his feet and came to my assistance. I was already slightly wounded, and nearly over-laid with odds. The combat lasted some time, for the caitiffs were both well armed, strong, and desperate; at length, however, we had each mastered our antagonist, when your retinue, my Lord Boteler, arrived to my relief. So ends my story; but, by my knighthood, I would give an earl's ransom for an opportunity of thanking the gallant forester by whose aid I live to tell it."

"Fear not," said Lord Boteler; "he shall be found if this or the four adjacent counties hold him. And now Lord Fitzosborne will be pleased to doff the armour he has so kindly assumed for our sakes, and we will all bowne ourselves for the banquet."

When the hour of dinner approached, the Lady Matilda and her cousin visited the chamber of the fair Darcy. They found her in a composed but melancholy posture. She turned the discourse upon the misfortunes of her life, and hinted that having recovered her brother, and seeing him look forward to the society of one who would amply repay to him the loss of hers, she had thoughts of dedicating her remaining life to Heaven, by whose providential interference it had been so often preserved.

Matilda coloured deeply at something in this speech, and her cousin inveighed loudly against Emma's resolution. "Ah, my dear Lady Eleanor," replied she, "I have to-day witnessed what I cannot but judge a supernatural visitation, and to what end can it call me but to give myself to the altar? That peasant who guided me to Baddow through the Park of Danbury, the same who appeared before me at different times and in different forms during that eventful journey, — that youth, whose features are imprinted on my memory, is the very individual forester who this day

rescued us in the forest. I cannot be mistaken; and connecting these marvellous appearances with the spectre which I saw while at Gay Bowers, I cannot resist the conviction that Heaven has permitted my guardian angel to assume mortal shape for my relief and protection."

The fair cousins, after exchanging looks which implied a fear that her mind was wandering, answered her in soothing terms, and finally prevailed upon her to accompany them to the banqueting-hall. Here the first person they encountered was the Baron Fitzosborne of Diggswell, now divested of his armour; at the sight of whom the Lady Emma changed colour, and exclaiming, "It is the same!" sunk senseless into the arms of Matilda.

"She is bewildered by the terrors of the day," said Eleanor; "and we have done ill in obliging her to descend."

"And I," said Fitzosborne, "have done madly in presenting before her one whose presence must recall moments the most alarming in her life."

While the ladies supported Emma from the hall, Lord Boteler and St. Clere requested an explanation from Fitzosborne of the words he had used.

"Trust me, gentle lords," said the Baron of Diggswell, "ye shall have what ye demand, when I learn that Lady Emma Darcy has not suffered from my imprudence."

At this moment Lady Matilda, returning, said that her fair friend, on her recovery, had calmly and deliberately insisted that she had seen Fitzosborne before, in the most dangerous crisis of her life.

"I dread," said she, "her disordered mind connects all that her eye beholds with the terrible passages that she has witnessed."

"Nay," said Fitzosborne, "if noble St. Clere can pardon the unauthorized interest which, with the purest and most honourable intentions, I have taken in his sister's fate, it is easy for me to explain this mysterious impression."

He proceeded to say that, happening to be in the hostelry called the Griffin, near Baddow, while upon a journey in that country, he had met with the old nurse of the Lady Emma Darcy, who, being just expelled from Gay Bowers, was in the height of her grief and indignation, and made loud and public proclamation of Lady Emma's wrongs. From the description she gave of the beauty of her foster-child, as well as from the spirit of chivalry, Fitzosborne became interested in her fate. This interest was deeply enhanced when, by a bribe to Old Gaunt the Reve, he procured a view of the Lady Emma as she walked near the castle of Gay Bowers. The aged churl refused to give him access to the castle, yet dropped some hints, as if he thought the lady in danger, and wished she were well out of it. His master, he said, had heard she had a brother in life, and since that deprived him of all chance of gaining her domains by purchase, he — In short, Gaunt wished they were safely separated. "If any injury," quoth he, "should happen to the damsel here, it were ill for us all. I tried, by an innocent stratagem, to frighten her from the castle by introducing a figure through a trap-door and warning her, as if by a voice from the dead, to retreat from thence; but the giglet is wilful, and is running upon her fate."

Finding Gaunt, although covetous and communicative, too faithful a servant to his wicked master to take any active steps against his commands, Fitzosborne applied himself to old Ursely, whom he found more tractable. Through her he learned the dreadful

plot Gaston had laid to rid himself of his kinswoman, and resolved to effect her deliverance. But aware of the delicacy of Emma's situation, he charged Ursely to conceal from her the interest he took in her distress, resolving to watch over her in disguise until he saw her in a place of safety. Hence the appearance he made before her in various dresses during her journey, in the course of which he was never far distant; and he had always four stout yeomen within hearing of his bugle, had assistance been necessary. When she was placed in safety at the lodge, it was Fitzosborne's intention to have prevailed upon his sisters to visit, and take her under their protection; but he found them absent from Diggswell, having gone to attend an aged relation who lay dangerously ill in a distant county. They did not return until the day before the May-games; and the other events followed too rapidly to permit Fitzosborne to lay any plan for introducing them to Lady Emma Darcy. On the day of the chase he resolved to preserve his romantic disguise and attend the Lady Emma as a forester, partly to have the pleasure of being near her, and partly to judge whether, according to an idle report in the country, she favoured his friend and comrade Fitzallen of Marden. This last motive, it may easily be believed, he did not declare to the company. After the skirmish with the ruffians, he waited till the baron and the hunters arrived, and then, still doubting the further designs of Gaston, hastened to his castle to arm the band which had escorted them to Queen-Hoo Hall.

Fitzosborne's story being finished, he received the thanks of all the company, particularly of St. Clere, who felt deeply the respectful delicacy with which he had conducted himself towards his sister. The lady was carefully informed of her obligations to him; and it is left to the well-judging reader whether even the

raillery of Lady Eleanor made her regret that Heaven had only employed natural means for her security, and that the guardian angel was converted into a handsome, gallant, and enamoured knight.

The joy of the company in the hall extended itself to the buttery, where Gregory the jester narrated such feats of arms done by himself in the fray of the morning as might have shamed Bevis and Guy of Warwick. He was, according to his narrative, singled out for destruction by the gigantic baron himself, while he abandoned to meaner hands the destruction of St. Clere and Fitzosborne.

"But, certes," said he, "the foul paynim met his match; for, ever as he foined at me with his brand, I parried his blows with my bauble, and closing with him upon the third veny, threw him to the ground, and made him cry recreant to an unarmed man."

"Tush, man!" said Drawslot, "thou forgettest thy best auxiliaries, the good greyhounds, Help and Holdfast! I warrant thee that when the humpbacked baron caught thee by the cowl, which he hath almost torn off, thou hadst been in a fair plight, had they not remembered an old friend and come in to the rescue. Why, man, I found them fastened on him myself; and there was odd staving and stickling to make them 'ware haunch!' Their mouths were full of the flex, for I pulled a piece of the garment from their jaws. I warrant thee that when they brought him to ground, thou fledst like a frighted pricket."

"And as for Gregory's gigantic paynim," said Fabian, "why, he lies yonder in the guard-room, the very size, shape, and colour of a spider in a yew-hedge."

"It is false!" said Gregory; "Colbrand the Dane was a dwarf to him."

"It is as true," returned Fabian, "as that the

Tasker is to be married on Tuesday to pretty Margery. Gregory, thy sheet hath brought them between a pair of blankets."

"I care no more for such a gillflirt," said the Jester, "than I do for thy leasings. Marry, thou hop-o'-my-thumb, happy wouldst thou be could thy head reach the captive baron's girdle."

"By the Mass," said Peter Lanaret, "I will have one peep at this burly gallant;" and leaving the buttery, he went to the guard-room where Gaston St. Clere was confined. A man-at-arms, who kept sentinel on the strong studded door of the apartment, said he believed he slept; for that after raging, stamping, and uttering the most horrid imprecations, he had been of late perfectly still. The falconer gently drew back a sliding board, of a foot square, towards the top of the door, which covered a hole of the same size, strongly latticed, through which the warder, without opening the door, could look in upon his prisoner. From this aperture he beheld the wretched Gaston suspended by the neck, by his own girdle, to an iron ring in the side of his prison. He had clambered to it by means of the table on which his food had been placed; and in the agonies of shame and disappointed malice, had adopted this mode of ridding himself of a wretched life. He was found yet warm, but totally lifeless. A proper account of the manner of his death was drawn up and certified. He was buried that evening in the chapel of the castle, out of respect to his high birth; and the chaplain of Fitzallen of Marden, who said the service upon the occasion, preached, the next Sunday, an excellent sermon upon the text, "Radix malorum est cupiditas," which we have here transcribed.

. . . . . .

[Here the manuscript from which we have painfully transcribed, and frequently, as it were, translated this

tale, for the reader's edification, is so indistinct and defaced that, excepting certain "howbeits," "nathlesses," "lo ye's!" etc. we can pick out little that is intelligible, saving that avarice is defined "a likourishness of heart after earthly things." A little farther there seems to have been a gay account of Margery's wedding with Ralph the Tasker, the running at the quintain, and other rural games practised on the occasion. There are also fragments of a mock sermon preached by Gregory upon that occasion, as for example: —

"My dear cursed caitiffs, there was once a king, and he wedded a young old queen, and she had a child; and this child was sent to Solomon the Sage, praying he would give it the same blessing which he got from the witch of Endor when she bit him by the heel. Hereof speaks the worthy Dr. Radigundus Potator. Why should not Mass be said for all the roasted shoe souls served up in the king's dish on Saturday? For true it is that Saint Peter asked father Adam, as they journeyed to Camelot, an high, great, and doubtful question: 'Adam, Adam, why eated'st thou the apple without paring?'"[1]

[1] This tirade of gibberish is literally taken or selected from a mock discourse pronounced by a professed jester, which occurs in an ancient manuscript in the Advocates' Library, the same from which the late ingenious Mr. Weber published the curious comic romance of the "Hunting of the Hare." It was introduced in compliance with Mr. Strutt's plan of rendering his tale an illustration of ancient manners. A similar burlesque sermon is pronounced by the Fool in Sir David Lindesay's satire of the "Three Estates." The nonsense and vulgar burlesque of that composition illustrate the ground of Sir Andrew, Aguecheek's eulogy on the exploits of the jester in "Twelfth Night," who, reserving his sharper jests for Sir Toby, had doubtless enough of the jargon of his calling to captivate the imbecility of his brother knight, who is made to exclaim: "In sooth, thou wast in very gracious fooling last night when thou spokest of Pigrogremitus, and of the vapours passing the equinoc-

With much goodly gibberish to the same effect, — which display of Gregory's ready wit not only threw the whole company into convulsions of laughter, but made such an impression on Rose, the Potter's daughter, that it was thought it would be the jester's own fault if Jack was long without his Jill. Much pithy matter concerning the bringing the bride to bed, the loosing the bridegroom's points, the scramble which ensued for them, and the casting of the stocking, is also omitted, from its obscurity.

The following song, which has been since borrowed by the worshipful author of the famous "History of Fryar Bacon," has been with difficulty deciphered. It seems to have been sung on occasion of carrying home the bride.

BRIDAL SONG.

To the tune of "I have been a Fiddler," etc.

And did you not hear of a mirth befell
The morrow after a wedding-day,
And carrying a bride at home to dwell?
And away to Tewin, away, away!

The quintain was set, and the garlands were made, —
'T is pity old customs should ever decay;
And woe be to him that was horsed on a jade,
For he carried no credit away, away.

We met a consort of fiddle-de-dees;
We set them a cockhorse, and made them play
The winning of Bullen, and Upsey-frees,
And away to Tewin, away, away!

There was ne'er a lad in all the parish
That would go to the plough that day;
But on his fore-horse his wench he carries,
And away to Tewin, away, away!

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tials of Quenbus; 't was very good, i' faith!" It is entertaining to find commentators seeking to discover some meaning in the professional jargon of such a passage as this.

The butler was quick, and the ale he did tap,
  The maidens did make the chamber full gay;
The servants did give me a fuddling cup,
  And I did carry 't away, away.

The smith of the town his liquor so took
  That he was persuaded that the ground looked blue;
And I dare boldly be sworn on a book
  Such smiths as he there 's but a few.

A posset was made, and the women did sip,
  And simpering said they could eat no more;
Full many a maiden was laid on the lip, —
  I 'll say no more, but give o'er (give o'er).

But what our fair readers will chiefly regret is the loss of three declarations of love: the first by St. Clere to Matilda, which, with the lady's answer, occupies fifteen closely written pages of manuscript. That of Fitzosborne to Emma is not much shorter; but the amours of Fitzallen and Eleanor, being of a less romantic cast, are closed in three pages only. The three noble couples were married in Queen-Hoo Hall upon the same day, being the twentieth Sunday after Easter. There is a prolix account of the marriage-feast, of which we can pick out the names of a few dishes, such as peterel, crane, sturgeon, swan, etc., with a profusion of wild-fowl and venison. We also see that a suitable song was produced by Peretto on the occasion, and that the bishop, who blessed the bridal beds which received the happy couples, was no niggard of his holy water, bestowing half a gallon upon each of the couches. We regret we cannot give these curiosities to the reader in detail, but we hope to expose the manuscript to abler antiquaries, so soon as it shall be framed and glazed by the ingenious artist who rendered that service to Mr. Ireland's Shakspeare manuscripts. And so (being unable to lay aside the style to which our pen is habituated), gentle reader, we bid thee heartily farewell.]

No. III.

ANECDOTE OF SCHOOL DAYS,

UPON WHICH MR. THOMAS SCOTT PROPOSED TO FOUND A TALE OF FICTION.

It is well known in the South that there is little or no boxing at the Scottish schools. About forty or fifty years ago, however, a far more dangerous mode of fighting, in parties or factions, was permitted in the streets of Edinburgh, to the great disgrace of the police, and danger of the parties concerned. These parties were generally formed from the quarters of the town in which the combatants resided, those of a particular square or district fighting against those of an adjoining one. Hence it happened that the children of the higher classes were often pitted against those of the lower, each taking their side according to the residence of their friends. So far as I recollect, however, it was unmingled either with feelings of democracy or aristocracy, or, indeed, with malice or ill-will of any kind towards the opposite party. In fact, it was only a rough mode of play. Such contests were, however, maintained with great vigour with stones and sticks and fisticuffs, when one party dared to charge, and the other stood their ground. Of course mischief sometimes happened; boys are said to have been killed at these "bickers," as they were called, and serious accidents certainly took place, as many contemporaries can bear witness.

The Author's father residing in George Square, in the southern side of Edinburgh, the boys belonging to

that family, with others in the square, were arranged into a sort of company, to which a lady of distinction presented a handsome set of colours. Now this company, or regiment, as a matter of course, was engaged in weekly warfare with the boys inhabiting the Crosscauseway, Bristo Street, the Potter Row, — in short, the neighbouring suburbs. These last were chiefly of the lower rank, but hardy loons, who threw stones to a hair's-breadth, and were very rugged antagonists at close quarters. The skirmish sometimes lasted for a whole evening, until one party or the other was victorious, when, if ours were successful, we drove the enemy to their quarters, and were usually chased back by the reinforcement of bigger lads who came to their assistance. If, on the contrary, we were pursued, as was often the case, into the precincts of our square, we were in our turn supported by our elder brothers, domestic servants, and similar auxiliaries.

It followed, from our frequent opposition to each other, that though not knowing the names of our enemies, we were yet well acquainted with their appearance, and had nicknames for the most remarkable of them. One very active and spirited boy might be considered as the principal leader in the cohort of the suburbs. He was, I suppose, thirteen or fourteen years old, finely made, tall, blue-eyed, with long fair hair, the very picture of a youthful Goth. This lad was always first in the charge, and last in the retreat, — the Achilles, at once, and Ajax of the Crosscauseway. He was too formidable to us not to have a cognomen, and, like that of a knight of old, it was taken from the most remarkable part of his dress, being a pair of old green livery breeches, which was the principal part of his clothing; for, like Pentapolin, according to Don Quixote's account, Green-Breeks, as we called him, always entered the battle with bare arms, legs, and feet.

It fell that once upon a time, when the combat was at the thickest, this plebeian champion headed a sudden charge so rapid and furious that all fled before him. He was several paces before his comrades, and had actually laid his hands on the patrician standard, when one of our party, whom some misjudging friend had intrusted with a *couteau de chasse*, or hanger, inspired with a zeal for the honour of the corps worthy of Major Sturgeon himself, struck poor Green-Breeks over the head with strength sufficient to cut him down. When this was seen, the casualty was so far beyond what had ever taken place before that both parties fled different ways, leaving poor Green-Breeks, with his bright hair plentifully dabbled in blood, to the care of the watchman, who (honest man) took care not to know who had done the mischief. The bloody hanger was flung into one of the Meadow ditches, and solemn secrecy was sworn on all hands; but the remorse and terror of the actor were beyond all bounds, and his apprehensions of the most dreadful character. The wounded hero was for a few days in the Infirmary, the case being only a trifling one. But though inquiry was strongly pressed on him, no argument could make him indicate the person from whom he had received the wound, though he must have been perfectly well known to him. When he recovered, and was dismissed, the author and his brothers opened a communication with him, through the medium of a popular gingerbread baker, of whom both parties were customers, in order to tender a subsidy in name of smart-money. The sum would excite ridicule were I to name it; but sure I am that the pockets of the noted Green-Brecks never held as much money of his own. He declined the remittance, saying that he would not sell his blood, but at the same time reprobated the idea of being an informer, which, he said, was "clam," —

i. e., base, or mean. With much urgency, he accepted a pound of snuff for the use of some old woman — aunt, grandmother, or the like — with whom he lived. We did not become friends, for the *bickers* were more agreeable to both parties than any more pacific amusement; but we conducted them ever after under mutual assurances of the highest consideration for each other.

Such was the hero whom Mr. Thomas Scott proposed to carry to Canada and involve in adventures with the natives and colonists of that country. Perhaps the youthful generosity of the lad will not seem so great in the eyes of others as to those whom it was the means of screening from severe rebuke and punishment. But it seemed, to those concerned, to argue a nobleness of sentiment far beyond the pitch of most minds; and however obscurely the lad, who showed such a frame of noble spirit, may have lived or died, I cannot help being of opinion, that if fortune had placed him in circumstances calling for gallantry or generosity, the man would have fulfilled the promises of the boy. Long afterwards, when the story was told to my father, he censured us severely for not telling the truth at the time, that he might have attempted to be of use to the young man in entering on life. But our alarms for the consequences of the drawn sword, and the wound inflicted with such a weapon, were far too predominant at the time for such a pitch of generosity.

Perhaps I ought not to have inserted this schoolboy tale; but besides the strong impression made by the incident at the time, the whole accompaniments of the story are matters to me of solemn and sad recollection. Of all the little band who were concerned in those juvenile sports or brawls, I can scarce recollect a single survivor. Some left the ranks of mimic war to die in the active service of their country. Many sought distant lands, to return no more. Others, dis-

persed in different paths of life, "my dim eyes now seek for in vain." Of five brothers, all healthy and promising in a degree far beyond one whose infancy was visited by personal infirmity, and whose health after this period seemed long very precarious, I am, nevertheless, the only survivor. The best loved, and the best deserving to be loved, who had destined this incident to be the foundation of literary composition, died "before his day," in a distant and foreign land; and trifles assume an importance not their own, when connected with those who have been loved and lost.

WAVERLEY;

OR,

'T IS SIXTY YEARS SINCE.

"Under which King, Bezonian? Speak, or die!"

Henry IV., Part II.

EDITOR'S INTRODUCTION TO WAVERLEY.

"WHAT is the value of a reputation that probably will not last above one or two generations?" Sir Walter Scott once asked Ballantyne. Two generations, according to the usual reckoning, have passed; "'T is Sixty Years since" the "wondrous Potentate" of Wordsworth's sonnet died, yet the reputation on which he set so little store survives. A constant tide of new editions of his novels flows from the press; his plots give materials for operas and plays; he has been criticised, praised, condemned: but his romances endure amid the changes of taste, remaining the delight of mankind, while new schools and little masters of fiction come and go.

Scott himself believed that even great works usually suffer periods of temporary occultation. His own, no doubt, have not always been in their primitive vogue. Even at first, English readers complained of the difficulty caused by his Scotch, and now many make his "dialect" an excuse for not reading books which their taste, debauched by third-rate fiction, is incapable of enjoying. But Scott has never disappeared in one of those irregular changes of public opinion remarked on by his friend Lady Louisa Stuart. In 1821 she informed him that she had tried the experiment of reading Mackenzie's "Man of Feeling" aloud. "Nobody cried, and at some of the touches I used to think so exquisite, they laughed."[1] His correspondent requested

[1] Abbotsford Manuscripts.

Scott to write something on such variations of taste, which actually seem to be in the air and epidemic, for they affect, as she remarked, young people who have not heard the criticisms of their elders.[1] Thus Rousseau's "Nouvelle Héloïse," once so fascinating to girls, and reputed so dangerous, had become tedious to the young, Lady Louisa says, even in 1821. But to the young, if they have any fancy and intelligence, Scott is not tedious even now; and probably his most devoted readers are boys, girls, and men of matured appreciation and considerable knowledge of literature. The unformed and the cultivated tastes are still at one about Scott. He holds us yet with his unpremeditated art, his natural qualities of friendliness, of humour, of sympathy. Even the carelessness with which his earliest and his kindest critics — Ellis, Erskine, and Lady Louisa Stuart — reproached him has not succeeded in killing his work and diminishing his renown.

It is style, as critics remind us, it is perfection of form, no doubt, that secure the permanence of literature; but Scott did not overstate his own defects when he wrote in his Journal (April 22, 1826): "A solecism in point of composition, like a Scotch word, is indifferent to me. I never learned grammar. . . . I believe the bailiff in 'The Goodnatured Man' is not far wrong when he says: 'One man has one way of expressing himself, and another another; and that is all the difference between them.'" The difference between Scott and Thackeray or Flaubert among good writers, and a crowd of self-conscious and mannered "stylists" among writers not so very good, is essential. About Shakspeare it was said that he "never blotted a line." The observation is almost literally true about Sir Walter. The pages of his manuscript novels show scarcely

[1] See Scott's reply, with the anecdote about Mrs. Aphra Behn's novels, Lockhart, vi. 406 (edition of 1839).

a retouch or an erasure, whether in the "Waverley" fragment of 1805 or the unpublished "Siege of Malta" of 1832.[1] The handwriting becomes closer and smaller; from thirty-eight lines to the page in "Waverley," he advances to between fifty and sixty in "Ivanhoe." The few alterations are usually additions. For example, a fresh pedantry of the Baron of Bradwardine's is occasionally set down on the opposite page. Nothing can be less like the method of Flaubert or the method of Mr. Ruskin, who tells us that "a sentence of 'Modern Painters' was often written four or five times over in my own hand, and tried in every word for perhaps an hour, — perhaps a forenoon, — before it was passed for the printer." Each writer has his method; Scott was no stippler or niggler, but, as we shall see later, he often altered much in his proof-sheets.[2] As long as he was understood, he was almost reckless of well-constructed sentences, of the one best word for his meaning, of rounded periods. This indifference is not to be praised, but it is only a proof of his greatness that his style, never distinguished, and often lax, has not impaired the vitality of his prose. The heart which beats in his works, the knowledge of human nature, the dramatic vigour of his character, the nobility

[1] A history of Scott's Manuscripts, with good fac-similes, will be found in the Catalogue of the Scott Exhibition, Edinburgh, 1872.

[2] While speaking of correction, it may be noted that Scott, in his "Advertisement" prefixed to the issue of 1829, speaks of changes made in that collected edition. In "Waverley" these emendations are very rare, and are unimportant. A few *callidæ junctureæ* are added, a very few lines are deleted. The postscript of the first edition did not contain the anecdote about the hiding-place of the manuscript among the fishing tackle. The first line of Flora Macdonald's battle-song (chapter xxii.) originally ran, "Mist darkens the mountain, night darkens the vale," in place of "There is mist on the mountain and mist on the vale." For the rest, as Scott says, "where the tree falls it must lie."

of his whole being win the day against the looseness of his manner, the negligence of his composition, against the haste of fatigue which set him, as Lady Louisa Stuart often told him, on "huddling up a conclusion anyhow, and so kicking the book out of his way." In this matter of *dénouements* he certainly was no more careful than Shakspeare or Molière.

The permanence of Sir Walter's romances is proved, as we said, by their survival among all the changes of fashion in the art of fiction. When he took up his pen to begin "Waverley," fiction had not absorbed, as it does to-day, almost all the best imaginative energy of English or foreign writers. Now we hear of "art" on every side, and every novelist must give the world his opinion about schools and methods. Scott, on the other hand, lived in the greatest poetical age since that of Elizabeth. Poetry or the drama (in which, to be sure, few succeeded) occupied Wordsworth, Byron, Coleridge, Shelley, Crabbe, Campbell, and Keats. Then, as Joanna Baillie hyperbolically declared, "The Scotch novels put poetry out of fashion." [1] Till they appeared, novels seem to have been left to readers like the plaintive lady's-maid whom Scott met at Dalkeith, when he beheld "the fair one descend from the carriage with three half-bound volumes of a novel in her hand." Mr. Morritt, writing to Scott in March, 1815, hopes he will "restore pure narrative to the dignity from which it gradually slipped before it dwindled into a manufactory for the circulating library." "Waverley," he asserted, "would prevail over people otherwise averse to blue-backed volumes." Thus it was an unconsidered art which Scott took up and revived. Half a century had passed since Fielding gave us in "Tom Jones" his own and very different picture

[1] Abbotsford Manuscripts. Hogg averred that nobody either read or wrote poetry after Sir Walter took to prose.

of life in the "'forty-five,"—of life with all the romance of the "Race to Derby" cut down to a sentence or two. Since the age of the great English novelists, Richardson and Fielding and Miss Burney, the art of fiction had been spasmodically alive in the hands of Mrs. Radcliffe, had been sentimental with Henry Mackenzie, and now was all but moribund, save for the humorous Irish sketches of Miss Edgeworth. As Scott always insisted, it was mainly "the extended and well-merited fame of Miss Edgeworth" which induced him to try his hand on a novel containing pictures of Scottish life and character. Nothing was more remarkable in his own novels than the blending of close and humorous observation of common life with pleasure in adventurous narratives about "what is not so, and was not so, and Heaven forbid that it ever should be so," as the girl says in the nursery tale. Through his whole life he remained the dreamer of dreams and teller of wild legends, who had held the lads of the High School entranced round Luckie Brown's fireside, and had fleeted the summer days in interchange of romances with a schoolboy friend, Mr. Irving, among the hills that girdle Edinburgh. He ever had a passion for "knights and ladies and dragons and giants," and "God only knows," he says, "how delighted I was to find myself in such society." But with all this delight, his imagination had other pleasures than the fantastic: the humours and passions of ordinary existence were as clearly visible to him as the battles, the castles, and the giants. True, he was more fastidious in his choice of novels of real life than in his romantic reading. "The whole Jemmy and Jessamy tribe I abhorred," he said; "and it required the art of Burney or the feeling of Mackenzie to fix my attention upon a domestic tale." But when the domestic tale was good and true, no man appre-

ciated it more than he. None has more vigorously applauded Miss Austen than Scott, and it was thus that as the "Author of 'Waverley'" he addressed Miss Edgeworth, through James Ballantyne: "If I could but hit Miss Edgeworth's wonderful power of vivifying all her persons, and making them live as *beings* in your mind, I should not be afraid." "Often," Ballantyne goes on, "has the Author of 'Waverley' used such language to me; and I knew that I gratified him most when I could say, 'Positively, this *is* equal to Miss Edgeworth.'"

Thus Scott's own taste was catholic: and in this he was particularly unlike the modern novelists, who proclaim, from both sides of the Atlantic, that only in their own methods, and in sharing their own exclusive tastes, is literary salvation. The prince of Romance was no one-sided *romanticiste;* his ear was open to all fiction good in its kind. His generosity made him think Miss Edgeworth's persons more alive than his own. To his own romances he preferred Mrs. Shelley's "Frankenstein."[1] As a critic, of course, he was mistaken; but his was the generous error of the heart, and it is the heart in Walter Scott, even more than the brain, that lends its own vitality to his creations. Equipped as he was with a taste truly ca-

[1] Scott reviewed "Frankenstein" in 1818. Mr. Shelley had sent it with a brief note, in which he said that it was the work of a friend, and that he had only seen it through the press. Sir Walter passed the book on to Mr. Morritt, who, in reply, gave Scott a brief and not very accurate history of Shelley. Sir Walter then wrote a most favourable review of "Frankenstein" in "Blackwood's Magazine," observing that it was attributed to Mr. Percy Bysshe Shelley, a son-in-law of Mr. Godwin. Mrs. Shelley presently wrote thanking him for the review, and assuring him that it was her own work. Scott had apparently taken Shelley's disclaimer as an innocent evasion; it was an age of literary *supercheries.* — *Abbotsford Manuscripts.*

tholic, capable in old age of admiring "Pelham," he had the power to do what he calls "the big bow-wow strain;" yet he was not, as in his modesty he supposed, denied "the exquisite touch which renders ordinary commonplace things and characters interesting, from the truth of the description and the sentiment."[1]

The letter of Rose Bradwardine to Waverley is alone enough to disprove Scott's disparagement of himself, his belief that he had been denied exquisiteness of touch. Nothing human is more delicate, nothing should be more delicately handled, than the first love of a girl. What the "analytical" modern novelist would pass over and dissect and place beneath his microscope till a student of any manliness blushes with shame and annoyance, Scott suffers Rose Bradwardine to reveal with a sensitive shyness. But Scott, of course, had even less in common with the peeper and botanizer on maidens' hearts than with the wildest romanticist. He considered that "a want of story is always fatal to a book the first reading, and it is well if it gets a chance of a second." From him "Pride and Prejudice" got a chance of three readings at least. This generous universality of taste, in addition to all his other qualities of humour and poetry, enabled Scott to raise the novel from its decadence, and to make the dry bones of history live again in his tales. With Charles Edward at Holyrood, as Mr. Senior wrote in the "Quarterly Review," "we are in the lofty region of romance. In any other hands than those of Sir Walter Scott, the language and conduct of those great people would have been as dignified as their situations. We should have heard nothing of the hero in his new costume 'majoring afore the muckle pier-glass,' of his arrest by the host of the Candlestick, of his examination by the well-

[1] Journal, March 14, 1826.

powdered Major Melville, or of his fears of being informed against by Mrs. Nosebag." In short, "while the leading persons and events are as remote from ordinary life as the inventions of Scudéry, the picture of human nature is as faithful as could have been given by Fielding or Le Sage." Though this criticism has not the advantage of being new, it is true; and when we have added that Scott's novels are the novels of the poet who, next to Shakspeare, knew mankind most widely and well, we have the secret of his triumph.

For the first time in literature, it was a poet who held the pen of the romancer in prose. Fielding, Richardson, De Foe, Miss Burney, were none of them made by the gods poetical. Scott himself, with his habitual generosity, would have hailed his own predecessor in Mrs. Radcliffe. "The praise may be claimed for Mrs. Radcliffe of having been the first to introduce into her prose fictions a beautiful and fanciful tone of natural description and impressive narrative, which had hitherto been exclusively applied to poetry. . . . Mrs. Radcliffe has a title to be considered the first poetess of romantic fiction." When "Guy Mannering" appeared, Wordsworth sneered at it as a work of the Radcliffe school. The slight difference produced by the introduction of humour could scarcely be visible to Wordsworth. But Scott would not have been hurt by his judgment. He had the literary courage to recognize merit even when obscured by extravagance, and to applaud that in which people of culture could find neither excellence nor charm. Like Thackeray, he had been thrilled by Vivaldi in the Inquisition, and he was not the man to hide his gratitude because his author was now out of fashion.

Thus we see that Scott, when he began "Waverley" in 1805, brought to his labour no hard-and-fast theory of the art of fiction, but a kindly readiness to be pleased,

and to find good in everything. He brought his wide knowledge of contemporary Scottish life "from the peer to the ploughman;" he brought his well-digested wealth of antiquarian lore, and the poetic skill which had just been busied with the "Lay of the Last Minstrel," and was still to be occupied, ere he finished his interrupted novel, with "Marmion," "The Lady of the Lake," "Rokeby," and "The Lord of the Isles." The comparative failure of the last-named no doubt strengthened his determination to try prose romance. He had never cared much for his own poems, he says, Byron had outdone him in popularity, and the Muse — "the Good Demon" who once deserted Herrick — came now less eagerly to his call.

It is curiously difficult to disentangle the statements about the composition of "Waverley." Our first authority, of course, is Scott's own account, given in the General Preface to the Edition of 1829. Lockhart, however, remarks on the haste with which Sir Walter wrote the Introductions to the *magnum opus;* and the lapse of fifteen years, the effects of disease, and his habitual carelessness about his own works and mode of working may certainly to some extent have clouded his memory. "About the year 1805," as he says, he "threw together about one third part of the first volume of 'Waverley.'" It was advertised to be published, he goes on, by Ballantyne, with the second title, "'T is Fifty Years since." This, obviously, would have made 1755 the date of the events, just as the title "'T is Sixty Years since" in 1814 brought the date of the events to 1754. By inspecting the water-mark of the paper Lockhart discovered that 1805 was the period in which the first few chapters were composed; the rest of the paper was marked 1813. Scott next observes that the unfavourable opinion of a critical friend on the first seven chapters induced

him to lay the manuscript aside. Who was this friend? Lockhart thinks it was Erskine. It is certain, from a letter of Ballantyne's at Abbotsford, — a letter printed by Lockhart, September 15, 1810, — that Ballantyne in 1810 saw at least the earlier portions of "Waverley," and it is clear enough that he had seen none of it before. If any friend did read it in 1805, it cannot have been Ballantyne, and may have been Erskine. But none of the paper bears a water-mark between 1805 and 1813, so Scott must merely have taken it up, in 1810, as it had been for five years. Now Scott says that the success of "The Lady of the Lake," with its Highland pictures, induced him "to attempt something of the same sort in prose." This, as Lockhart notes, cannot refer to 1805, as the "Lady of the Lake" did not appear till 1810. But the good fortune of the "Lady" may very well have induced him in 1810 to reconsider his Highland prose romance. In 1808, as appears from an undated letter to Surtees of Mainsforth (Abbotsford Manuscripts), he was contemplating a poem on "that wandering knight so fair," Charles Edward, and on the adventures of his flight, on Lochiel, Flora Macdonald, the Kennedys, and the rest. Earlier still, on June 9, 1806, Scott wrote to Lady Abercorn that he had "a great work in contemplation, a Highland romance of love, magic, and war." "The Lady of the Lake" took the place of that poem in his "century of inventions," and, stimulated by the popularity of his Highland romance in verse, he disinterred the first seven chapters of "Waverley" from their five years of repose. Very probably, as he himself hints, the exercise of fitting a conclusion to Strutt's "Queenhoo Hall" may have helped to bring his fancy back to his own half-forgotten story of "Waverley." In 1811 Scott went to Abbotsford, and there, as he tells

us, he lost sight of his "Waverley" fragment.[1] Often looked for, it was never found, till the accident of a search for fishing-tackle led him to discover it in the drawer of an old bureau in a lumber-garret. This cabinet afterwards came into the possession of Mr. William Laidlaw, Scott's friend and amanuensis, and it is still, the Editor understands, in the hands of Miss Laidlaw. The fishing-tackle, Miss Laidlaw tells the Editor (mainly red hackles, tied on hair, not gut), still occupies the drawer, except a few flies which were given, as relics, to the late Mr. Thomas Tod Stoddart. In 1813, then, volume i. of "Waverley" was finished. Then Scott undertook some articles for Constable, and laid the novel aside. The printing, at last, must have been very speedy. Dining in Edinburgh, in June, 1814, Lockhart saw "the hand of Walter Scott" busy at its task. "Page after page is finished, and thrown on the heap of manuscripts, and still it goes on unwearied."[2] The book was published on July 7, the press hardly keeping up with the activity of the author. Scott had written "two volumes in three summer weeks," and the printers had not shown less activity, while binders and stitchers must have worked extra tides.

"Waverley" was published without the Author's name. Scott's reasons for being anonymous have been stated by himself. "It was his humour,"—that is the best of the reasons, and the secret gave him a great deal of amusement. The Ballantynes, of course, knew it from the first; so did Mr. Morritt, Lady Louisa Stuart, and Lord and Lady Montague, and others were gradually admitted. In an undated letter, probably

[1] Mr. R. P. Gillies says that in 1811 "Waverley, in three volumes, had been announced by John Ballantyne, and a sheet or two set in types" (Recollections of Sir Walter Scott, p. 204).

[2] Lockhart, iv. 172.

of November, 1816, Scott says to the Marchioness of Abercorn, a most intimate friend: "I cannot even conjecture whom you mean by Mr. Mackenzie as author of 'The Antiquary.' I should think my excellent old friend Mr. Harry Mackenzie [author of the 'Man of Feeling,' etc.] was too much advanced in years and plunged in business to amuse himself by writing novels; and besides, the style in no degree resembles his." (Lady Abercorn meant "Young Harry Mackenzie," not the patriarch.) "I am told one of the English reviews gives these works by name and upon alleged authority to George Forbes, Sir William's brother; so they take them off my hands, I don't care who they turn to, for I am really tired of an imputation which I am under the necessity of confuting at every corner. Tom will soon be home from Canada, as the death of my elder brother has left him a little money. He may answer for himself, but I hardly suspect him, unless much changed, to be possessed of the perseverance necessary to write nine volumes." Scott elsewhere rather encouraged the notion that his brother Thomas was the author, and tried to make him exert himself and enter the field as a rival. Gossip also assigned "the Scotch novels" to Jeffrey, to Mrs. Thomas Scott, aided by her husband and Sir Walter, to a Dr. Greenfield, a clergyman, and to many others. Sir Walter humorously suggested George Cranstoun as the real offender. After the secret was publicly confessed, Lady Louisa Stuart reminded Scott of all the amusement it had given them. "Old Mortality" had been pronounced "too good" for Scott, and free from his "wearisome descriptions of scenery." Clever people had detected several separate hands in "Old Mortality," as in the Iliad. All this was diverting. Moreover, Scott was in some degree protected from the bores who pester a successful author. He could deny

the facts very stoutly, though always, as he insists, with the reservation implied in alleging that, if he had been the author, he would still have declined to confess. In the notes to later novels we shall see some of his "great denials."

The reception of "Waverley" was enthusiastic. Large editions were sold in Edinburgh, and when Scott returned from his cruise in the northern islands he found society ringing with his unacknowledged triumph. Byron, especially, proclaimed his pleasure in "Waverley." It may be curious to recall some of the published reviews of the moment. Probably no author ever lived so indifferent to published criticism as Scott. Miss Edgeworth, in one of her letters, reminds him how they had both agreed that writers who cared for the dignity and serenity of their characters should abstain from "that authors' bane-stuff." "As to the herd of critics," Scott wrote to Miss Seward, after publishing "The Lay," "many of those gentlemen appear to me to be a set of tinkers, who, unable to *make* pots and pans, set up for *menders* of them." It is probable, therefore, that he was quite unconcerned about the few remarks which Mr. Gifford, in the "Quarterly Review" (vol. xl., 1814), interspersed among a multitude of extracts, in a notice of "Waverley" manufactured with scissors and paste. The "Quarterly" recognized "a Scotch Castle Rackrent," but in "a much higher strain." The tale was admitted to possess all the accuracy of history, and all the vivacity of romance. Scott's second novel, "Guy Mannering," was attacked with some viciousness in the periodical of which he was practically the founder, and already the critic was anxious to repeat what Scott, talking of Pope's censors, calls "the cuckoo cry of 'written out'!" The notice of "Waverley" in the "Edinburgh Review" by Mr. Jeffrey was not so

slight and so unworthy of the topic. The novel was declared, and not unjustly, to be "very hastily, and in many places very unskilfully, written." The Scotch was decried as "unintelligible" dialect by the very reviewer who had accused "Marmion" of not being Scotch enough. But the "Edinburgh" applauded "the extraordinary fidelity and felicity" with which all the inferior agents in the story are represented. "Fastidious readers" might find Callum Beg and Mrs. Nosebag and the Cumberland peasants "coarse and disgusting," said the reviewer, who must have had in his imagination readers extremely superfine. He objected to the earlier chapters as uninteresting, and — with justice — to the passages where the author speaks in "the smart and flippant style of modern makers of paragraphs." "These form a strange and humiliating contrast with the force and freedom of his manner when engaged in those dramatic and picturesque representations to which his genius so decidedly inclines." He spoke severely of the places where Scott explains the circumstances of Waverley's adventures before he reaches Edinburgh; and Scott himself, in his essay on Mrs. Radcliffe, regrets that explanatory chapters had ever been invented. The reviewer broadly hints his belief that Scott is the author; and on the whole, except for a cautious lack of enthusiasm, the notice is fair and kindly. The "Monthly Review" differed not much from the Blue and Yellow (the "Edinburgh Review").

"It is not one of the least merits of this very uncommon production that all the subordinate characters are touched with the same discriminating force which so strongly marks their principals; and that in this manner almost every variety of station and interest, such as existed at the period under review, is successively brought before the mind of the reader in colours vivid as the original.

"A few oversights, we think, we have detected in the conduct of the story which ought not to remain unnoticed. For example, the age of Stanley and Lady Emily does not seem well to accord with the circumstances of their union, as related in the commencement of the work; and we are not quite satisfied that Edward should have been so easily reconciled to the barbarous and stubborn prejudices which precluded even the office of intercession for his gallant friend and companion-in-arms.

"The pieces of poetry which are not very profusely scattered through these volumes can scarcely fail to be ascribed to Mr. Scott, whatever may be judged of the body of the work. In point of comparative merit, we should class them neither with the highest nor with the meanest effusions of his lyric minstrelsy."

Lord Byron's "Grandmother's Review, the British," was also friendly and sagacious, in its elderly way.

"We request permission, therefore, to introduce 'Waverley,' a publication which has already excited considerable interest in the sister kingdom, to the literary world on this side the Tweed.

"A very short time has elapsed since this publication made its appearance in Edinburgh, and though it came into the world in the modest garb of anonymous obscurity, the Northern *literati* are unanimous, we understand, in ascribing part of it, at least, to the pen of W. Scott.

"We are unwilling to consider this publication in the light of a common novel whose fate it is to be devoured with rapidity for a day, and afterwards forgotten forever, but as a vehicle of curious and accurate information upon a subject which must at all times demand our attention, — the history and manners of a very large and renowned portion of the inhabitants of these islands. We would recommend this tale as faithfully embodying the lives, the manners, and the opinions of this departed race, and as affording those features of ancient days which no man probably, besides its author, has had the means to collect, the desire to preserve, or the power to portray.

"Although there are characters sufficient to awaken the attention and to diversify the scenes, yet they are not in sufficient number to perplex the memory or to confuse the incidents. Their spirit is well kept up till the very last, and they relieve one another with so much art that the reader will not find himself wearied even with the pedantic jargon of the old Baron of Bradwardine.

"Of Waverley himself we shall say but little, as his character is far too common to need a comment; we can only say that his wanderings are not gratuitous, nor is he wavering and indecisive only because the author chooses to make him so. Every feature in his character is formed by education, and it is to this first source that we are constantly referred for a just and sufficient cause of all the wandering passions as they arise in his mind.

"The secondary personages are drawn with much spirit and fidelity, and with a very striking knowledge of the peculiarities of the Scotch temper and disposition. The incidents are all founded on fact, and the historical parts are related with much accuracy. The livelier scenes which are displayed are of the most amusing species, because they flow so naturally from the personages before us that the characters, not the author, appear to speak. A strong vein of very original humour marks the whole: in most instances it is indeed of a local and particular nature, but in many cases it assumes a more general appearance.

"Of the more serious portions we can speak with unqualified approbation; the very few pathetic scenes which occur are short, dignified, and affecting. The love-scenes are sufficiently contracted to produce that very uncommon sensation in the mind, — a wish that they were longer.

"The religious opinions expressed in the course of the tale are few, but of those few we fully approve.

"The humorous and happy adaptation of legal terms shows no moderate acquaintance with the arcana of the law, and a perpetual allusion to the English and Latin classics no common share of scholarship and taste."

The "Scots Magazine" illustrated the admirable unanimity of reviewers when they *are* unanimous.

The "Anti-jacobin" objected that no Château-Margaux sent in the wood from Bordeaux to Dundee in 1713 could have been drinkable in 1745. "Claret two-and-thirty years old! It almost gives us the gripes to think of it." Indeed, Sir Walter, as Lockhart assures us, was so far from being a judge of claret that he could not tell when it was "corked." One or two points equally important amused the reviewer, who, like most of his class, detected the hand of Scott. There was hardly a possibility, as Mr. Morritt told Sir Walter, that the poems in "Waverley" could fail to suggest their author. "No man who ever heard you tell a story over a table but must recognize you at once." To his praise of "Waverley" Mr. Morritt hardly added any adverse criticism, beyond doubting the merit of the early chapters, and denouncing the word "sombre" as one which had lately "kept bad company among the slipshod English of the sentimental school." Scott, in defence, informed Mr. Morritt that he had "left the story to flag in the first volume on purpose. . . . I wished (with what success Heaven knows) to avoid the ordinary error of novelists, whose first volume is usually their best."

It must be admitted that if Scott wished to make "Waverley" "flag" in the beginning, he succeeded extremely well, — too well for many modern readers, accustomed to a leap into the midst of the story. "These introductory chapters," he observes in a note on the fifth of them, "have been a good deal censured as tedious and unnecessary; yet there are circumstances recorded in them which the Author has not been able to persuade himself to retract or cancel." These "circumstances" are probably the studies of Waverley, his romantic readings, which are really autobiographic. Scott was, apparently, seriously of opinion that the "mental discipline" of a proper classical education

would have been better for himself than his own delightfully desultory studies. Ballantyne could not see what Waverley's reading had to do with his adventures and character. Scott persisted in being of another mind. He himself, writing to Morritt, calls his hero "a sneaking piece of imbecility;" but he probably started with loftier intentions of "psychological analysis" than he fulfilled. He knew, and often said, in private letters, as in published works, that he was no hand at a respectable hero. Borderers, buccaneers, robbers, and humorsome people, like Dugald Dalgetty and Bailie Nicol Jarvie and Macwheeble, whom he said he preferred to any person in "Waverley," were the characters he delighted in. We may readily believe that Shakspeare too preferred Jacques and the Fat Knight to Orlando or the favoured lover of Anne Page. Your hero is a difficult person to make human, — unless, indeed, he has the defects of Pendennis or Tom Jones. But it is likely enough that the Waverley whom Scott had in his mind in 1805 was hardly the Waverley of 1813. His early English chapters are much in the ordinary vein of novels as they were then written; in those chapters come the "asides" by the author which the "Edinburgh Review" condemned. But there remains the kindly, honourable Sir Everard, while the calm atmosphere of English meadows, and the plump charms of Miss Cecilia Stubbs, are intended as foils to the hills of the North, the shy refinement of Rose, and the heroic heart of Flora Mac-Ivor. Scott wished to show the remote extremes of civilization and mental habit co-existing in the same island of Scotland and England. Yet we regret such passages as "craving pardon for my heroics, which I am unable in certain cases to resist giving way to," and so forth. Scott was no Thackeray, no Fielding, and failed (chiefly in "Waverley") when he attempted the mood of banter,

which one of his daughters, a lady "of Beatrice's mind," "never got from me," he observes.

In any serious attempt to criticise "Waverley" as a whole, it is not easy to say whether we should try to put ourselves at the point of view of its first readers, or whether we should look at it from the vantage-ground of to-day. In 1814 the dead world of clannish loyalty was fresh in many memories. Scott's own mother had often spoken with a person who had seen Cromwell enter Edinburgh after Dunbar. He himself knew heroes of the Forty-five, and his friend Lady Louisa Stuart had been well acquainted with Miss Walkinshaw, sister of the mistress of Charles Edward. To his generation those things were personal memories, which to us seem as distant as the reign of Men-ka-ra. They could not but be "carried off their feet" by such pictures of a past still so near them. Nor had they other great novelists to weaken the force of Scott's impressions. They had not to compare him with the melancholy mirth of Thackeray, and the charm, the magic, of his style. Balzac was of the future; of the future was the Scott of France, — the boyish, the witty, the rapid, the brilliant, the inexhaustible Dumas. Scott's generation had no scruples about "realism," listened to no sermons on the glory of the commonplace; like Dr. Johnson, they admired a book which was "as amusing as a fairy-tale." But we are overwhelmed with a wealth of comparisons, and deafened by a multitude of homilies on fiction, and distracted, like the people in the *Eyrbyggja* Saga, by the strange rising and setting, and the wild orbits of new "weird-moons" of romance. Before we can make up our minds on Scott, we have to remember, or forget, the scornful patronage of one critic, the over-subtlety and exaggerations of another, the more than papal infallibility of a third. Perhaps the best critic would be an

intelligent school-boy, with a generous heart and an unspoiled imagination. As his remarks are not accessible, as we must try to judge "Waverley" like readers inured to much fiction and much criticism, we must confess, no doubt, that the commencement has the faults which the first reviewers detected, and which Scott acknowledged. He is decidedly slow in getting to business, as they say; he began with more of conscious ethical purpose than he went on, and his banter is poor. But when once we enter the village of Tully-Veolan, the Magician finds his wand. Each picture of place or person tells, — the old butler, the daft Davie Gellatley, the solemn and chivalrous Baron, the pretty natural girl, the various lairds, the factor Macwheeble, — all at once become living people, and friends whom we can never lose. The creative fire of Shakspeare lives again. The Highlanders — Evan Dhu, Donald Bean Lean, his charming daughter, Callum Beg, and all the rest — are as natural as the Lowlanders. In Fergus and Flora we feel, indeed, at first, that the author has left his experience behind, and is giving us creatures of fancy. But they too become human and natural,— Fergus in his moods of anger, ambition, and final courageous resignation ; Flora, in her grief. As for Waverley, his creator was no doubt too hard on him. Among the brave we hear that he was one of the bravest, though Scott always wrote his battle-pieces in a manner to suggest no discomfort, and does not give us particular details of Waverley's prowess. He has spirit enough, this "sneaking piece of imbecility," as he shows in his quarrel with Fergus, on the march to Derby. Waverley, that creature of romance, considered as a lover, is really not romantic enough. He loved Rose because she loved him,— which is confessed to be unheroic behaviour. Scott, in "Waverley," certainly does not linger over love-scenes. With Mr.

Ruskin, we may say: "Let it not be thought for an instant that the slight and sometimes scornful glance with which Scott passes over scenes which a novelist of our own day would have analyzed with the airs of a philosopher, and painted with the curiosity of a gossip, indicates any absence in his heart of sympathy with the great and sacred elements of personal happiness." But his mind entertained other themes of interest,— "loyalty, patriotism, piety." On the other hand, it is necessary to differ from Mr. Ruskin when he says that Scott "never knew 'l'amor che move 'l sol e l' altre stelle.'" He whose heart was "broken for two years," and retained the crack till his dying day, he who, when old and tired, and near his death, was yet moved by the memory of the name which thirty years before he had cut in Runic characters on the turf at the Castle-gate of St. Andrew, knew love too well to write of it much, or to speak of it at all. He had won his ideal as alone the ideal can be won; he never lost her: she was with him always, because she had been unattainable. "There are few," he says, "who have not, at one period of life, broken ties of love and friendship, secret disappointments of the heart, to mourn over, — and we know no book which recalls the memory of them more severely than 'Julia de Roubigné.'" He could not be very eager to recall them, he who had so bitterly endured them, and because he had known and always knew "l'amor che move 'l sol e l'altre stelle," a seal was on his lips,— a silence broken only by a caress of Di Vernon's.[1]

This apology we may make, if an apology be needed, for what modern readers may think the meagreness of the love-passages in Scott. He does not deal in em-

[1] In a letter to Lady Abercorn, written when he was busy with the "Lady of the Lake," Scott complained that he could not draw a lover, in spite of his own experience.

braces and effusions, his taste is too manly; he does not dwell much on Love, because, like the shepherd in Theocritus, he has found him an inhabitant of the rocks. Moreover, when Scott began novel-writing, he was as old as Thackeray when Thackeray said that while at work on a love-scene he blushed so that you would think he was going into an apoplexy. "Waverley" stands by its pictures of manners, of character, by its humour and its tenderness, by its manly "criticism of life," by its touches of poetry, so various, so inspired, as in Davie Gellatley with his songs, and Charles Edward in the gallant hour of Holyrood, and Flora with her high, selfless hopes and broken heart, and the beloved Baron, bearing his lot "with a good-humoured though serious composure." "To be sure, we may say with Virgilius Maro, 'Fuimus Troes'—and there's the end of an auld sang. But houses and families and men have a' stood lang eneugh when they have stood till they fall with honour."

"Waverley" ends like a fairy-tale, while real life ever ends like a Northern saga. But among the good things that make life bearable, such fairy-tales are not the least precious, and not the least enduring.

ANDREW LANG.

INTRODUCTION.

THE plan of this edition leads me to insert in this place some account of the incidents on which the Novel of WAVERLEY is founded. They have been already given to the public by my late lamented friend, William Erskine, Esq. (afterwards Lord Kinneder), when reviewing the "Tales of My Landlord" for the "Quarterly Review," in 1817.(*e*) The particulars were derived by the critic from the Author's information. Afterwards they were published in the preface to the "Chronicles of the Canongate." They are now inserted in their proper place.

The mutual protection afforded by Waverley and Talbot to each other, upon which the whole plot depends, is founded upon one of those anecdotes which soften the features even of civil war; and as it is equally honourable to the memory of both parties, we have no hesitation to give their names at length. When the Highlanders, on the morning of the battle of Preston, 1745, made their memorable attack on Sir John Cope's army, a battery of four field-pieces was stormed and carried by the Camerons and the Stewarts of Appine. The late Alexander Stewart of Invernahyle was one of the foremost in the charge; and observing an officer of the king's forces, who, scorning to join the flight of all around, remained with his sword in his hand, as if determined to the very last to defend the post assigned to him, the Highland gentleman commanded him to surrender, and received for reply a thrust, which he

caught in his target. The officer was now defenceless, and the battle-axe of a gigantic Highlander (the miller of Invernahyle's mill) was uplifted to dash his brains out, when Mr. Stewart with difficulty prevailed on him to yield. He took charge of his enemy's property, protected his person, and finally obtained him liberty on his parole. The officer proved to be Colonel Whitefoord, an Ayrshire gentleman of high character and influence, and warmly attached to the House of Hanover; yet such was the confidence existing between these two honourable men, though of different political principles, that while the civil war was raging, and straggling officers from the Highland army were executed without mercy, Invernahyle hesitated not to pay his late captive a visit, as he returned to the Highlands to raise fresh recruits, on which occasion he spent a day or two in Ayrshire among Colonel Whitefoord's Whig friends as pleasantly and as good-humouredly as if all had been at peace around him.

After the battle of Culloden had ruined the hopes of Charles Edward and dispersed his proscribed adherents, it was Colonel Whitefoord's turn to strain every nerve to obtain Mr. Stewart's pardon. He went to the Lord Justice Clerk, to the Lord Advocate, and to all the officers of state; and each application was answered by the production of a list, in which Invernahyle (as the good old gentleman was wont to express it) appeared "marked with the sign of the beast!" as a subject unfit for favour or pardon.

At length Colonel Whitefoord applied to the Duke of Cumberland in person. From him also he received a positive refusal. He then limited his request, for the present, to a protection for Stewart's house, wife, children, and property. This was also refused by the duke; on which Colonel Whitefoord, taking his commission from his bosom, laid it on the table before his

Royal Highness with much emotion, and asked permission to retire from the service of a sovereign who did not know how to spare a vanquished enemy. The duke was struck, and even affected. He bade the colonel take up his commission, and granted the protection he required. It was issued just in time to save the house, corn, and cattle at Invernahyle from the troops, who were engaged in laying waste what it was the fashion to call "the country of the enemy." A small encampment of soldiers was formed on Invernahyle's property, which they spared while plundering the country around, and searching in every direction for the leaders of the insurrection, and for Stewart in particular. He was much nearer them than they suspected; for, hidden in a cave (like the Baron of Bradwardine), he lay for many days so near the English sentinels that he could hear their muster-roll called. His food was brought to him by one of his daughters, a child of eight years old, whom Mrs. Stewart was under the necessity of intrusting with this commission; for her own motions and those of all her elder inmates were closely watched. With ingenuity beyond her years, the child used to stray about among the soldiers, who were rather kind to her, and thus seize the moment when she was unobserved, and steal into the thicket, when she deposited whatever small store of provisions she had in charge, at some marked spot, where her father might find it. Invernahyle supported life for several weeks by means of these precarious supplies; and as he had been wounded in the battle of Culloden, the hardships which he endured were aggravated by great bodily pain. After the soldiers had removed their quarters, he had another remarkable escape.

As he now ventured to his own house at night, and left it in the morning, he was espied during the dawn by a party of the enemy, who fired at and pursued him.

The fugitive being fortunate enough to escape their search, they returned to the house, and charged the family with harbouring one of the proscribed traitors. An old woman had presence of mind enough to maintain that the man they had seen was the shepherd. "Why did he not stop when we called to him?" said the soldier. "He is as deaf, poor man, as a peat-stack," answered the ready-witted domestic. "Let him be sent for directly." The real shepherd accordingly was brought from the hill, and as there was time to tutor him by the way, he was as deaf, when he made his appearance, as was necessary to sustain his character. Invernahyle was afterwards pardoned under the Act of Indemnity.

The Author knew him well, and has often heard these circumstances from his own mouth. He was a noble specimen of the old Highlander, far descended, gallant, courteous, and brave even to chivalry. He had been *out*, I believe, in 1715 and 1745, was an active partaker in all the stirring scenes which passed in the Highlands betwixt these memorable eras, and, I have heard, was remarkable, among other exploits, for having fought a duel with the broadsword with the celebrated Rob Roy MacGregor at the Clachan of Balquidder.

Invernahyle chanced to be in Edinburgh when Paul Jones came into the Frith of Forth; and though then an old man, I saw him in arms, and heard him exult (to use his own words) in the prospect of "drawing his claymore once more before he died." In fact, on that memorable occasion, when the capital of Scotland was menaced by three trifling sloops, or brigs, scarce fit to have sacked a fishing village, he was the only man who seemed to propose a plan of resistance. He offered to the magistrates, if broadswords and dirks could be obtained, to find as many Highlanders among

the lower classes as would cut off any boat's crew who might be sent into a town full of narrow and winding passages, in which they were like to disperse in quest of plunder. I know not if his plan was attended to; I rather think it seemed too hazardous to the constituted authorities, who might not, even at that time, desire to see arms in Highland hands. A steady and powerful west wind settled the matter, by sweeping Paul Jones and his vessels out of the Frith.

If there is something degrading in this recollection, it is not unpleasant to compare it with those of the last war, when Edinburgh, besides regular forces and militia, furnished a volunteer brigade of cavalry, infantry, and artillery to the amount of six thousand men and upwards, which was in readiness to meet and repel a force of a far more formidable description than was commanded by the adventurous American. Time and circumstances change the character of nations and the fate of cities; and it is some pride to a Scotchman to reflect that the independent and manly character of a country willing to intrust its own protection to the arms of its children, after having been obscured for half a century, has, during the course of his own lifetime, recovered its lustre.

Other illustrations of "Waverley" will be found in the Notes at the foot of the pages to which they belong. Those which appeared too long to be so placed are given at the end of the volume to which they severally relate.

PREFACE TO THE THIRD EDITION.

To this slight attempt at a sketch of ancient Scottish manners, the public have been more favourable than the Author durst have hoped or expected. He has heard, with a mixture of satisfaction and humility, his work ascribed to more than one respectable name. Considerations, which seem weighty in his particular situation, prevent his releasing those gentlemen from suspicion by placing his own name in the titlepage; so that, for the present at least, it must remain uncertain whether WAVERLEY be the work of a poet or a critic, a lawyer or a clergyman, or whether the writer, to use Mrs. Malaprop's phrase, be, "like Cerberus, three gentlemen at once."

The Author, as he is unconscious of anything in the work itself (except perhaps its frivolity) which prevents its finding an acknowledged father, leaves it to the candour of the public to choose, among the many circumstances peculiar to different situations in life such as may induce him to suppress his name on the present occasion. He may be a writer new to publication, and unwilling to avow a character to which he is unaccustomed; or he may be a hackneyed author who is ashamed of too frequent appearance, and employs this mystery as the heroine of the old comedy used her mask, — to attract the attention of those to whom her face had become too

familiar. He may be a man of a grave profession, to whom the reputation of being a novel-writer might be prejudicial; or he may be a man of fashion, to whom writing of any kind might appear pedantic. He may be too young to assume the character of an author, or so old as to make it advisable to lay it aside.

The Author of "Waverley" has heard it objected to this Novel that in the character of Callum Beg and in the account given by the Baron of Bradwardine of the petty trespasses of the Highlanders upon trifling articles of property, he has borne hard, and unjustly so, upon their national character. Nothing could be farther from his wish or intention. The character of Callum Beg is that of a spirit naturally turned to daring evil, and determined, by the circumstances of his situation, to a particular species of mischief. Those who have perused the curious Letters from the Highlands published about 1726, will find instances of such atrocious characters which fell under the writer's own observation, though it would be most unjust to consider such villains as representatives of the Highlanders of that period, any more than the murderers of Marr and Williamson can be supposed to represent the English of the present day.

As for the plunder supposed to have been picked up by some of the insurgents in 1745, it must be remembered that although the way of that unfortunate little army was neither marked by devastation nor bloodshed, but, on the contrary, was orderly and quiet in a most wonderful degree, yet *no* army marches through a country in a hostile manner without committing some depredations; and several, to the extent, and of the nature, jocularly imputed to them by the Baron, were really laid to the charge of the Highland insurgents, — for which many traditions, and

particularly one respecting the Knight of the Mirror, may be quoted as good evidence.[1]

[1] A homely metrical narrative of the events of the period, which contains some striking particulars, and is still a great favourite with the lower classes, gives a very correct statement of the behaviour of the mountaineers respecting this same military license; and as the verses are little known, and contain some good sense, we venture to insert them.

THE AUTHOR'S ADDRESS TO ALL IN GENERAL.

Now, gentle readers, I have let you ken
My very thoughts, from heart and pen,
'T is needless for to conten'
Or yet controule,
For there 's not a word o't I can men', —
So ye must thole.

For on both sides some were not good;
I saw them murd'ring in cold blood, —
Not the gentlemen, but wild and rude,
The baser sort,
Who to the wounded had no mood
But murd'ring sport!

Ev'n both at Preston and Falkirk,
That fatal night ere it grew mirk,
Piercing the wounded with their durk,
Caused many cry!
Such pity 's shown from Savage and Turk
As peace to die.

A woe be to such hot zeal
To smite the wounded on the field!
It 's just they got such groats in kail,
Who do the same;
It only teaches crueltys real
To them again.

I 've seen the men call'd Highland Rogues,
With Lowland men make *shangs* a brogs,
Sup kail and brose, and fling the cogs
Out at the door,
Take cocks, hens, sheep, and hogs,
And pay nought for.

I saw a Highlander — 't was right drole —
With a string of puddings hung on a pole,
Whip'd o'er his shoulder, skipped like a fole,
Caus'd Maggy bann,
Lap o'er the midden and midden-hole,
And aff he ran.

When check'd for this, they 'd often tell ye, —
Indeed *her nainsell's* a tume belly;
You 'll no gie't wanting bought, nor sell me;
Hersell will hae 't.
Go tell King Shorge, and Shordy's Willie,
I 'll hae a meat.

I saw the soldiers at Linton-brig,
Because the man was not a Whig,
Of meat and drink leave not a skig
Within his door;
They burnt his very hat and wig,
And thump'd him sore.

And through the Highlands they were so rude,
As leave them neither clothes nor food,
Then burnt their houses to conclude;
'T was tit for tat.
How can *her nainsell* e'er be good,
To think on that?

And after all, oh, shame and grief!
To use some worse than murd'ring thief,
Their very gentleman and chief,
Unhumanly!
Like Popish tortures, I believe,
Such cruelty.

Ev'n what was act on open stage
At Carliale, in the hottest rage,
When mercy was clapt in a cage,
And pity dead,
Such cruelty approv'd by every age,
I shook my head.

So many to curse, so few to pray,
And some aloud huzza did cry;
They cursed the Rebel Scots that day,
As they 'd been nowt
Brought up for slaughter, as that way
Too many rowt.

Therefore, alas! dear countrymen,
Oh, never do the like again
To thirst for vengeance, never ben'
Your gun nor pa'.
But with the English e'en borrow and len',
Let anger fa'.

Their boasts and bullying, not worth a louse,
As our King 's the best about the house.
'T is ay good to be sober and douce,
To live in peace;
For many, I see, for being o'er crouse,
Gets broken face.

WAVERLEY;

OR,

'TIS SIXTY YEARS SINCE.

CHAPTER I.

INTRODUCTORY.

THE title of this work has not been chosen without the grave and solid deliberation which matters of importance demand from the prudent. Even its first or general denomination was the result of no common research or selection, although, according to the example of my predecessors, I had only to seize upon the most sounding and euphonic surname that English history or topography affords, and elect it at once as the title of my work and the name of my hero. But, alas! what could my readers have expected from the chivalrous epithets of Howard, Mordaunt, Mortimer, or Stanley, or from the softer and more sentimental sounds of Belmour, Belville, Belfield, and Belgrave, but pages of inanity similar to those which have been so christened for half a century past? I must modestly admit I am too diffident of my own merit to place it in unnecessary opposition to preconceived associations; I have, therefore, like a maiden knight with his white shield, assumed for my hero, WAVERLEY, an uncon-

taminated name, bearing with its sound little of good or evil excepting what the reader shall hereafter be pleased to affix to it. But my second, or supplemental, title was a matter of much more difficult election, since that, short as it is, may be held as pledging the author to some special mode of laying his scene, drawing his characters, and managing his adventures. Had I, for example, announced in my frontispiece, "Waverley: a Tale of other Days," must not every novel-reader have anticipated a castle scarce less than that of Udolpho, of which the eastern wing had long been uninhabited, and the keys either lost or consigned to the care of some aged butler or housekeeper, whose trembling steps, about the middle of the second volume, were doomed to guide the hero or heroine to the ruinous precincts? Would not the owl have shrieked and the cricket cried in my very title-page? And could it have been possible for me, with a moderate attention to decorum, to introduce any scene more lively than might be produced by the jocularity of a clownish but faithful valet, or the garrulous narrative of the heroine's *fille-de-chambre*, when rehearsing the stories of blood and horror which she had heard in the servants' hall? Again, had my title borne "Waverley: a Romance from the German," what head so obtuse as not to image forth a profligate abbot, an oppressive duke, a secret and mysterious association of Rosicrucians and Illuminati, with all their properties of black cowls, caverns, daggers, electrical machines, trap-doors, and dark-lanterns? Or if I had rather chosen to call my work a "Sentimental Tale," would it not have been a sufficient presage of a heroine with a profusion of auburn hair, and a

harp, the soft solace of her solitary hours, which she fortunately finds always the means of transporting from castle to cottage, although she herself be sometimes obliged to jump out of a two-pair-of-stairs window, and is more than once bewildered on her journey, alone and on foot, without any guide but a blowzy peasant girl whose jargon she hardly can understand? Or, again, if my Waverley had been entitled "A Tale of the Times," wouldst thou not, gentle reader, have demanded from me a dashing sketch of the fashionable world, a few anecdotes of private scandal thinly veiled, and if lusciously painted so much the better,—a heroine from Grosvenor Square, and a hero from the Barouche Club or the Four-in-Hand, with a set of subordinate characters from the elegantes of Queen Anne Street East, or the dashing heroes of the Bow Street Office? I could proceed in proving the importance of a titlepage, and displaying at the same time my own intimate knowledge of the particular ingredients necessary to the composition of romances and novels of various descriptions; but it is enough, and I scorn to tyrannize longer over the impatience of my reader, who is doubtless already anxious to know the choice made by an author so profoundly versed in the different branches of his art.

By fixing, then, the date of my story Sixty Years before this present 1st November, 1805, I would have my readers understand that they will meet in the following pages neither a romance of chivalry nor a tale of modern manners; that my hero will neither have iron on his shoulders, as of yore, nor on the heels of his boots, as is the present fashion of Bond Street; and that my damsels will neither

be clothed "in purple and in pall," like the Lady Alice of an old ballad, nor reduced to the primitive nakedness of a modern fashionable at a rout. From this my choice of an era the understanding critic may farther presage that the object of my tale is more a description of men than manners. A tale of manners, to be interesting, must either refer to antiquity so great as to have become venerable, or it must bear a vivid reflection of those scenes which are passing daily before our eyes, and are interesting from their novelty. Thus the coat-of-mail of our ancestors, and the triple-furred pelisse of our modern beaux, may, though for very different reasons, be equally fit for the array of a fictitious character; but who, meaning the costume of his hero to be impressive, would willingly attire him in the court dress of George the Second's reign, with its no collar, large sleeves, and low pocket-holes? The same may be urged, with equal truth, of the Gothic hall, which, with its darkened and tinted windows, its elevated and gloomy roof, and massive oaken table garnished with boar's-head and rosemary, pheasants and peacocks, cranes and cygnets, has an excellent effect in fictitious description. Much may also be gained by a lively display of a modern *fête*, such as we have daily recorded in that part of a newspaper entitled the "Mirror of Fashion," if we contrast these, or either of them, with the splendid formality of an entertainment given Sixty Years since; and thus it will be readily seen how much the painter of antique or of fashionable manners gains over him who delineates those of the last generation.

Considering the disadvantages inseparable from this part of my subject, I must be understood to have

resolved to avoid them as much as possible, by throwing the force of my narrative upon the characters and passions of the actors,—those passions common to men in all stages of society, and which have alike agitated the human heart whether it throbbed under the steel corselet of the fifteenth century, the brocaded coat of the eighteenth, or the blue frock and white dimity waistcoat of the present day.[1] Upon these passions it is no doubt true that the state of manners and laws casts a necessary colouring; but the bearings,—to use the language of heraldry,—remain the same, though the tincture may be not only different, but opposed in strong contradistinction. The wrath of our ancestors, for example, was coloured *gules;* it broke forth in acts of open and sanguinary violence against the objects of its fury. Our malignant feelings, which must seek gratification through more indirect channels, and undermine the obstacles which they cannot openly bear down, may be rather said to be tinctured *sable.* But the deep-ruling impulse is the same in both cases; and the proud peer who can now only ruin his neighbour according to law, by protracted suits, is the genuine descendant of the baron who wrapped the castle of his competitor in flames, and knocked him on the head as he endeavoured to escape from the conflagration. It is from the great book of Nature, the same through a thousand editions, whether of black-letter, or wire-wove and hot-pressed, that I have venturously essayed to read a

[1] Alas! that attire, respectable and gentlemanlike in 1805 or thereabouts, is now as antiquated as the Author of "Waverley" has himself become since that period. The reader of fashion will please to fill up the costume with an embroidered waistcoat of purple velvet or silk, and a coat of whatever colour he pleases.

chapter to the public. Some favourable opportunities of contrast have been afforded me by the state of society in the northern part of the island at the period of my history, and may serve at once to vary and to illustrate the moral lessons which I would willingly consider as the most important part of my plan; although I am sensible how short these will fall of their aim if I shall be found unable to mix them with amusement,—a task not quite so easy in this critical generation as it was "Sixty Years since."

CHAPTER II.

WAVERLEY HONOUR. — A RETROSPECT.

It is, then, sixty years since Edward Waverley, the hero of the following pages, took leave of his family, to join the regiment of dragoons in which he had lately obtained a commission. It was a melancholy day at Waverley Honour when the young officer parted with Sir Everard, the affectionate old uncle to whose title and estate he was presumptive heir.

A difference in political opinions had early separated the baronet from his younger brother, Richard Waverley, the father of our hero. Sir Everard had inherited from his sires the whole train of Tory or High-Church predilections and prejudices which had distinguished the house of Waverley since the Great Civil War. Richard, on the contrary, who was ten years younger, beheld himself born to the fortune of a second brother, and anticipated neither dignity nor entertainment in sustaining the character of Will Wimble. He saw early that, to succeed in the race of life, it was necessary he should carry as little weight as possible. Painters talk of the difficulty of expressing the existence of compound passions in the same features at the same moment; it would be no less difficult for the moralist to analyze the mixed motives which unite to form the impulse of our actions. Richard Waverley read

and satisfied himself from history and sound argument that, in the words of the old song,

> "Passive obedience was a jest,
> And pshaw! was non-resistance;"

yet reason would have probably been unable to combat and remove hereditary prejudice could Richard have anticipated that his elder brother, Sir Everard, taking to heart an early disappointment, would have remained a bachelor at seventy-two. The prospect of succession, however remote, might in that case have led him to endure dragging through the greater part of his life as "Master Richard at the Hall, the baronet's brother," in the hope that ere its conclusion he should be distinguished as Sir Richard Waverley, of Waverley Honour, successor to a princely estate and to extended political connections as head of the county interest in the shire where it lay. But this was a consummation of things not to be expected at Richard's outset, when Sir Everard was in the prime of life, and certain to be an acceptable suitor in almost any family, whether wealth or beauty should be the object of his pursuit, and when, indeed, his speedy marriage was a report which regularly amused the neighbourhood once a year. His younger brother saw no practicable road to independence save that of relying upon his own exertions, and adopting a political creed more consonant both to reason and his own interest than the hereditary faith of Sir Everard in High-Church and in the house of Stewart. He therefore read his recantation at the beginning of his career, and entered life as an avowed Whig, and friend of the Hanover succession.

The ministry of George the First's time were prudently anxious to diminish the phalanx of opposition. The Tory nobility, depending for their reflected lustre upon the sunshine of a court, had for some time been gradually reconciling themselves to the new dynasty; but the wealthy country gentlemen of England,—a rank which retained, with much of ancient manners and primitive integrity, a great proportion of obstinate and unyielding prejudice,—stood aloof in haughty and sullen opposition, and cast many a look of mingled regret and hope to Bois le Duc, Avignon, and Italy.[1] The accession of the near relation of one of those steady and inflexible opponents was considered as a means of bringing over more converts, and therefore Richard Waverley met with a share of ministerial favour more than proportioned to his talents or his political importance. It was, however, discovered that he had respectable talents for public business, and the first admittance to the minister's levee being negotiated, his success became rapid. Sir Everard learned from the public News-Letter, first that Richard Waverley, Esquire, was returned for the ministerial borough of Barterfaith; next, that Richard Waverley, Esquire, had taken a distinguished part in the debate upon the Excise Bill in the support of government; and, lastly, that Richard Waverley, Esquire, had been honoured with a seat at one of those boards where the pleasure of serving the country is combined with other important gratifications, which, to render them the more acceptable, occur regularly once a quarter.

[1] Where the Chevalier Saint George, or, as he was termed, the Old Pretender, held his exiled court, as his situation compelled him to shift his place of residence.

Although these events followed each other so closely that the sagacity of the editor of a modern newspaper would have presaged the two last even while he announced the first, yet they came upon Sir Everard gradually, and drop by drop, as it were, distilled through the cool and procrastinating alembic of "Dyer's Weekly Letter."[1] For it may be observed, in passing, that instead of those mail-coaches, by means of which every mechanic at his sixpenny club may nightly learn from twenty contradictory channels the yesterday's news of the capital, a weekly post brought, in those days, to Waverley Honour, a Weekly Intelligencer, which, after it had gratified Sir Everard's curiosity, his sister's, and that of his aged butler, was regularly transferred from the Hall to the Rectory, from the Rectory to Squire Stubbs's at the Grange, from the squire to the baronet's steward at his neat white house on the heath, from the steward to the bailiff, and from him through a huge circle of honest dames and gaffers, by whose hard and horny hands it was generally worn to pieces in about a month after its arrival.

This slow succession of intelligence was of some advantage to Richard Waverley in the case before us; for had the sum-total of his enormities reached the ears of Sir Everard at once, there can be no doubt that the new commissioner would have had little reason to pique himself on the success of his

[1] Long the oracle of the country gentlemen of the high Tory party. The ancient News-Letter was written in manuscript and copied by clerks, who addressed the copies to the subscribers. The politician by whom they were compiled picked up his intelligence at coffee-houses, and often pleaded for an additional gratuity in consideration of the extra expense attached to frequenting such places of fashionable resort.

politics. The baronet, although the mildest of human beings, was not without sensitive points in his character: his brother's conduct had wounded these deeply; the Waverley estate was fettered by no entail (for it had never entered into the head of any of its former possessors that one of their progeny could be guilty of the atrocities laid by "Dyer's Letter" to the door of Richard), and if it had, the marriage of the proprietor might have been fatal to a collateral heir. These various ideas floated through the brain of Sir Everard, without, however, producing any determined conclusion.

He examined the tree of his genealogy, which, emblazoned with many an emblematic mark of honour and heroic achievement, hung upon the well-varnished wainscot of his hall. The nearest descendants of Sir Hildebrand Waverley, failing those of his eldest son Wilfred, of whom Sir Everard and his brother were the only representatives, were, as this honoured register informed him (and, indeed, as he himself well knew), the Waverleys of Highley Park, com. Hants,—with whom the main branch, or rather stock, of the house had renounced all connection since the great lawsuit in 1670.

This degenerate scion had committed a further offence against the head and source of their gentility by the intermarriage of their representative with Judith, heiress of Oliver Bradshawe, of Highley Park, whose arms, the same with those of Bradshawe the regicide, they had quartered with the ancient coat of Waverley. These offences, however, had vanished from Sir Everard's recollection in the heat of his resentment; and had Lawyer Clippurse, for whom his groom was despatched

express, arrived but an hour earlier, he might have had the benefit of drawing a new settlement of the lordship and manor of Waverley Honour, with all its dependencies. But an hour of cool reflection is a great matter when employed in weighing the comparative evil of two measures, to neither of which we are internally partial. Lawyer Clippurse found his patron involved in a deep study, which he was too respectful to disturb otherwise than by producing his paper and leathern ink-case, as prepared to minute his honour's commands. Even this slight manœuvre was embarrassing to Sir Everard, who felt it as a reproach to his indecision. He looked at the attorney with some desire to issue his fiat, when the sun, emerging from behind a cloud, poured at once its checkered light through the stained window of the gloomy cabinet in which they were seated. The baronet's eye, as he raised it to the splendour, fell right upon the central scutcheon, impressed with the same device which his ancestor was said to have borne in the field of Hastings,— three ermines passant, argent, in a field azure, with its appropriate motto, *sans tache.* "May our name rather perish," exclaimed Sir Everard, "than that ancient and loyal symbol should be blended with the dishonoured insignia of a traitorous Roundhead!"

All this was the effect of the glimpse of a sunbeam just sufficient to light Lawyer Clippurse to mend his pen. The pen was mended in vain. The attorney was dismissed, with directions to hold himself in readiness on the first summons.

The apparition of Lawyer Clippurse at the Hall occasioned much speculation in that portion of the world to which Waverley Honour formed the cen-

tre; but the more judicious politicians of this microcosm augured yet worse consequences to Richard Waverley from a movement which shortly followed his apostasy. This was no less than an excursion of the baronet in his coach-and-six, with four attendants in rich liveries, to make a visit of some duration to a noble peer on the confines of the shire, of untainted descent, steady Tory principles, and the happy father of six unmarried and accomplished daughters.

Sir Everard's reception in this family was, as it may be easily conceived, sufficiently favourable; but of the six young ladies, his taste unfortunately determined him in favour of Lady Emily, the youngest, who received his attentions with an embarrassment which showed at once that she durst not decline them, and that they afforded her anything but pleasure.

Sir Everard could not but perceive something uncommon in the restrained emotions which the young lady testified at the advances he hazarded; but assured by the prudent countess that they were the natural effects of a retired education, the sacrifice might have been completed, as doubtless has happened in many similar instances, had it not been for the courage of an elder sister, who revealed to the wealthy suitor that Lady Emily's affections were fixed upon a young soldier of fortune, a near relation of her own. Sir Everard manifested great emotion on receiving this intelligence, which was confirmed to him in a private interview by the young lady herself, although under the most dreadful apprehensions of her father's indignation.

Honour and generosity were hereditary attributes

of the house of Waverley. With a grace and delicacy worthy the hero of a romance, Sir Everard withdrew his claim to the hand of Lady Emily. He had even, before leaving Blandeville Castle, the address to extort from her father a consent to her union with the object of her choice. What arguments he used on this point cannot exactly be known, for Sir Everard was never supposed strong in the powers of persuasion; but the young officer, immediately after this transaction, rose in the army with a rapidity far surpassing the usual pace of unpatronized professional merit, although, to outward appearance, that was all he had to depend upon.

The shock which Sir Everard encountered upon this occasion, although diminished by the consciousness of having acted virtuously and generously, had its effect upon his future life. His resolution of marriage had been adopted in a fit of indignation; the labour of courtship did not quite suit the dignified indolence of his habits; he had but just escaped the risk of marrying a woman who could never love him, and his pride could not be greatly flattered by the termination of his amour, even if his heart had not suffered. The result of the whole matter was his return to Waverley Honour without any transfer of his affections, notwithstanding the sighs and languishments of the fair tell-tale who had revealed, in mere sisterly affection, the secret of Lady Emily's attachment, and in despite of the nods, winks, and innuendoes of the officious lady mother, and the grave eulogiums which the earl pronounced successively on the prudence and good sense and admirable dispositions of his first, second, third, fourth, and fifth

daughters. The memory of his unsuccessful amour was with Sir Everard, as with many more of his temper, at once shy, proud, sensitive, and indolent, a beacon against exposing himself to similar mortification, pain, and fruitless exertion for the time to come. He continued to live at Waverley Honour in the style of an old English gentleman of an ancient descent and opulent fortune. His sister, Miss Rachel Waverley, presided at his table; and they became, by degrees, an old bachelor and an ancient maiden lady, the gentlest and kindest of the votaries of celibacy.

The vehemence of Sir Everard's resentment against his brother was but short-lived; yet his dislike to the Whig and the placeman, though unable to stimulate him to resume any active measures prejudicial to Richard's interest in the succession to the family estate, continued to maintain the coldness between them. Richard knew enough of the world, and of his brother's temper, to believe that by any ill-considered or precipitate advances on his part he might turn passive dislike into a more active principle. It was accident, therefore, which at length occasioned a renewal of their intercourse. Richard had married a young woman of rank, by whose family interest and private fortune he hoped to advance his career. In her right he became possessor of a manor of some value, at the distance of a few miles from Waverley Honour.

Little Edward, the hero of our tale, then in his fifth year, was their only child. It chanced that the infant, with his maid, had strayed one morning to a mile's distance from the avenue of Brerewood Lodge, his father's seat. Their attention was at-

tracted by a carriage drawn by six stately, long-tailed black horses, and with as much carving and gilding as would have done honour to my Lord Mayor's. It was waiting for the owner, who was at a little distance inspecting the progress of a half-built farm-house. I know not whether the boy's nurse had been a Welsh or a Scotch woman, or in what manner he associated a shield emblazoned with three ermines with the idea of personal property; but he no sooner beheld this family emblem than he stoutly determined on vindicating his right to the splendid vehicle on which it was displayed. The baronet arrived while the boy's maid was in vain endeavouring to make him desist from his determination to appropriate the gilded coach and six. The *rencontre* was at a happy moment for Edward, as his uncle had been just eying wistfully, with something of a feeling like envy, the chubby boys of the stout yeoman whose mansion was building by his direction. In the round-faced, rosy cherub before him, bearing his eye and his name, and vindicating a hereditary title to his family, affection, and patronage, by means of a tie which Sir Everard held as sacred as either Garter or Blue-mantle, Providence seemed to have granted to him the very object best calculated to fill up the void in his hopes and affections. Sir Everard returned to Waverley Hall upon a led horse which was kept in readiness for him, while the child and his attendant were sent home in the carriage to Brerewood Lodge with such a message as opened to Richard Waverley a door of reconciliation with his elder brother.

Their intercourse, however, though thus renewed, continued to be rather formal and civil than partak-

ing of brotherly cordiality; yet it was sufficient to the wishes of both parties. Sir Everard obtained, in the frequent society of his little nephew, something on which his hereditary pride might found the anticipated pleasure of a continuation of his lineage, and where his kind and gentle affections could at the same time fully exercise themselves. For Richard Waverley, he beheld in the growing attachment between the uncle and nephew the means of securing his son's, if not his own, succession to the hereditary estate, which he felt would be rather endangered than promoted by any attempt on his own part towards a closer intimacy with a man of Sir Everard's habits and opinions.

Thus, by a sort of tacit compromise, little Edward was permitted to pass the greater part of the year at the Hall, and appeared to stand in the same intimate relation to both families, although their mutual intercourse was otherwise limited to formal messages, and more formal visits. The education of the youth was regulated alternately by the taste and opinions of his uncle and of his father. But more of this in a subsequent chapter.

CHAPTER III.

EDUCATION.

THE education of our hero, Edward Waverley, was of a nature somewhat desultory. In infancy his health suffered, or was supposed to suffer (which is quite the same thing), by the air of London. As soon, therefore, as official duties, attendance on Parliament, or the prosecution of any of his plans of interest or ambition, called his father to town, which was his usual residence for eight months in the year, Edward was transferred to Waverley Honour, and experienced a total change of instructors and of lessons, as well as of residence. This might have been remedied had his father placed him under the superintendence of a permanent tutor. But he considered that one of his choosing would probably have been unacceptable at Waverley Honour, and that such a selection as Sir Everard might have made, were the matter left to him, would have burdened him with a disagreeable inmate, if not a political spy, in his family. He therefore prevailed upon his private secretary, a young man of taste and accomplishments, to bestow an hour or two on Edward's education while at Brerewood Lodge, and left his uncle answerable for his improvement in literature while an inmate at the Hall.

This was in some degree respectably provided for. Sir Everard's chaplain, an Oxonian who had lost his fellowship for declining to take the oaths at the accession of George I., was not only an excellent classical scholar, but reasonably skilled in science, and master of most modern languages. He was, however, old and indulgent, and the recurring interregnum, during which Edward was entirely freed from his discipline, occasioned such a relaxation of authority that the youth was permitted, in a great measure, to learn as he pleased, what he pleased, and when he pleased. This slackness of rule might have been ruinous to a boy of slow understanding, who, feeling labour in the acquisition of knowledge, would have altogether neglected it, save for the command of a taskmaster; and it might have proved equally dangerous to a youth whose animal spirits were more powerful than his imagination or his feelings, and whom the irresistible influence of Alma (*f*) would have engaged in field-sports from morning till night. But the character of Edward Waverley was remote from either of these. His powers of apprehension were so uncommonly quick as almost to resemble intuition, and the chief care of his preceptor was to prevent him, as a sportsman would phrase it, from overrunning his game; that is, from acquiring his knowledge in a slight, flimsy, and inadequate manner. And here the instructor had to combat another propensity too often united with brilliancy of fancy and vivacity of talent,— that indolence, namely, of disposition which can only be stirred by some strong motive of gratification, and which renounces study as soon as curiosity is gratified, the pleasure of conquering the first diffi-

culties exhausted, and the novelty of pursuit at an end. Edward would throw himself with spirit upon any classical author of which his preceptor proposed the perusal, make himself master of the style so far as to understand the story, and, if that pleased or interested him, he finished the volume. But it was in vain to attempt fixing his attention on critical distinctions of philology, upon the difference of idiom, the beauty of felicitous expression, or the artificial combinations of syntax. "I can read and understand a Latin author," said young Edward, with the self-confidence and rash reasoning of fifteen, "and Scaliger or Bentley could not do much more." Alas! while he was thus permitted to read only for the gratification of his amusement, he foresaw not that he was losing forever the opportunity of acquiring habits of firm and assiduous application, of gaining the art of controlling, directing, and concentrating the powers of his mind for earnest investigation,—an art far more essential than even that intimate acquaintance with classical learning which is the primary object of study.

I am aware I may be here reminded of the necessity of rendering instruction agreeable to youth, and of Tasso's infusion of honey into the medicine prepared for a child; but an age in which children are taught the driest doctrines by the insinuating method of instructive games has little reason to dread the consequences of study being rendered too serious or severe. The history of England is now reduced to a game at cards, the problems of mathematics to puzzles and riddles, and the doctrines of arithmetic may, we are assured, be sufficiently acquired by spending a few hours a week at a new

and complicated edition of the Royal Game of the Goose. There wants but one step further, and the Creed and Ten Commandments may be taught in the same manner, without the necessity of the grave face, deliberate tone of recital, and devout attention hitherto exacted from the well-governed childhood of this realm. It may, in the meantime, be subject of serious consideration whether those who are accustomed only to acquire instruction through the medium of amusement may not be brought to reject that which approaches under the aspect of study; whether those who learn history by the cards, may not be led to prefer the means to the end; and whether, were we to teach religion in the way of sport, our pupils may not thereby be gradually induced to make sport of their religion. To our young hero, who was permitted to seek his instruction only according to the bent of his own mind, and who, of consequence, only sought it so long as it afforded him amusement, the indulgence of his tutors was attended with evil consequences which long continued to influence his character, happiness, and utility.

Edward's power of imagination and love of literature, although the former was vivid, and the latter ardent, were so far from affording a remedy to this peculiar evil that they rather inflamed and increased its violence. The library at Waverley Honour — a large Gothic room, with double arches and a gallery — contained such a miscellaneous and extensive collection of volumes as had been assembled together during the course of two hundred years by a family which had been always wealthy, and inclined, of course, as a mark of splendour, to

furnish their shelves with the current literature of the day, without much scrutiny or nicety of discrimination. Throughout this ample realm Edward was permitted to roam at large. His tutor had his own studies; and church politics and controversial divinity, together with a love of learned ease, though they did not withdraw his attention at stated times from the progress of his patron's presumptive heir, induced him readily to grasp at any apology for not extending a strict and regulated survey towards his general studies. Sir Everard had never been himself a student, and, like his sister, Miss Rachel Waverley, held the common doctrine that idleness is incompatible with reading of any kind, and that the mere tracing the alphabetical characters with the eye is in itself a useful and meritorious task, without scrupulously considering what ideas or doctrines they may happen to convey. With a desire of amusement, therefore, which better discipline might soon have converted into a thirst for knowledge, young Waverley drove through the sea of books like a vessel without a pilot or a rudder. Nothing perhaps increases by indulgence more than a desultory habit of reading, especially under such opportunities of gratifying it. I believe one reason why such numerous instances of erudition occur among the lower ranks is that, with the same powers of mind, the poor student is limited to a narrow circle for indulging his passion for books, and must necessarily make himself master of the few he possesses ere he can acquire more. Edward, on the contrary, like the epicure who only deigned to take a single morsel from the sunny side of a peach, read no volume a moment after it ceased to excite his curiosity or

interest; and it necessarily happened that the habit of seeking only this sort of gratification rendered it daily more difficult of attainment, till the passion for reading, like other strong appetites, produced by indulgence a sort of satiety.

Ere he attained this indifference, however, he had read, and stored in a memory of uncommon tenacity, much curious, though ill-arranged and miscellaneous, information. In English literature he was master of Shakspeare and Milton, of our earlier dramatic authors, of many picturesque and interesting passages from our old historical chronicles, and was particularly well acquainted with Spenser, Drayton, and other poets who have exercised themselves on romantic fiction, of all themes the most fascinating to a youthful imagination before the passions have roused themselves and demand poetry of a more sentimental description. In this respect his acquaintance with Italian opened him yet a wider range. He had perused the numerous romantic poems which, from the days of Pulci, have been a favourite exercise of the wits of Italy, and had sought gratification in the numerous collections of *novelle* which were brought forth by the genius of that elegant, though luxurious, nation in emulation of the Decameron. In classical literature Waverley had made the usual progress and read the usual authors; and the French had afforded him an almost exhaustless collection of memoirs, scarcely more faithful than romances, and of romances so well written as hardly to be distinguished from memoirs. The splendid pages of Froissart, with his heart-stirring and eye-dazzling descriptions of war and of tournaments, were among his chief favourites; and from those of Brantome and

De la Noue he learned to compare the wild and loose yet superstitious character of the nobles of the League with the stern, rigid, and sometimes turbulent disposition of the Huguenot party. The Spanish had contributed to his stock of chivalrous and romantic lore. The earlier literature of the Northern nations did not escape the study of one who read rather to awaken the imagination than to benefit the understanding. And yet, knowing much that is known but to few, Edward Waverley might justly be considered as ignorant, since he knew little of what adds dignity to man, and qualifies him to support and adorn an elevated situation in society.

The occasional attention of his parents might indeed have been of service, to prevent the dissipation of mind incidental to such a desultory course of reading. But his mother died in the seventh year after the reconciliation between the brothers, and Richard Waverley himself, who, after this event, resided more constantly in London, was too much interested in his own plans of wealth and ambition to notice more respecting Edward than that he was of a very bookish turn, and probably destined to be a bishop. If he could have discovered and analyzed his son's waking dreams, he would have formed a very different conclusion.

CHAPTER IV.

CASTLE-BUILDING.

I HAVE already hinted that the dainty, squeamish, and fastidious taste acquired by a surfeit of idle reading had not only rendered our hero unfit for serious and sober study, but had even disgusted him in some degree with that in which he had hitherto indulged.

He was in his sixteenth year, when his habits of abstraction and love of solitude became so much marked as to excite Sir Everard's affectionate apprehension. He tried to counterbalance these propensities by engaging his nephew in field-sports, which had been the chief pleasure of his own youthful days. But although Edward eagerly carried the gun for one season, yet when practice had given him some dexterity, the pastime ceased to afford him amusement.

In the succeeding spring, the perusal of old Isaac Walton's fascinating volume determined Edward to become "a brother of the angle." But of all diversions which ingenuity ever devised for the relief of idleness, fishing is the worst qualified to amuse a man who is at once indolent and impatient; and our hero's rod was speedily flung aside. Society and example, which, more than any other motives, master and sway the natural bent of our passions, might have had their usual effect upon the

youthful visionary. But the neighbourhood was thinly inhabited, and the home-bred young squires whom it afforded, were not of a class fit to form Edward's usual companions, far less to excite him to emulation in the practice of those pastimes which composed the serious business of their lives.

There were a few other youths of better education and a more liberal character, but from their society also our hero was in some degree excluded. Sir Everard had, upon the death of Queen Anne, resigned his seat in Parliament; and as his age increased and the number of his contemporaries diminished, had gradually withdrawn himself from society; so that when, upon any particular occasion, Edward mingled with accomplished and well-educated young men of his own rank and expectations, he felt an inferiority in their company, not so much from deficiency of information, as from the want of the skill to command and to arrange that which he possessed. A deep and increasing sensibility added to this dislike of society. The idea of having committed the slightest solecism in politeness, whether real or imaginary, was agony to him; for perhaps even guilt itself does not impose upon some minds so keen a sense of shame and remorse as a modest, sensitive, and inexperienced youth feels from the consciousness of having neglected etiquette, or excited ridicule. Where we are not at ease, we cannot be happy; and therefore it is not surprising that Edward Waverley supposed that he disliked and was unfitted for society, merely because he had not yet acquired the habit of living in it with ease and comfort, and of reciprocally giving and receiving pleasure.

The hours he spent with his uncle and aunt were

exhausted in listening to the oft-repeated tale of narrative old age. Yet even there his imagination, the predominant faculty of his mind, was frequently excited. Family tradition and genealogical history, upon which much of Sir Everard's discourse turned, is the very reverse of amber, which, itself a valuable substance, usually includes flies, straws, and other trifles; whereas these studies, being themselves very insignificant and trifling, do nevertheless serve to perpetuate a great deal of what is rare and valuable in ancient manners, and to record many curious and minute facts which could have been preserved and conveyed through no other medium. If, therefore, Edward Waverley yawned at times over the dry deduction of his line of ancestors, with their various intermarriages, and inwardly deprecated the remorseless and protracted accuracy with which the worthy Sir Everard rehearsed the various degrees of propinquity between the house of Waverley Honour and the doughty barons, knights, and squires to whom they stood allied; if (notwithstanding his obligations to the three ermines passant) he sometimes cursed in his heart the jargon of heraldry, its griffins, its moldwarps, its wyverns, and its dragons, with all the bitterness of Hotspur himself, there were moments when these communications interested his fancy and rewarded his attention.

The deeds of Wilibert of Waverley in the Holy Land, his long absence and perilous adventures, his supposed death, and his return on the evening when the betrothed of his heart had wedded the hero who had protected her from insult and oppression during his absence; the generosity with which the Crusader relinquished his claims, and sought in a

neighbouring cloister that peace which passeth not away,[1] — to these and similar tales he would hearken till his heart glowed and his eye glistened. Nor was he less affected when his aunt, Mrs. Rachel, narrated the sufferings and fortitude of Lady Alice Waverley during the Great Civil War. The benevolent features of the venerable spinster kindled into more majestic expression as she told how Charles had, after the field of Worcester, found a day's refuge at Waverley Honour, and how, when a troop of cavalry were approaching to search the mansion, Lady Alice dismissed her youngest son with a handful of domestics, charging them to make good with their lives an hour's diversion, that the king might have that space for escape. "And, God help her," would Mrs. Rachel continue, fixing her eyes upon the heroine's portrait as she spoke, "full dearly did she purchase the safety of her prince with the life of her darling child. They brought him here a prisoner, mortally wounded; and you may trace the drops of his blood from the great hall door along the little gallery, and up to the saloon, where they laid him down to die at his mother's feet. But there was comfort exchanged between them; for he knew, from the glance of his mother's eye, that the purpose of his desperate defence was attained. Ah! I

[1] There is a family legend to this purpose belonging to the knightly family of Bradshaigh, the proprietors of Haigh-hall, in Lancashire, where, I have been told, the event is recorded on a painted glass window. The German ballad of the Noble Moringer turns upon a similar topic. But undoubtedly many such incidents may have taken place, where, the distance being great and the intercourse infrequent, false reports concerning the fate of the absent Crusaders must have been commonly circulated, and sometimes perhaps rather hastily credited at home.

remember," she continued, "I remember well to have seen one that knew and loved him. Miss Lucy St. Aubin lived and died a maid for his sake, though one of the most beautiful and wealthy matches in this country; all the world ran after her, but she wore widow's mourning all her life for poor William, for they were betrothed, though not married, and died in — I cannot think of the date; but I remember, in the November of that very year when she found herself sinking, she desired to be brought to Waverley Honour once more, and visited all the places where she had been with my grand-uncle, and caused the carpets to be raised, that she might trace the impression of his blood. And if tears could have washed it out, it had not been there now; for there was not a dry eye in the house. You would have thought, Edward, that the very trees mourned for her, for their leaves dropped around her without a gust of wind; and, indeed, she looked like one that would never see them green again."

From such legends our hero would steal away to indulge the fancies they excited. In the corner of the large and sombre library, with no other light than was afforded by the decaying brands on its ponderous and ample hearth, he would exercise for hours that internal sorcery by which past or imaginary events are presented in action, as it were, to the eye of the muser. Then arose in long and fair array the splendour of the bridal feast at Waverley Castle; the tall and emaciated form of its real lord, as he stood in his pilgrim's weeds, an unnoticed spectator of the festivities of his supposed heir and intended bride; the electrical shock occasioned by the discovery; the springing of the vassals to arms;

the astonishment of the bridegroom; the terror and confusion of the bride; the agony with which Wilibert observed that her heart as well as consent was in these nuptials; the air of dignity, yet of deep feeling with which he flung down the half-drawn sword, and turned away forever from the house of his ancestors. Then would he change the scene, and fancy would at his wish represent Aunt Rachel's tragedy. He saw the Lady Waverley seated in her bower, her ear strained to every sound, her heart throbbing with double agony, now listening to the decaying echo of the hoofs of the king's horse, and when that had died away, hearing in every breeze that shook the trees of the park, the noise of the remote skirmish. A distant sound is heard like the rushing of a swollen stream; it comes nearer, and Edward can plainly distinguish the galloping of horses, the cries and shouts of men, with straggling pistol-shots between, rolling forwards to the hall. The lady starts up, a terrified menial rushes in — But why pursue such a description?

As living in this ideal world became daily more delectable to our hero, interruption was disagreeable in proportion. The extensive domain that surrounded the Hall — which, far exceeding the dimensions of a park, was usually termed Waverley Chase — had originally been forest ground, and still, though broken by extensive glades, in which the young deer were sporting, retained its pristine and savage character. It was traversed by broad avenues, in many places half grown up with brushwood, where the beauties of former days used to take their stand to see the stag coursed with greyhounds, or to gain an aim at him with the cross-

bow. In one spot, distinguished by a moss-grown Gothic monument which retained the name of Queen's Standing, Elizabeth herself was said to have pierced seven bucks with her own arrows. This was a very favourite haunt of Waverley. At other times, with his gun and his spaniel, which served as an apology to others, and with a book in his pocket, which perhaps served as an apology to himself, he used to pursue one of these long avenues which, after an ascending sweep of four miles, gradually narrowed into a rude and contracted path through the cliffy and woody pass called Mirkwood Dingle, and opened suddenly upon a deep, dark, and small lake, named, from the same cause, Mirkwood Mere. There stood, in former times, a solitary tower upon a rock almost surrounded by the water, which had acquired the name of the Strength of Waverley, because, in perilous times, it had often been the refuge of the family. There, in the wars of York and Lancaster, the last adherents of the Red Rose who dared to maintain her cause, carried on a harassing and predatory warfare, till the stronghold was reduced by the celebrated Richard of Gloucester. Here, too, a party of Cavaliers long maintained themselves under Nigel Waverley, elder brother of that William whose fate Aunt Rachel commemorated. Through these scenes it was that Edward loved to "chew the cud of sweet and bitter fancy," and, like a child among his toys, culled and arranged, from the splendid yet useless imagery and emblems with which his imagination was stored, visions as brilliant and as fading as those of an evening sky. The effect of this indulgence upon his temper and character will appear in the next chapter.

CHAPTER V.

CHOICE OF A PROFESSION.

FROM the minuteness with which I have traced Waverley's pursuits, and the bias which these unavoidably communicated to his imagination, the reader may perhaps anticipate, in the following tale, an imitation of the romance of Cervantes. But he will do my prudence injustice in the supposition. My intention is not to follow the steps of that inimitable author in describing such total perversion of intellect as misconstrues the objects actually presented to the senses, but that more common aberration from sound judgment which apprehends occurrences indeed in their reality, but communicates to them a tincture of its own romantic tone and colouring. So far was Edward Waverley from expecting general sympathy with his own feelings, or concluding that the present state of things was calculated to exhibit the reality of those visions in which he loved to indulge, that he dreaded nothing more than the detection of such sentiments as were dictated by his musings. He neither had nor wished to have a confidant with whom to communicate his reveries; and so sensible was he of the ridicule attached to them that had he been to choose between any punishment short of ignominy, and the necessity of giving a cold and composed account of the ideal world in

which he lived the better part of his days, I think he would not have hesitated to prefer the former infliction. This secrecy became doubly precious as he felt in advancing life the influence of the awakening passions. Female forms of exquisite grace and beauty began to mingle in his mental adventures; nor was he long without looking abroad to compare the creatures of his own imagination with the females of actual life.

The list of the beauties who displayed their hebdomadal finery at the parish church of Waverley was neither numerous nor select. By far the most passable was Miss Sissly, or, as she rather chose to be called, Miss Cecilia Stubbs, daughter of Squire Stubbs at the Grange. I know not whether it was by the "merest accident in the world,"—a phrase which, from female lips, does not always exclude *malice prepense*, —or whether it was from a conformity of taste, that Miss Cecilia more than once crossed Edward in his favourite walks through Waverley Chase. He had not as yet assumed courage to accost her on these occasions; but the meeting was not without its effect. A romantic lover is a strange idolater, who sometimes cares not out of what log he frames the object of his adoration; at least, if nature has given that object any passable proportion of personal charms, he can easily play the Jeweller and Dervise in the Oriental tale,[1] and supply her richly, out of the stores of his own imagination, with supernatural beauty, and all the properties of intellectual wealth.

But ere the charms of Miss Cecilia Stubbs had erected her into a positive goddess, or elevated her at least to a level with the saint her namesake,

[1] See Hoppner's tale of the Seven Lovers.

Mrs. Rachel Waverley gained some intimation which determined her to prevent the approaching apotheosis. Even the most simple and unsuspicious of the female sex have (God bless them!) an instinctive sharpness of perception in such matters which sometimes goes the length of observing partialities that never existed, but rarely misses to detect such as pass actually under their observation. Mrs. Rachel applied herself with great prudence, not to combat, but to elude, the approaching danger, and suggested to her brother the necessity that the heir of his house should see something more of the world than was consistent with constant residence at Waverley Honour.

Sir Everard would not at first listen to a proposal which went to separate his nephew from him. Edward was a little bookish, he admitted; but youth, he had always heard, was the season for learning, and no doubt when his rage for letters was abated, and his head fully stocked with knowledge, his nephew would take to field-sports and country business. He had often, he said, himself regretted that he had not spent some time in study during his youth: he would neither have shot nor hunted with less skill, and he might have made the roof of St. Stephen's echo to longer orations than were comprised in those zealous Noes with which, when a member of the House during Godolphin's administration, he encountered every measure of government.

Aunt Rachel's anxiety, however, lent her address to carry her point. Every representative of their house had visited foreign parts or served his country in the army before he settled for life at Waverley Honour, and she appealed for the truth of her

assertion to the genealogical pedigree,—an authority which Sir Everard was never known to contradict. In short, a proposal was made to Mr. Richard Waverley that his son should travel, under the direction of his present tutor, Mr. Pembroke, with a suitable allowance from the baronet's liberality. The father himself saw no objection to this overture; but upon mentioning it casually at the table of the minister, the great man looked grave. The reason was explained in private. The unhappy turn of Sir Everard's politics, the minister observed, was such as would render it highly improper that a young gentleman of such hopeful prospects should travel on the Continent with a tutor, doubtless of his uncle's choosing, and directing his course by his instructions. What might Mr. Edward Waverley's society be at Paris, what at Rome, where all manner of snares were spread by the Pretender and his sons,—these were points for Mr. Waverley to consider. This he could himself say, that he knew his Majesty had such a just sense of Mr. Richard Waverley's merits that if his son adopted the army for a few years, a troop, he believed, might be reckoned upon in one of the dragoon regiments lately returned from Flanders.

A hint thus conveyed and enforced was not to be neglected with impunity; and Richard Waverley, though with great dread of shocking his brother's prejudices, deemed he could not avoid accepting the commission thus offered him for his son. The truth is, he calculated much, and justly, upon Sir Everard's fondness for Edward, which made him unlikely to resent any step that he might take in due submission to parental authority. Two letters announced this determination to the baronet and

his nephew. The latter barely communicated the fact, and pointed out the necessary preparations for joining his regiment. To his brother, Richard was more diffuse and circuitous. He coincided with him, in the most flattering manner, in the propriety of his son's seeing a little more of the world, and was even humble in expressions of gratitude for his proposed assistance; was, however, deeply concerned that it was now, unfortunately, not in Edward's power exactly to comply with the plan which had been chalked out by his best friend and benefactor. He himself had thought with pain on the boy's inactivity, at an age when all his ancestors had borne arms, — even royalty itself had deigned to inquire whether young Waverley was not now in Flanders, at an age when his grandfather was already bleeding for his king in the Great Civil War. This was accompanied by an offer of a troop of horse. What could he do? There was no time to consult his brother's inclinations, even if he could have conceived there might be objections on his part to his nephew's following the glorious career of his predecessors. And, in short, that Edward was now (the intermediate steps of cornet and lieutenant being overleaped with great agility) Captain Waverley, of Gardiner's regiment of dragoons, which he must join in their quarters at Dundee, in Scotland, in the course of a month.

Sir Everard Waverley received this intimation with a mixture of feelings. At the period of the Hanoverian succession he had withdrawn from parliament, and his conduct, in the memorable year 1715, had not been altogether unsuspected. There were reports of private musters of tenants and horses in Waverley Chase by moonlight, and of

cases of carbines and pistols purchased in Holland and addressed to the baronet, but intercepted by the vigilance of a riding officer of the excise, who was afterwards tossed in a blanket on a moonless night, by an association of stout yeomen, for his officiousness. Nay, it was even said that at the arrest of Sir William Wyndham, the leader of the Tory party, a letter from Sir Everard was found in the pocket of his nightgown. But there was no overt act which an attainder could be founded on, and government, contented with suppressing the insurrection of 1715, felt it neither prudent nor safe to push their vengeance farther than against those unfortunate gentlemen who actually took up arms.

Nor did Sir Everard's apprehensions of personal consequences seem to correspond with the reports spread among his Whig neighbours. It was well known that he had supplied with money several of the distressed Northumbrians and Scotchmen who, after being made prisoners at Preston in Lancashire, were imprisoned in Newgate and the Marshalsea, and it was his solicitor and ordinary counsel who conducted the defence of some of these unfortunate gentlemen at their trial. It was generally supposed, however, that had ministers possessed any real proof of Sir Everard's accession to the rebellion, he either would not have ventured thus to brave the existing government, or at least would not have done so with impunity. The feelings which then dictated his proceedings were those of a young man, and at an agitating period. Since that time Sir Everard's Jacobitism had been gradually decaying, like a fire which burns out for want of fuel. His Tory and High-Church principles

were kept up by some occasional exercise at elections and quarter-sessions, but those respecting hereditary right were fallen into a sort of abeyance. Yet it jarred severely upon his feelings that his nephew should go into the army under the Brunswick dynasty; and the more so as, independent of his high and conscientious ideas of paternal authority, it was impossible, or at least highly imprudent, to interfere authoritatively to prevent it. This suppressed vexation gave rise to many poohs and pshaws, which were placed to the account of an incipient fit of gout, until, having sent for the Army List, the worthy baronet consoled himself with reckoning the descendants of the houses of genuine loyalty, Mordaunts, Granvilles, and Stanleys, whose names were to be found in that military record; and calling up all his feelings of family grandeur and warlike glory, he concluded, with logic something like Falstaff's, that when war was at hand, although it were shame to be on any side but one, it were worse shame to be idle than to be on the worst side, though blacker than usurpation could make it. As for Aunt Rachel, her scheme had not exactly terminated according to her wishes, but she was under the necessity of submitting to circumstances; and her mortification was diverted by the employment she found in fitting out her nephew for the campaign, and greatly consoled by the prospect of beholding him blaze in complete uniform.

Edward Waverley himself received with animated and undefined surprise this most unexpected intelligence. It was, as a fine old poem expresses it, "like a fire to heather set," that covers a solitary hill with smoke, and illumines it at the same time

with dusky fire. His tutor — or, I should say, Mr. Pembroke, for he scarce assumed the name of tutor — picked up about Edward's room some fragments of irregular verse, which he appeared to have composed under the influence of the agitating feelings occasioned by this sudden page being turned up to him in the book of life. The doctor, who was a believer in all poetry which was composed by his friends, and written out in fair straight lines, with a capital at the beginning of each, communicated this treasure to Aunt Rachel, who, with her spectacles dimmed with tears, transferred them to her commonplace-book, among choice receipts for cookery and medicine, favourite texts, and portions from High-Church divines, and a few songs, amatory and Jacobitical, which she had carolled in her younger days, from whence her nephew's poetical *tentamina* were extracted when the volume itself, with other authentic records of the Waverley family, were exposed to the inspection of the unworthy editor of this memorable history. If they afford the reader no higher amusement, they will serve, at least, better than narrative of any kind, to acquaint him with the wild and irregular spirit of our hero: —

" Late, when the autumn evening fell
On Mirkwood Mere's romantic dell,
The lake returned, in chastened gleam,
The purple cloud, the golden beam;
Reflected in the crystal pool,
Headland and bank lay fair and cool;
The weather-tinted rock and tower,
Each drooping tree, each fairy flower,
So true, so soft, the mirror gave,
As if there lay beneath the wave,
Secure from trouble, toil, and care,
A world than earthly world more fair.

But distant winds began to wake,
And roused the Genius of the Lake!
He heard the groaning of the oak,
And donned at once his sable cloak,
As warrior, at the battle-cry,
Invests him with his panoply;
Then, as the whirlwind nearer pressed,
He 'gan to shake his foamy crest
O'er furrowed brow and blackened cheek,
And bade his surge in thunder speak.
In wild and broken eddies whirled,
Flitted that fond ideal world,
And to the shore, in tumult tost,
The realms of fairy bliss were lost.
Yet, with a stern delight and strange,
I saw the spirit-stirring change.
As warred the wind with wave and wood,
Upon the ruined tower I stood,
And felt my heart more strongly bound,
Responsive to the lofty sound,
While, joying in the mighty roar,
I mourned that tranquil scene no more.
So on the idle dreams of youth
Breaks the loud trumpet-call of truth,
Bids each fair vision pass away,
Like landscape on the lake that lay,
As fair, as flitting, and as frail
As that which fled the autumn gale.
Forever dead to fancy's eye
Be each gay form that glided by,
While dreams of love and lady's charms
Give place to honour and to arms!"

In sober prose, as perhaps these verses intimate less decidedly, the transient idea of Miss Cecilia Stubbs passed from Captain Waverley's heart amid the turmoil which his new destinies excited. She appeared, indeed, in full splendour in her father's pew upon the Sunday when he attended service for the last time at the old parish church, upon which occasion, at the request of his uncle and Aunt

Rachel, he was induced (nothing loath, if the truth must be told) to present himself in full uniform.

There is no better antidote against entertaining too high an opinion of others than having an excellent one of ourselves at the very same time. Miss Stubbs had indeed summoned up every assistance which art could afford to beauty; but, alas! hoop, patches, frizzled locks, and a new mantua of genuine French silk were lost upon a young officer of dragoons who wore, for the first time, his gold-laced hat, jack-boots, and broadsword. I know not whether, like the champion of an old ballad,—

> "His heart was all on honour bent,
> He could not stoop to love;
> No lady in the land had power
> His frozen heart to move,"—

or whether the deep and flaming bars of embroidered gold, which now fenced his breast, defied the artillery of Cecilia's eyes; but every arrow was launched at him in vain.

> Yet did I mark where Cupid's shaft did light;
> It lighted not on little western flower,
> But on bold yeoman, flower of all the West,
> Hight Jonas Culbertfield, the steward's son.

Craving pardon for my heroics (which I am unable in certain cases to resist giving way to), it is a melancholy fact that my history must here take leave of the fair Cecilia, who, like many a daughter of Eve, after the departure of Edward, and the dissipation of certain idle visions which she had adopted, quietly contented herself with a *pis-aller*, and gave her hand, at the distance of six months, to the aforesaid Jonas, son of the baronet's steward, and heir (no unfertile prospect) to a steward's

fortune, besides the snug probability of succeeding to his father's office. All these advantages moved Squire Stubbs as much as the ruddy brow and manly form of the suitor influenced his daughter, to abate somewhat in the article of their gentry; and so the match was concluded. None seemed more gratified than Aunt Rachel, who had hitherto looked rather askance upon the presumptuous damsel (as much so, peradventure, as her nature would permit), but who, on the first appearance of the new-married pair at church, honoured the bride with a smile and a profound courtesy, in presence of the rector, the curate, the clerk, and the whole congregation of the united parishes of Waverley-*cum*-Beverley.

I beg pardon, once and for all, of those readers who take up novels merely for amusement, for plaguing them so long with old-fashioned politics, and Whig and Tory, and Hanoverians and Jacobites. The truth is, I cannot promise them that this story shall be intelligible, not to say probable, without it. My plan requires that I should explain the motives on which its action proceeded; and these motives necessarily arose from the feelings, prejudices, and parties of the times. I do not invite my fair readers, whose sex and impatience give them the greatest right to complain of these circumstances, into a flying chariot drawn by hippogriffs, or moved by enchantment. Mine is a humble English post-chaise, drawn upon four wheels, and keeping his Majesty's highway. Such as dislike the vehicle may leave it at the next halt, and wait for the conveyance of Prince Hussein's tapestry, or Malek the Weaver's flying sentry-box. Those who are contented to remain

with me will be occasionally exposed to the dulness inseparable from heavy roads, steep hills, sloughs, and other terrestrial retardations; but with tolerable horses and a civil driver (as the advertisements have it), I engage to get as soon as possible into a more picturesque and romantic country, if my passengers incline to have some patience with me during my first stages.[1]

[1] These Introductory Chapters have been a good deal censured as tedious and unnecessary. Yet there are circumstances recorded in them which the Author has not been able to persuade himself to retract or cancel.

CHAPTER VI.

THE ADIEUS OF WAVERLEY.

It was upon the evening of this memorable Sunday that Sir Everard entered the library, where he narrowly missed surprising our young hero as he went through the guards of the broadsword with the ancient weapon of old Sir Hildebrand, which, being preserved as an heirloom, usually hung over the chimney in the library, beneath a picture of the knight and his horse, where the features were almost entirely hidden by the knight's profusion of curled hair, and the Bucephalus which he bestrode concealed by the voluminous robes of the Bath with which he was decorated. Sir Everard entered, and after a glance at the picture and another at his nephew, began a little speech, which, however, soon dropped into the natural simplicity of his common manner, agitated upon the present occasion by no common feeling. "Nephew," he said; and then, as mending his phrase, "My dear Edward, it is God's will, and also the will of your father, whom, under God, it is your duty to obey, that you should leave us to take up the profession of arms, in which so many of your ancestors have been distinguished. I have made such arrangements as will enable you to take the field as their descendant and as the probable heir of the house of Waverley; and, sir, in the field of battle you will

remember what name you bear. And Edward, my dear boy, remember also that you are the last of that race, and the only hope of its revival depends upon you; therefore, as far as duty and honour will permit, avoid danger, — I mean unnecessary danger, — and keep no company with rakes, gamblers, and Whigs, of whom, it is to be feared, there are but too many in the service into which you are going. Your colonel, as I am informed, is an excellent man — for a Presbyterian; but you will remember your duty to God, the Church of England, and the — " (this breach ought to have been supplied, according to the rubric, with the word "king;" but as, unfortunately, that word conveyed a double and embarrassing sense, one meaning *de facto*, and the other *de jure*, the knight filled up the blank otherwise) " the Church of England and all constituted authorities." Then, not trusting himself with any further oratory, he carried his nephew to his stables to see the horses destined for his campaign. Two were black, — the regimental colour, — superb chargers both; the other three were stout, active hacks, designed for the road or for his domestics, of whom two were to attend him from the Hall: an additional groom, if necessary, might be picked up in Scotland.

" You will depart with but a small retinue," quoth the baronet, " compared to Sir Hildebrand when he mustered before the gate of the Hall a larger body of horse than your whole regiment consists of. I could have wished that these twenty young fellows from my estate, who have enlisted in your troop, had been to march with you on your journey to Scotland. It would have been something, at least; but I am told their attendance

would be thought unusual in these days, when every new and foolish fashion is introduced to break the natural dependence of the people upon their landlords."

Sir Everard had done his best to correct this unnatural disposition of the times; for he had brightened the chain of attachment between the recruits and their young captain, not only by a copious repast of beef and ale, by way of parting feast, but by such a pecuniary donation to each individual as tended rather to improve the conviviality than the discipline of their march. After inspecting the cavalry, Sir Everard again conducted his nephew to the library, where he produced a letter, carefully folded, surrounded by a little stripe of flox-silk, according to ancient form, and sealed with an accurate impression of the Waverley coat-of-arms. It was addressed, with great formality, "To Cosmo Comyne Bradwardine, Esq., of Bradwardine, at his principal mansion of Tully-Veolan, in Perthshire, North Britain. These — By the hands of Captain Edward Waverley, nephew of Sir Everard Waverley, of Waverley Honour, Bart."

The gentleman to whom this enormous greeting was addressed, of whom we shall have more to say in the sequel, had been in arms for the exiled family of Stewart in the year 1715, and was made prisoner at Preston, in Lancashire. He was of a very ancient family, and somewhat embarrassed fortune; a scholar, according to the scholarship of Scotchmen, — that is, his learning was more diffuse than accurate, and he was rather a reader than a grammarian. Of his zeal for the classic authors he is said to have given an uncommon instance. On the road between Preston and London he made

his escape from his guards; but being afterwards found loitering near the place where they had lodged the former night, he was recognized, and again arrested. His companions, and even his escort, were surprised at his infatuation, and could not help inquiring why, being once at liberty, he had not made the best of his way to a place of safety; to which he replied that he had intended to do so, but, in good faith, he had returned to seek his Titus Livius, which he had forgot in the hurry of his escape.[1] The simplicity of this anecdote struck the gentleman who, as we before observed, had managed the defence of some of those unfortunate persons, at the expense of Sir Everard and perhaps some others of the party. He was, besides, himself a special admirer of the old Patavinian, and though probably his own zeal might not have carried him such extravagant lengths, even to recover the edition of Sweynheim and Pannartz (*g*) (supposed to be the *princeps*), he did not the less estimate the devotion of the North Briton, and in consequence exerted himself to so much purpose to remove and soften evidence, detect legal flaws, *et cetera*, that he accomplished the final discharge and deliverance of Cosmo Comyne Bradwardine from certain very awkward consequences of a plea before our sovereign lord the king in Westminster.

The Baron of Bradwardine — for he was generally so called in Scotland, although his intimates, from his place of residence, used to denominate him Tully-Veolan, or, more familiarly, Tully — no sooner stood *rectus in curia* than he posted down to pay his respects and make his acknowledgments at

[1] Note L.—Titus Livius.

Waverley Honour. A congenial passion for field-sports and a general coincidence in political opinions cemented his friendship with Sir Everard, notwithstanding the difference of their habits and studies in other particulars; and having spent several weeks at Waverley Honour, the Baron departed, with many expressions of regard, warmly pressing the baronet to return his visit and partake of the diversion of grouse-shooting upon his moors in Perthshire next season. Shortly after, Mr. Bradwardine remitted from Scotland a sum in reimbursement of expenses incurred in the king's High Court of Westminster, which, although not quite so formidable when reduced to the English denomination, had, in its original form of Scotch pounds, shillings, and pence, such a formidable effect upon the frame of Duncan Macwheeble, the laird's confidential factor, baron-bailie, and man of resource, that he had a fit of the colic which lasted for five days, — occasioned, he said, solely and utterly by becoming the unhappy instrument of conveying such a serious sum of money out of his native country into the hands of the false English. But patriotism, as it is the fairest, so it is often the most suspicious mask of other feelings; and many who knew Bailie Macwheeble concluded that his professions of regret were not altogether disinterested, and that he would have grudged the moneys paid to the *loons* at Westminster much less had they not come from Bradwardine estate, — a fund which he considered as more particularly his own. But the bailie protested he was absolutely disinterested, —

"Woe, woe, for Scotland; not a whit for me!"

The laird was only rejoiced that his worthy friend Sir Everard Waverley of Waverley Honour was reimbursed of the expenditure which he had outlaid on account of the house of Bradwardine. It concerned, he said, the credit of his own family and of the kingdom of Scotland at large that these disbursements should be repaid forthwith, and if delayed, it would be a matter of national reproach. Sir Everard, accustomed to treat much larger sums with indifference, received the remittance of £294 13*s.* 6*d.*, without being aware that the payment was an international concern, and, indeed, would probably have forgot the circumstance altogether if Bailie Macwheeble had thought of comforting his colic by intercepting the subsidy. A yearly intercourse took place, of a short letter and a hamper or a cask or two, between Waverley Honour and Tully-Veolan, the English exports consisting of mighty cheeses and mightier ale, pheasants, and venison, and the Scottish returns being vested in grouse, white hares, pickled salmon, and usquebaugh; all which were meant, sent, and received as pledges of constant friendship and amity between two important houses. It followed, as a matter of course, that the heir-apparent of Waverley Honour could not with propriety visit Scotland without being furnished with credentials to the Baron of Bradwardine.

When this matter was explained and settled, Mr. Pembroke expressed his wish to take a private and particular leave of his dear pupil. The good man's exhortations to Edward to preserve an unblemished life and morals, to hold fast the principles of the Christian religion, and to eschew the profane company of scoffers and latitudinarians, too much

abounding in the army, were not unmingled with his political prejudices. It had pleased Heaven, he said, to place Scotland (doubtless for the sins of their ancestors in 1642) in a more deplorable state of darkness than even this unhappy kingdom of England. Here, at least, although the candlestick of the Church of England had been in some degree removed from its place, it yet afforded a glimmering light; there was a hierarchy, though schismatical, and fallen from the principles maintained by those great fathers of the Church, Sancroft and his brethren; there was a liturgy, though wofully perverted in some of the principal petitions. But in Scotland it was utter darkness; and excepting a sorrowful, scattered, and persecuted remnant, the pulpits were abandoned to Presbyterians and, he feared, to sectaries of every description. It should be his duty to fortify his dear pupil to resist such unhallowed and pernicious doctrines in church and state, as must necessarily be forced at times upon his unwilling ears.

Here he produced two immense folded packets, which appeared each to contain a whole ream of closely written manuscript. They had been the labour of the worthy man's whole life; and never were labour and zeal more absurdly wasted. He had at one time gone to London, with the intention of giving them to the world, by the medium of a bookseller in Little Britain, well known to deal in such commodities, and to whom he was instructed to address himself in a particular phrase and with a certain sign which, it seems, passed at that time current among the initiated Jacobites. The moment Mr. Pembroke had uttered the Shibboleth, with the appropriate gesture, the bibliopolist

greeted him, notwithstanding every disclamation, by the title of "doctor," and conveying him into his back shop, after inspecting every possible and impossible place of concealment, he commenced: "Eh, Doctor! Well, all under the rose, — snug; I keep no holes here even for a Hanoverian rat to hide in. And what, eh! any good news from our friends over the water? And how does the worthy king of France? Or perhaps you are more lately from Rome? It must be Rome will do it at last; the Church must light its candle at the old lamp. Eh, what, cautious? I like you the better; but no fear."

Here Mr. Pembroke with some difficulty stopped a torrent of interrogations, eked out with signs, nods, and winks; and having at length convinced the bookseller that he did him too much honour in supposing him an emissary of exiled royalty, he explained his actual business.

The man of books, with a much more composed air, proceeded to examine the manuscripts. The title of the first was "A Dissent from Dissenters; or, the Comprehension confuted: showing the Impossibility of any Composition between the Church and Puritans, Presbyterians, or Sectaries of any Description; illustrated from the Scriptures, the Fathers of the Church, and the soundest Controversial Divines." To this work the bookseller positively demurred. "Well meant," he said, "and learned, doubtless;" but the time had gone by. Printed on small-pica, it would run to eight hundred pages, and could never pay; begged, therefore, to be excused. Loved and honoured the true Church from his soul, and had it been a sermon on the martyrdom, or any twelve-penny touch, —

"why, I would venture something for the honour of the cloth. But come, let's see the other. 'Right Hereditary righted!' Ah, there's some sense in this. Hum — hum — hum — pages so many; paper so much; letter-press — Ah, I'll tell you, though, Doctor, you must knock out some of the Latin and Greek, — heavy, Doctor, damned heavy (beg your pardon); and if you throw in a few grains more pepper — I am he that never peached my author; I have published for Drake, and Charlwood Lawton, and poor Amhurst.[1] Ah, Caleb, Caleb! Well, it was a shame to let poor Caleb starve, and so many fat rectors and squires among us. I gave him a dinner once a week; but, Lord love you, what's once a week when a man does not know where to go the other six days? Well, but I must show the manuscript to little Tom Alibi the solicitor, who manages all my law affairs, — must keep on the windy side; the mob were very uncivil the last time I mounted in Old Palace Yard, — all Whigs and Roundheads, every man of them, Williamites and Hanover rats."

The next day Mr. Pembroke again called on the publisher, but found Tom Alibi's advice had determined him against undertaking the work. "Not but what I would go to — what was I going to say? — to the Plantations for the Church with pleasure; but, dear Doctor, I have a wife and family: but, to show my zeal, I 'll recommend the job to my neighbour Trimmel, — he is a bachelor, and leaving off business, so a voyage in a western barge would not inconvenience him." But Mr. Trimmel was also obdurate, and Mr. Pembroke — fortunately, per-

[1] Note II.—Nicholas Amhurst.

chance, for himself — was compelled to return to Waverley Honour with his treatise in vindication of the real fundamental principles of church and state safely packed in his saddle-bags.

As the public were thus likely to be deprived of the benefit arising from his lucubrations by the selfish cowardice of the trade, Mr. Pembroke resolved to make two copies of these tremendous manuscripts for the use of his pupil. He felt that he had been indolent as a tutor, and, besides, his conscience checked him for complying with the request of Mr. Richard Waverley that he would impress no sentiments upon Edward's mind inconsistent with the present settlement in church and state. "But now," thought he, "I may, without breach of my word, since he is no longer under my tuition, afford the youth the means of judging for himself, and have only to dread his reproaches for so long concealing the light which the perusal will flash upon his mind." While he thus indulged the reveries of an author and a politician, his darling proselyte, seeing nothing very inviting in the title of the tracts, and appalled by the bulk and compact lines of the manuscript, quietly consigned them to a corner of his travelling-trunk.

Aunt Rachel's farewell was brief and affectionate. She only cautioned her dear Edward, whom she probably deemed somewhat susceptible, against the fascination of Scottish beauty. She allowed that the northern part of the island contained some ancient families, but they were all Whigs and Presbyterians, except the Highlanders; and respecting them she must needs say there could be no great delicacy among the ladies where the gentlemen's usual attire was, as she had been assured, to say

the least, very singular, and not at all decorous. She concluded her farewell with a kind and moving benediction, and gave the young officer, as a pledge of her regard, a valuable diamond ring — often worn by the male sex at that time — and a purse of broad gold pieces, which also were more common Sixty Years since than they have been of late.

CHAPTER VII.

A HORSE-QUARTER IN SCOTLAND.

THE next morning, amid varied feelings, the chief of which was a predominant, anxious, and even solemn impression that he was now in a great measure abandoned to his own guidance and direction, Edward Waverley departed from the Hall amid the blessings and tears of all the old domestics and the inhabitants of the village, mingled with some sly petitions for sergeantcies and corporalships, and so forth, on the part of those who professed that "they never thoft to ha' seen Jacob and Giles and Jonathan go off for soldiers, save to attend his honour, as in duty bound." Edward, as in duty bound, extricated himself from the supplicants with the pledge of fewer promises than might have been expected from a young man so little accustomed to the world. After a short visit to London, he proceeded on horseback — then the general mode of travelling — to Edinburgh, and from thence to Dundee, a seaport on the eastern coast of Angus-shire, where his regiment was then quartered.

He now entered upon a new world, where, for a time, all was beautiful because all was new. Colonel Gardiner, the commanding officer of the regiment, was himself a study for a romantic, and at the same time an inquisitive, youth. In person

he was tall, handsome, and active, though somewhat advanced in life. In his early years he had been what is called, by manner of palliative, a very gay young man, and strange stories were circulated about his sudden conversion from doubt, if not infidelity, to a serious and even enthusiastic turn of mind. It was whispered that a supernatural communication, of a nature obvious even to the exterior senses, had produced this wonderful change; and though some mentioned the proselyte as an enthusiast, none hinted at his being a hypocrite. This singular and mystical circumstance gave Colonel Gardiner a peculiar and solemn interest in the eyes of the young soldier.[1] It may be easily imagined that the officers of a regiment, commanded by so respectable a person, composed a society more sedate and orderly than a military mess always exhibits, and that Waverley escaped some temptations to which he might otherwise have been exposed.

Meanwhile, his military education proceeded. Already a good horseman, he was now initiated into the arts of the manege, which, when carried to perfection, almost realize the fable of the Centaur, the guidance of the horse appearing to proceed from the rider's mere volition rather than from the use of any external and apparent signal of motion. He received also instructions in his field-duty; but I must own that when his first ardour was past, his progress fell short in the latter particular of what he wished and expected. The duty of an officer, the most imposing of all others to the inexperienced mind, because accompanied with so much outward pomp and circumstance, is in its essence a very dry and abstract task, depending chiefly upon arithmeti-

[1] Note III.—Colonel Gardiner.

cal combinations requiring much attention and a cool and reasoning head to bring them into action. Our hero was liable to fits of absence, in which his blunders excited some mirth, and called down some reproof. This circumstance impressed him with a painful sense of inferiority in those qualities which appeared most to deserve and obtain regard in his new profession. He asked himself in vain why his eye could not judge of distance or space so well as those of his companions; why his head was not always successful in disentangling the various partial movements necessary to execute a particular evolution; and why his memory, so alert upon most occasions, did not correctly retain technical phrases and minute points of etiquette or field discipline. Waverley was naturally modest, and therefore did not fall into the egregious mistake of supposing such minuter rules of military duty beneath his notice, or conceiting himself to be born a general because he made an indifferent subaltern. The truth was that the vague and unsatisfactory course of reading which he had pursued, working upon a temper naturally retired and abstracted, had given him that wavering and unsettled habit of mind which is most averse to study and riveted attention. Time, in the meanwhile, hung heavy on his hands. The gentry of the neighbourhood were disaffected, and showed little hospitality to the military guests; and the people of the town, chiefly engaged in mercantile pursuits, were not such as Waverley chose to associate with. The arrival of summer, and a curiosity to know something more of Scotland than he could see in a ride from his quarters, determined him to request leave of absence for a few weeks. He resolved first to visit his uncle's ancient friend

and correspondent, with the purpose of extending or shortening the time of his residence according to circumstances. He travelled, of course, on horseback and with a single attendant, and passed his first night at a miserable inn where the landlady had neither shoes nor stockings, and the landlord, who called himself a gentleman, was disposed to be rude to his guest because he had not bespoke the pleasure of his society to supper.[1] The next day, traversing an open and unenclosed country, Edward gradually approached the Highlands of Perthshire, which at first had appeared a blue outline in the horizon, but now swelled into huge, gigantic masses, which frowned defiance over the more level country that lay beneath them. Near the bottom of this stupendous barrier, but still in the Lowland country, dwelt Cosmo Comyne Bradwardine of Bradwardine, and if gray-haired eld can be in aught believed, there had dwelt his ancestors, with all their heritage, since the days of the gracious King Duncan.

[1] Note IV.—Scottish Inns.

CHAPTER VIII.

A SCOTTISH MANOR-HOUSE SIXTY YEARS SINCE.

It was about noon when Captain Waverley entered the straggling village, or rather hamlet, of Tully-Veolan, close to which was situated the mansion of the proprietor. The houses seemed miserable in the extreme, especially to an eye accustomed to the smiling neatness of English cottages. They stood, without any respect for regularity, on each side of a straggling kind of unpaved street, where children, almost in a primitive state of nakedness, lay sprawling, as if to be crushed by the hoofs of the first passing horse. Occasionally, indeed, when such a consummation seemed inevitable, a watchful old grandam, with her close cap, distaff, and spindle, rushed like a sibyl in frenzy out of one of these miserable cells, dashed into the middle of the path, and snatching up her own charge from among the sun-burned loiterers, saluted him with a sound cuff, and transported him back to his dungeon, the little white-headed varlet screaming all the while, from the very top of his lungs, a shrilly treble to the growling remonstrances of the enraged matron. Another part in this concert was sustained by the incessant yelping of a score of idle, useless curs, which followed, snarling, barking, howling, and snapping at the horses' heels,—a nuisance at that time so common in Scotland that a French tourist,

who, like other travellers, longed to find a good and rational reason for everything he saw, has recorded, as one of the memorabilia of Caledonia, that the state maintained in each village a relay of curs, called *collies*, whose duty it was to chase the *chevaux de poste* (too starved and exhausted to move without such a stimulus) from one hamlet to another, till their annoying convoy drove them to the end of their stage. The evil and remedy (such as it is) still exist. But this is remote from our present purpose, and is only thrown out for consideration of the collectors under Mr. Dent's dog-bill.

As Waverley moved on, here and there an old man, bent as much by toil as years, his eyes bleared with age and smoke, tottered to the door of his hut to gaze on the dress of the stranger and the form and motions of the horses, and then assembled, with his neighbours, in a little group at the smithy, to discuss the probabilities of whence the stranger came, and where he might be going. Three or four village girls, returning from the well or brook with pitchers and pails upon their heads, formed more pleasing objects, and with their thin, short gowns and single petticoats, bare arms, legs, and feet, uncovered heads and braided hair, somewhat resembled Italian forms of landscape. Nor could a lover of the picturesque have challenged either the elegance of their costume, or the symmetry of their shape, although, to say the truth, a mere Englishman, in search of the "comfortable," — a word peculiar to his native tongue, — might have wished the clothes less scanty, the feet and legs somewhat protected from the weather, the head and complexion shrouded from the sun, or perhaps might even have thought the whole person and dress

considerably improved, by a plentiful application of spring water, with a *quantum sufficit* of soap. The whole scene was depressing; for it argued, at the first glance at least, a stagnation of industry, and perhaps of intellect. Even curiosity — the busiest passion of the idle — seemed of a listless cast in the village of Tully-Veolan: the curs aforesaid alone showed any part of its activity; with the villagers it was passive. They stood and gazed at the handsome young officer and his attendant, but without any of those quick motions and eager looks that indicate the earnestness with which those who live in monotonous ease at home, look out for amusement abroad. Yet the physiognomy of the people, when more closely examined, was far from exhibiting the indifference of stupidity; their features were rough, but remarkably intelligent, — grave, but the very reverse of stupid; and from among the young women an artist might have chosen more than one model whose features and form resembled those of Minerva. The children, also, whose skins were burned black, and whose hair was bleached white, by the influence of the sun, had a look and manner of life and interest. It seemed, upon the whole, as if poverty, and indolence, its too frequent companion, were combining to depress the natural genius and acquired information of a hardy, intelligent, and reflecting peasantry.

Some such thoughts crossed Waverley's mind as he paced his horse slowly through the rugged and flinty street of Tully-Veolan, interrupted only in his meditations by the occasional caprioles which his charger exhibited at the reiterated assaults of those canine Cossacks, the *collies* before mentioned.

The village was more than half a mile long, the cottages being irregularly divided from each other by gardens — or yards, as the inhabitants called them — of different sizes, where (for it is Sixty Years since) the now universal potato was unknown, but which were stored with gigantic plants of *kale*, or colewort, encircled with groves of nettles, and exhibited here and there a huge hemlock or the national thistle, overshadowing a quarter of the petty enclosure. The broken ground on which the village was built had never been levelled; so that these enclosures presented declivities of every degree, here rising like terraces, there sinking like tan-pits. The dry-stone walls which fenced, or seemed to fence (for they were sorely breached), these hanging gardens of Tully-Veolan were intersected by a narrow lane leading to the common field, where the joint labour of the villagers cultivated alternate ridges and patches of rye, oats, barley, and pease, each of such minute extent that at a little distance the unprofitable variety of the surface resembled a tailor's book of patterns. In a few favoured instances there appeared behind the cottages a miserable wigwam, compiled of earth, loose stones, and turf, where the wealthy might perhaps shelter a starved cow or sorely galled horse. But almost every hut was fenced in front by a huge black stack of turf on one side of the door, while on the other the family dung-hill ascended in noble emulation.

About a bowshot from the end of the village appeared the enclosures, proudly denominated the Parks, of Tully-Veolan, being certain square fields, surrounded and divided by stone walls five feet in height. In the centre of the exterior barrier was

Tully-Veolan.

Painted by W. J. Leitch. Etched by H. W. Batley.

the upper gate of the avenue, opening under an archway, battlemented on the top, and adorned with two large weather-beaten mutilated masses of upright stone, which, if the tradition of the hamlet could be trusted, had once represented — at least had been once designed to represent — two rampart Bears, the supporters of the family of Bradwardine. This avenue was straight and of moderate length, running between a double row of very ancient horse-chestnuts planted alternately with sycamores, which rose to such huge height, and flourished so luxuriantly, that their boughs completely overarched the broad road beneath. Beyond these venerable ranks, and running parallel to them, were two high walls, of apparently the like antiquity, overgrown with ivy, honeysuckle, and other climbing plants. The avenue seemed very little trodden, and chiefly by foot-passengers; so that being very broad, and enjoying a constant shade, it was clothed with grass of a deep and rich verdure, excepting where a foot-path, worn by occasional passengers, tracked with a natural sweep the way from the upper to the lower gate. This nether portal, like the former, opened in front of a wall ornamented with some rude sculpture, with battlements on the top, over which were seen, half-hidden by the trees of the avenue, the high, steep roofs and narrow gables of the mansion, with lines indented into steps, and corners decorated with small turrets. One of the folding leaves of the lower gate was open, and as the sun shone full into the court behind, a long line of brilliancy was flung upon the aperture up the dark and gloomy avenue. It was one of those effects which a painter loves to represent, and mingled well with the struggling light which found

its way between the boughs of the shady arch that vaulted the broad green alley.

The solitude and repose of the whole scene seemed almost monastic; and Waverley, who had given his horse to his servant on entering the first gate, walked slowly down the avenue, enjoying the grateful and cooling shade, and so much pleased with the placid ideas of rest and seclusion excited by this confined and quiet scene that he forgot the misery and dirt of the hamlet he had left behind him. The opening into the paved court-yard corresponded with the rest of the scene. The house, which seemed to consist of two or three high, narrow, and steep-roofed buildings, projecting from each other at right angles, formed one side of the enclosure. It had been built at a period when castles were no longer necessary, and when the Scottish architects had not yet acquired the art of designing a domestic residence. The windows were numberless, but very small; the roof had some nondescript kind of projections, called bartizans, and displayed at each frequent angle a small turret, rather resembling a pepper-box than a Gothic watch-tower. Neither did the front indicate absolute security from danger. There were loop-holes for musketry, and iron stanchions on the lower windows,— probably to repel any roving band of Gypsies, or resist a predatory visit from the Caterans of the neighbouring Highlands. Stables and other offices occupied another side of the square. The former were low vaults, with narrow slits instead of windows, resembling, as Edward's groom observed, " rather a prison for murderers and larceners and such like as are tried at 'sizes, than a place for any Christian cattle." Above these dungeon-

looking stables were granaries, called "girnels," and other offices, to which there was access by outside stairs of heavy masonry. Two battlemented walls, one of which faced the avenue, and the other divided the court from the garden, completed the enclosure.

Nor was the court without its ornaments. In one corner was a tun-bellied pigeon-house, of great size and rotundity, resembling in figure and proportion the curious edifice called Arthur's Oven, which would have turned the brains of all the antiquaries in England, had not the worthy proprietor pulled it down, for the sake of mending a neighbouring dam-dike. This dovecot, or *columbarium*, as the owner called it, was no small resource to a Scottish laird of that period, whose scanty rents were eked out by the contributions levied upon the farms by these light foragers, and the conscriptions exacted from the latter for the benefit of the table.

Another corner of the court displayed a fountain, where a huge bear, carved in stone, predominated over a large stone-basin, into which he disgorged the water. This work of art was the wonder of the country ten miles round. It must not be forgotten that all sorts of bears, small and large, demi or in full proportion, were carved over the windows, upon the ends of the gables, terminated the spouts, and supported the turrets, with the ancient family motto, "Bewar the Bar," cut under each hyperborean form. The court was spacious, well paved, and perfectly clean, there being probably another entrance behind the stables for removing the litter. Everything around appeared solitary, and would have been silent, but for the

continued plashing of the fountain; and the whole scene still maintained the monastic illusion which the fancy of Waverley had conjured up. And here we beg permission to close a chapter of still life.[1]

[1] There is no particular mansion described under the name of Tully-Veolan; but the peculiarities of the description occur in various old Scottish seats. The house of Warrender, upon Burntsfield Links, and that of Old Ravelston, belonging, the former to Sir George Warrender, the latter to Sir Alexander Keith, have both contributed several hints to the description in the text. The house of Dean, near Edinburgh, has also some points of resemblance with Tully-Veolan. The author has, however, been informed that the house of Grandtully resembles that of the Baron of Bradwardine still more than any of the above. *(h)*

CHAPTER IX.

MORE OF THE MANOR-HOUSE AND ITS ENVIRONS.

AFTER having satisfied his curiosity by gazing around him for a few minutes, Waverley applied himself to the massive knocker of the hall-door, the architrave of which bore the date 1594. But no answer was returned, though the peal resounded through a number of apartments, and was echoed from the court-yard walls without the house, startling the pigeons from the venerable rotunda which they occupied, and alarming anew even the distant village curs, which had retired to sleep upon their respective dunghills. Tired of the din which he created, and the unprofitable responses which it excited, Waverley began to think that he had reached the castle of Orgoglio, as entered by the victorious Prince Arthur,—

"When 'gan he loudly through the house to call,
But no man cared to answer to his cry;
There reigned a solemn silence over all,
Nor voice was heard, nor wight was seen in bower or hall."

Filled almost with expectation of beholding some "old, old man, with beard as white as snow," whom he might question concerning this deserted mansion, our hero turned to a little oaken wicket-door, well clenched with iron nails, which opened in the court-yard wall at its angle with the house. It

was only latched, notwithstanding its fortified appearance, and when opened, admitted him into the garden, which presented a pleasant scene.[1] The southern side of the house, clothed with fruit-trees, and having many evergreens trained upon its walls, extended its irregular yet venerable front along a terrace partly paved, partly gravelled, partly bordered with flowers and choice shrubs. This elevation descended by three several flights of steps, placed in its centre and at the extremities, into what might be called the garden proper, and was fenced along the top by a stone parapet with a heavy balustrade, ornamented from space to space with huge grotesque figures of animals seated upon their haunches, among which the favourite bear was repeatedly introduced. Placed in the middle of the terrace, between a sashed door opening from the house and the central flight of steps, a huge animal of the same species supported on his head and forepaws a sun-dial of large circumference, inscribed with more diagrams than Edward's mathematics enabled him to decipher.

The garden, which seemed to be kept with great accuracy, abounded in fruit-trees, and exhibited a profusion of flowers and evergreens cut into grotesque forms. It was laid out in terraces, which descended rank by rank from the western wall to a large brook, which had a tranquil and smooth appearance where it served as a boundary to the garden, but near the extremity leaped in tumult over

[1] At Ravelston may be seen such a garden, which the taste of the proprietor, the author's friend and kinsman, Sir Alexander Keith, Knight Mareschal, has judiciously preserved. That, as well as the house, is, however, of smaller dimensions than the Baron of Bradwardine's mansion and garden are presumed to have been.

"Eh, Sirs."

Original Etching by George Cruikshank.

a strong dam, or weir-head, the cause of its temporary tranquillity, and there forming a cascade, was overlooked by an octangular summer-house, with a gilded bear on the top by way of vane. After this feat, the brook, assuming its natural rapid and fierce character, escaped from the eye down a deep and wooded dell, from the copse of which arose a massive but ruinous tower, the former habitation of the Barons of Bradwardine. The margin of the brook, opposite to the garden, displayed a narrow meadow, or "haugh," as it was called, which formed a small washing-green; the bank, which retired behind it, was covered by ancient trees.

The scene, though pleasing, was not quite equal to the gardens of Alcina, yet wanted not the "due donzelette garrule" of that enchanted paradise, for upon the green aforesaid two bare-legged damsels, each standing in a spacious tub, performed with their feet the office of a patent washing-machine. These did not, however, like the maidens of Armida, remain to greet with their harmony the approaching guest, but, alarmed at the appearance of a handsome stranger on the opposite side, dropped their garments (I should say garment, to be quite correct) over their limbs, which their occupation exposed somewhat too freely, and with a shrill exclamation of "Eh, sirs!" uttered with an accent between modesty and coquetry, sprung off like deer in different directions.

Waverley began to despair of gaining entrance into this solitary and seemingly enchanted mansion, when a man advanced up one of the garden alleys, where he still retained his station. Trusting this might be a gardener, or some domestic be-

longing to the house, Edward descended the steps in order to meet him; but as the figure approached, and long before he could descry its features, he was struck with the oddity of its appearance and gestures. Sometimes this mister wight held his hands clasped over his head, like an Indian Jogue in the attitude of penance; sometimes he swung them perpendicularly, like a pendulum, on each side; and anon he slapped them swiftly and repeatedly across his breast, like the substitute used by a hackney-coachman for his usual flogging exercise when his cattle are idle upon the stand, in a clear, frosty day. His gait was as singular as his gestures, for at times he hopped with great perseverance on the right foot, then exchanged that supporter to advance in the same manner on the left, and then, putting his feet close together, he hopped upon both at once. His attire also was antiquated and extravagant. It consisted in a sort of gray jerkin, with scarlet cuffs and slashed sleeves, showing a scarlet lining; the other parts of the dress corresponded in colour, not forgetting a pair of scarlet stockings and a scarlet bonnet proudly surmounted with a turkey's feather. Edward, whom he did not seem to observe, now perceived confirmation in his features of what the mien and gestures had already announced. It was apparently neither idiocy nor insanity which gave that wild, unsettled, irregular expression to a face which naturally was rather handsome, but something that resembled a compound of both, where the simplicity of the fool was mixed with the extravagance of a crazed imagination. He sung with great earnestness, and not without some taste, a fragment of an old Scottish ditty.

"False love, and hast thou played me this
In summer among the flowers?
I will repay thee back again
In winter among the showers.
Unless again, again, my love,
Unless you turn again,
As you with other maidens rove,
I'll smile on other men."[1]

Here lifting up his eyes, which had hitherto been fixed in observing how his feet kept time to the tune, he beheld Waverley, and instantly doffed his cap, with many grotesque signals of surprise, respect, and salutation. Edward, though with little hope of receiving an answer to any constant question, requested to know whether Mr. Bradwardine were at home, or where he could find any of the domestics. The questioned party replied, and, like the witch of "Thalaba," "still his speech was song," —

"The Knight's to the mountain,
His bugle to wind;
The Lady's to greenwood,
Her garland to bind.
The bower of Burd Ellen
Has moss on the floor,
That the step of Lord William
Be silent and sure."

This conveyed no information, and Edward, repeating his queries, received a rapid answer, in which, from the haste and peculiarity of the dialect, the word "butler" was alone intelligible. Waverley then requested to see the butler; upon which the fellow, with a knowing look and nod of

[1] This is a genuine ancient fragment, with some alteration in the two last lines.

intelligence, made a signal to Edward to follow, and began to dance and caper down the alley up which he had made his approaches. "A strange guide this," thought Edward, "and not much unlike one of Shakspeare's roynish clowns. I am not over prudent to trust to his pilotage; but wiser men have been led by fools." By this time he reached the bottom of the alley, where, turning short on a little parterre of flowers shrouded from the east and north by a close yew-hedge, he found an old man at work without his coat, whose appearance hovered between that of an upper servant and gardener,—his red nose and ruffled shirt belonging to the former profession; his hale and sunburned visage, with his green apron, appearing to indicate

"Old Adam's likeness, set to dress this garden."

The major-domo, for such he was, and indisputably the second officer of state in the barony (nay, as chief minister of the interior, superior even to Bailie Macwheeble, in his own department of the kitchen and cellar),—the major-domo laid down his spade, slipped on his coat in haste, and with a wrathful look at Edward's guide, probably excited by his having introduced a stranger while he was engaged in this laborious and, as he might suppose it, degrading office, requested to know the gentleman's commands. Being informed that he wished to pay his respects to his master, that his name was Waverley, and so forth, the old man's countenance assumed a great deal of respectful importance. "He could take it upon his conscience to say his Honour would have exceeding pleasure in seeing him. Would not Mr. Waverley choose

some refreshment after his journey? His Honour was with the folk who were getting doon the dark hag; the twa gardener lads [an emphasis on the word "twa"] had been ordered to attend him; and he had been just amusing himself in the mean time with dressing Miss Rose's flower-bed, that he might be near to receive his Honour's orders, if need were. He was very fond of a garden, but had little time for such divertisements."

"He canna get it wrought in abune twa days in the week at no rate whatever," said Edward's fantastic conductor.

A grim look from the butler chastised his interference, and he commanded him, by the name of Davie Gellatley, in a tone which admitted no discussion, to look for his Honour at the dark hag, and tell him there was a gentleman from the South had arrived at the Ha'.

"Can this poor fellow deliver a letter?" asked Edward.

"With all fidelity, sir, to any one whom he respects. I would hardly trust him with a long message by word of mouth, though he is more knave than fool."

Waverley delivered his credentials to Mr. Gellatley, who seemed to confirm the butler's last observation, by twisting his features at him, when he was looking another way, into the resemblance of the grotesque face on the bole of a German tobacco-pipe; after which, with an odd *congé* to Waverley, he danced off to discharge his errand.

"He is an innocent, sir," said the butler; "there is one such in almost every town in the country, but ours is brought far ben. He used to work a day's turn weel eneugh; but he helped Miss Rose

when she was flemit with the Laird of Killancureit's new English bull, and since that time we ca' him Davie Do-little,— indeed we might ca' him Davie Do-naething, for since he got that gay clothing, to please his Honour and my young mistress (great folks will have their fancies), he has done naething but dance up and down about the *toun*, without doing a single turn, unless trimming the laird's fishing-wand or busking his flies, or maybe catching a dish of trouts at an orra-time. But here comes Miss Rose, who, I take burden upon me for her, will be especial glad to see one of the house of Waverley at her father's mansion of Tully-Veolan."

But Rose Bradwardine deserves better of her unworthy historian than to be introduced at the end of a chapter.

In the mean while it may be noticed, that Waverley learned two things from this colloquy, — that in Scotland a single house was called a "town," and a natural fool an "innocent."[1]

[1] I am ignorant how long the ancient and established custom of keeping fools has been disused in England. Swift writes an epitaph on the Earl of Suffolk's fool, —

"Whose name was Dickie Pearce."

In Scotland the custom subsisted till late in the last century; at Glammis Castle is preserved the dress of one of the jesters, — very handsome, and ornamented with many bells. It is not above thirty years since such a character stood by the sideboard of a nobleman of the first rank in Scotland, and occasionally mixed in the conversation, till he carried the joke rather too far, in making proposals to one of the young ladies of the family, and publishing the bans betwixt her and himself in the public church.

CHAPTER X.

ROSE BRADWARDINE AND HER FATHER.

Miss Bradwardine was but seventeen; yet at the last races of the county town of ——, upon her health being proposed among a round of beauties, the Laird of Bumperquaigh, permanent toast-master and croupier of the Bautherwhillery Club, not only said "More" to the pledge in a pint bumper of Bordeaux, but, ere pouring forth the libation, denominated the divinity to whom it was dedicated,— "the Rose of Tully-Veolan;" upon which festive occasion three cheers were given by all the sitting members of that respectable society whose throats the wine had left capable of such exertion. Nay, I am well assured that the sleeping partners of the company snorted applause, and that although strong bumpers and weak brains had consigned two or three to the floor, yet even these, fallen as they were from their high estate, and weltering,— I will carry the parody no farther, — uttered divers inarticulate sounds, intimating their assent to the motion.

Such unanimous applause could not be extorted but by acknowledged merit; and Rose Bradwardine not only deserved it, but also the approbation of much more rational persons than the Bautherwhillery Club could have mustered, even before discussion of the first *magnum*. She was, indeed, a very

pretty girl, of the Scotch cast of beauty,— that is, with a profusion of hair of paley gold, and a skin like the snow of her own mountains in whiteness. Yet she had not a pallid or pensive cast of countenance; her features, as well as her temper, had a lively expression, her complexion, though not florid, was so pure as to seem transparent, and the slightest emotion sent her whole blood at once to her face and neck. Her form, though under the common size, was remarkably elegant, and her motions light, easy, and unembarrassed. She came from another part of the garden to receive Captain Waverley, with a manner that hovered between bashfulness and courtesy.

The first greetings past, Edward learned from her that the *dark hag*, which had somewhat puzzled him in the butler's account of his master's avocations, had nothing to do either with a black cat or a broomstick, but was simply a portion of oak copse which was to be felled that day. She offered, with diffident civility, to show the stranger the way to the spot, which, it seems, was not far distant; but they were prevented by the appearance of the Baron of Bradwardine in person, who, summoned by David Gellatley, now appeared, "on hospitable thoughts intent," clearing the ground at a prodigious rate, with swift and long strides which reminded Waverley of the seven-league boots of the nursery fable. He was a tall, thin, athletic figure, old, indeed, and gray-haired, but with every muscle rendered as tough as whipcord by constant exercise. He was dressed carelessly, and more like a Frenchman than an Englishman of the period, while from his hard features and perpendicular rigidity of stature, he bore some resemblance to a

Swiss officer of the guards who had resided some time at Paris, and caught the *costume*, but not the ease or manner, of its inhabitants. The truth was that his language and habits were as heterogeneous as his external appearance.

Owing to his natural disposition to study, or perhaps to a very general Scottish fashion of giving young men of rank a legal education, he had been bred with a view to the Bar. But the politics of his family precluding the hope of his rising in that profession, Mr. Bradwardine travelled, with high reputation, for several years, and made some campaigns in foreign service. After his *démêlée* with the law of high treason in 1715, he had lived in retirement, conversing almost entirely with those of his own principles in the vicinage. The pedantry of the lawyer, superinduced upon the military pride of the soldier, might remind a modern of the days of the zealous volunteer service, when the bar-gown of our pleaders was often flung over a blazing uniform. To this must be added the prejudices of ancient birth and Jacobite politics, greatly strengthened by habits of solitary and secluded authority, which, though exercised only within the bounds of his half-cultivated estate, was there indisputable and undisputed. For, as he used to observe, "the lands of Bradwardine, Tully-Veolan, and others, had been erected into a free barony by a charter from David the First, 'cum liberali potest. habendi curias et justicias, cum fossa et furca [*lie* pit and gallows] et saka et soka, et thol et theam, et infang-thief et outfang-thief, sive hand-habend. sive bak-barand.'" The peculiar meaning of all these cabalistical words few or none could explain; but they implied, upon

the whole, that the Baron of Bradwardine might, in case of delinquency, imprison, try, and execute his vassals at his pleasure. Like James the First, however, the present possessor of this authority was more pleased in talking about prerogative than in exercising it; and excepting that he imprisoned two poachers in the dungeon of the old tower of Tully-Veolan, where they were sorely frightened by ghosts and almost eaten by rats, and that he set an old woman in the *jougs* (or Scottish pillory) for saying "there were mair fules in the laird's ha' house than Davie Gellatley," I do not learn that he was accused of abusing his high powers. Still, however, the conscious pride of possessing them gave additional importance to his language and deportment.

At his first address to Waverley it would seem that the hearty pleasure he felt to behold the nephew of his friend had somewhat discomposed the stiff and upright dignity of the Baron of Bradwardine's demeanour, for the tears stood in the old gentleman's eyes when, having first shaken Edward heartily by the hand in the English fashion, he embraced him *à la mode Française*, and kissed him on both sides of his face; while the hardness of his gripe, and the quantity of Scotch snuff which his accolade communicated, called corresponding drops of moisture to the eyes of his guest.

"Upon the honour of a gentleman," he said, "but it makes me young again to see you here, Mr. Waverley! A worthy scion of the old stock of Waverley Honour,—*spes altera*, as Maro hath it; and you have the look of the old line, Captain Waverley,—not so portly yet as my old friend Sir Everard; *mais cela viendra avec le temps*, as my

Dutch acquaintance, Baron Kikkitbroeck, said of the *sagesse* of *madame son épouse*. And so ye have mounted the cockade? Right, right, — though I could have wished the colour different; and so I would ha' deemed might Sir Everard. But no more of that; I am old, and times are changed. And how does the worthy knight baronet, and the fair Mrs. Rachel? Ah, ye laugh, young man. In troth she was the fair Mrs. Rachel in the year of grace seventeen hundred and sixteen; but time passes, *et singula prædantur anni*, — that is most certain. But once again ye are most heartily welcome to my poor house of Tully-Veolan! Hie to the house, Rose, and see that Alexander Saunderson looks out the old Château Margoux which I sent from Bordeaux to Dundee in the year 1713."

Rose tripped off demurely enough till she turned the first corner, and then ran with the speed of a fairy, that she might gain leisure, after discharging her father's commission, to put her own dress in order, and produce all her little finery, — an occupation for which the approaching dinner-hour left but limited time.

"We cannot rival the luxuries of your English table, Captain Waverley, or give you the *epulæ lautiores* of Waverley Honour, — I say 'epulæ' rather than 'prandium,' because the latter phrase is popular. 'Epulæ ad senatum, prandium vero ad populum attinet,' says Suetonius Tranquillus. But I trust ye will applaud my Bordeaux, — *c'est des doux oreilles* (*i*), as Captain Vinsauf used to say; *vinum primæ notæ*, the Principal of St. Andrews denominated it. And, once more, Captain Waverley, right glad am I that ye are here to drink the best my cellar can make forthcoming."

This speech, with the necessary interjectional answers, continued from the lower alley, where they met, up to the door of the house, where four or five servants in old-fashioned liveries, headed by Alexander Saunderson, the butler, who now bore no token of the sable stains of the garden, received them in grand *costume*,—

"In an old hall hung round with pikes and with bows,
With old bucklers and corselets that had borne many shrewd blows."

With much ceremony, and still more real kindness, the Baron, without stopping in any intermediate apartment, conducted his guest through several into the great dining-parlour, wainscoted with black oak, and hung round with the pictures of his ancestry, where a table was set forth in form for six persons, and an old-fashioned beaufet displayed all the ancient and massive plate of the Bradwardine family. A bell was now heard at the head of the avenue; for an old man, who acted as porter upon gala days, had caught the alarm given by Waverley's arrival, and, repairing to his post, announced the arrival of other guests.

These, as the Baron assured his young friend, were very estimable persons. "There was the young Laird of Balmawhapple, a Falconer by surname, of the house of Glenfarquhar, given right much to field-sports,—*gaudet equis et canibus*,—but a very discreet young gentleman. Then there was the Laird of Killancureit, who had devoted his leisure *until* tillage and agriculture, and boasted himself to be possessed of a bull of matchless merit, brought from the county of Devon (the Damnonia of the Romans, if we can trust Robert

of Cirencester). He is, as ye may well suppose from such a tendency, but of yeoman extraction,— *servabit odorem testa diu;* and I believe, between ourselves, his grandsire was from the wrong side of the Border,— one Bullsegg, who came hither as a steward, or bailiff, or ground-officer, or something in that department, to the last Girnigo of Killancureit, who died of an atrophy. After his master's death, sir, — ye would hardly believe such a scandal,— but this Bullsegg, being portly and comely of aspect, intermarried with the lady dowager, who was young and amorous, and possessed himself of the estate, which devolved on this unhappy woman by a settlement of her umwhile husband, in direct contravention of an unrecorded taillie, and to the prejudice of the disponer's own flesh and blood, in the person of his natural heir and seventh cousin, Girnigo of Tipperhewit, whose family was so reduced by the ensuing lawsuit, that his representative is now serving as a private gentleman-sentinel in the Highland Black Watch. But this gentleman, Mr. Bullsegg of Killancureit that now is, has good blood in his veins by the mother and grandmother, who were both of the family of Pickletillim, and he is well liked and looked upon, and knows his own place. And God forbid, Captain Waverley, that we of irreproachable lineage should exult over him, when it may be that in the eighth, ninth, or tenth generation his progeny may rank, in a manner, with the old gentry of the country. Rank and ancestry, sir, should be the last words in the mouths of us of unblemished race,— *vix ea nostra voco,* as Naso saith. There is, besides, a clergyman of the true (though suffering) Episcopal Church of Scotland.

He was a confessor in her cause after the year 1715, when a Whiggish mob destroyed his meeting-house, tore his surplice, and plundered his dwelling-house of four silver spoons, intromitting also with his mart and his meal-ark, and with two barrels, one of single, and one of double ale, besides three bottles of brandy.[1] My baron-bailie and doer, Mr. Duncan Macwheeble, is the fourth on our list. There is a question, owing to the incertitude of ancient orthography, whether he belongs to the clan of Wheedle or of Quibble; but both have produced persons eminent in the law."

"As such he described them by person and name;
They entered, and dinner was served as they came." (*k*)

[1] After the Revolution of 1688, and on some occasions when the spirit of the Presbyterians had been unusually animated against their opponents, the Episcopal clergymen, who were chiefly non-jurors, were exposed to be mobbed, as we should now say, or "rabbled," as the phrase then went, to expiate their political heresies. But notwithstanding that the Presbyterians had the persecution in Charles II. and his brother's time to exasperate them, there was little mischief done beyond the kind of petty violence mentioned in the text.

CHAPTER XI.

THE BANQUET.

THE entertainment was ample, and handsome according to the Scotch ideas of the period, and the guests did great honour to it. The Baron ate like a famished soldier, the Laird of Balmawhapple like a sportsman, Bullsegg of Killancureit like a farmer, Waverley himself like a traveller, and Bailie Macwheeble like all four together; though, either out of more respect, or in order to preserve that proper declination of person which showed a sense that he was in the presence of his patron, he sat upon the edge of his chair, placed at three feet distance from the table, and achieved a communication with his plate by projecting his person towards it in a line which obliqued from the bottom of his spine, so that the person who sat opposite to him could only see the foretop of his riding periwig.

This stooping position might have been inconvenient to another person; but long habit made it, whether seated or walking, perfectly easy to the worthy Bailie. In the latter posture it occasioned, no doubt, an unseemly projection of the person towards those who happened to walk behind; but those being at all times his inferiors (for Mr. Macwheeble was very scrupulous in giving place to all others), he cared very little what inference

of contempt or slight regard they might derive from the circumstance. Hence, when he waddled across the court to and from his old gray pony, he somewhat resembled a turnspit walking upon its hind legs.

The nonjuring clergyman was a pensive and interesting old man, with much the air of a sufferer for conscience' sake. He was one of those,

> "Who, undeprived, their benefice forsook."

For this whim, when the Baron was out of hearing, the bailie used sometimes gently to rally Mr. Rubrick, upbraiding him with the nicety of his scruples. Indeed, it must be owned that he himself, though at heart a keen partisan of the exiled family, had kept pretty fair with all the different turns of state in his time; so that Davie Gellatley once described him as a particularly good man, who had a very quiet and peaceful conscience, *that never did him any harm.*

When the dinner was removed, the Baron announced the health of the king, politely leaving to the consciences of his guests to drink to the sovereign *de facto* or *de jure*, as their politics inclined. The conversation now became general; and shortly afterwards Miss Bradwardine, who had done the honours with natural grace and simplicity, retired, and was soon followed by the clergyman. Among the rest of the party, the wine, which fully justified the encomiums of the landlord, flowed freely round, although Waverley, with some difficulty, obtained the privilege of sometimes neglecting the glass. At length, as the evening grew more late, the Baron made a private signal to Mr. Saunders Saunderson, or, as he facetiously denominated him,

Alexander ab Alexandro, who left the room with a nod, and soon after returned, his grave countenance mantling with a solemn and mysterious smile, and placed before his master a small oaken casket, mounted with brass ornaments of curious form. The Baron, drawing out a private key, unlocked the casket, raised the lid, and produced a golden goblet of a singular and antique appearance, moulded into the shape of a rampant bear, which the owner regarded with a look of mingled reverence, pride, and delight that irresistibly reminded Waverley of Ben Jonson's Tom Otter (*l*), with his Bull, Horse, and Dog, as that wag wittily denominated his chief carousing cups. But Mr. Bradwardine, turning towards him with complacency, requested him to observe this curious relic of the olden time.

"It represents," he said, "the chosen crest of our family,—a bear, as ye observe, and *rampant;* because a good herald will depict every animal in its noblest posture,—as a horse *salient,* a greyhound *currant,* and, as may be inferred, a ravenous animal *in actu ferociori,* or in a voracious, lacerating, and devouring posture. Now, sir, we hold this most honourable achievement by the wappenbrief, or concession of arms, of Frederick Redbeard, Emperor of Germany, to my predecessor, Godmund Bradwardine, it being the crest of a gigantic Dane whom he slew in the lists in the Holy Land on a quarrel touching the chastity of the emperor's spouse or daughter, tradition saith not precisely which, and thus, as Virgilius hath it—

"'Mutemus clypeos, Danaumque insignia nobis
Aptemus.'

Then for the cup, Captain Waverley, it was wrought by the command of St. Duthac, Abbot of Aberbrothock, for behoof of another baron of the house of Bradwardine, who had valiantly defended the patrimony of that monastery against certain encroaching nobles. It is properly termed the Blessed Bear of Bradwardine (though old Dr. Doubleit used jocosely to call it Ursa Major), and was supposed, in old and Catholic times, to be invested with certain properties of a mystical and supernatural quality. And though I give not in to such *anilia*, it is certain it has always been esteemed a solemn standard cup and heirloom of our house; nor is it ever used but upon seasons of high festival, and such I hold to be the arrival of the heir of Sir Everard under my roof; and I devote this draught to the health and prosperity of the ancient and highly-to-be-honoured house of Waverley."

During this long harangue he carefully decanted a cobwebbed bottle of claret into the goblet, which held nearly an English pint; and at the conclusion, delivering the bottle to the butler, to be held carefully in the same angle with the horizon, he devoutly quaffed off the contents of the Blessed Bear of Bradwardine.

Edward with horror and alarm beheld the animal making his rounds, and thought with great anxiety upon the appropriate motto, "Beware the Bear," but at the same time plainly foresaw that as none of the guests scrupled to do him this extraordinary honour, a refusal on his part to pledge their courtesy would be extremely ill received. Resolving, therefore, to submit to this last piece of tyranny, and then to quit the table if possible, and confid-

ing in the strength of his constitution, he did justice to the company in the contents of the Blessed Bear, and felt less inconvenience from the draught than he could possibly have expected. The others, whose time had been more actively employed, began to show symptoms of innovation, — "the good wine did its good office."[1] The frost of etiquette and pride of birth began to give way before the genial blessings of this benign constellation, and the formal appellatives with which the three dignitaries had hitherto addressed each other were now familiarly abbreviated into Tully, Bally, and Killie. When a few rounds had passed, the two latter, after whispering together, craved permission (a joyful hearing for Edward) to ask the grace-cup. This, after some delay, was at length produced, and Waverley concluded the orgies of Bacchus were terminated for the evening. He was never more mistaken in his life.

As the guests had left their horses at the small inn, or *change-house*, as it was called, of the village, the Baron could not, in politeness, avoid walking with them up the avenue, and Waverley, from the same motive, and to enjoy, after this feverish revel, the cool summer evening, attended the party. But when they arrived at Luckie Macleary's, the lairds of Balmawhapple and Killancureit declared their determination to acknowledge their sense of the hospitality of Tully-Veolan by partaking, with their entertainer and his guest, Captain Waverley, what they technically called *deoch an doruis*, a stirrup-cup to the honour of the Baron's roof-tree.[2]

[1] Southey's Madoc.
[2] Note V. — Stirrup-Cup.

It must be noticed that the Bailie, knowing by experience that the day's jovialty, which had been hitherto sustained at the expense of his patron, might terminate partly at his own, had mounted his spavined gray pony, and, between gaiety of heart and alarm for being hooked into a reckoning, spurred him into a hobbling canter (a trot was out of the question), and had already cleared the village. The others entered the change-house, leading Edward in unresisting submission; for his landlord whispered him that to demur to such an overture would be construed into a high misdemeanour against the *leges conviviales*, or regulations of genial compotation. Widow Macleary seemed to have expected this visit,—as well she might, for it was the usual consummation of merry bouts, not only at Tully-Veolan, but at most other gentlemen's houses in Scotland Sixty Years since. The guests thereby at once acquitted themselves of their burden of gratitude for their entertainer's kindness, encouraged the trade of his change-house, did honour to the place which afforded harbour to their horses, and indemnified themselves for the previous restraints imposed by private hospitality by spending what Falstaff calls the sweet of the night in the genial license of a tavern.

Accordingly, in full expectation of these distinguished guests, Luckie Macleary had swept her house for the first time this fortnight, tempered her turf-fire to such a heat as the season required in her damp hovel even at midsummer, set forth her deal table newly washed, propped its lame foot with a fragment of turf, arranged four or five stools of huge and clumsy form upon the sites which best suited

the inequalities of her clay floor, and having, moreover, put on her clean toy, rokelay, and scarlet plaid, gravely awaited the arrival of the company, in full hope of custom and profit. When they were seated under the sooty rafters of Luckie Macleary's only apartment, thickly tapestried with cobwebs, their hostess, who had already taken her cue from the Laird of Balmawhapple, appeared with a huge pewter measuring-pot, containing at least three English quarts, familiarly denominated "a Tappit Hen," and which, in the language of the hostess, "reamed" (*i. e.*, mantled) with excellent claret just drawn from the cask.

It was soon plain that what crumbs of reason the Bear had not devoured, were to be picked up by the Hen; but the confusion which appeared to prevail favoured Edward's resolution to evade the gayly circling glass. The others began to talk thick and at once, each performing his own part in the conversation, without the least respect to his neighbour. The Baron of Bradwardine sung French *chansons à boire* and spouted pieces of Latin; Killancureit talked, in a steady, unalterable dull key, of top-dressing and bottom-dressing,[1] and year-olds, and gimmers, and dinmonts, and stots, and runts, and kyloes, and a proposed Turnpike Act; while Balmawhapple, in notes exalted above both, extolled his horse, his hawks, and a grayhound called Whistler. In the middle of this din the Baron repeatedly implored silence; and when at length the instinct of polite discipline so far prevailed that for a moment he obtained it, he

[1] This has been censured as an anachronism; and it must be confessed that agriculture of this kind was unknown to the Scotch Sixty Years since.

hastened to beseech their attention "unto a military ariette which was a particular favourite of the Maréchal Duc de Berwick;" then, imitating, as well as he could, the manner and tone of a French mousquetaire, he immediately commenced, —

"Mon cœur volage, dit elle,
N'est pas pour vous, garçon,
Est pour un homme de guerre,
Qui a barbe au menton.
Lon, Lon, Laridon.

"Qui port chapeau à plume,
Soulier à rouge talon,
Qui joue de la flute,
Aussi de violon.
Lon, Lon, Laridon."

Balmawhapple could hold no longer, but broke in with what he called a d—d good song, composed by Gibby Gaethroughwi't, the piper of Cupar; and without wasting more time, struck up,—

"It 's up Glenbarchan's braes I gaed,
And o'er the bent of Killiebraid,
And mony a weary cast I made,
To cuittle the moor-fowl's tail."[1]

The Baron, whose voice was drowned in the louder and more obstreperous strains of Balmawhapple, now dropped the competition, but continued to hum "Lon, Lon, Laridon," and to regard the successful candidate for the attention of the company with an eye of disdain, while Balmawhapple proceeded,—

[1] *Suum cuique.* This snatch of a ballad was composed by Andrew MacDonald, the ingenious and unfortunate author of "Vimonda." (*m*)

"If up a bonnie black-cock should spring,
To whistle him down wi' a slug in his wing,
And strap him on to my lunzie string,
Right seldom would I fail."

After an ineffectual attempt to recover the second verse, he sung the first over again; and in prosecution of his triumph, declared there was more sense in that than in all the *derry-dongs* of France, and Fifeshire to the boot of it. The Baron only answered with a long pinch of snuff and a glance of infinite contempt. But those noble allies, the Bear and the Hen, had emancipated the young laird from the habitual reverence in which he held Bradwardine at other times. He pronounced the claret "shilpit," and demanded brandy with great vociferation. It was brought; and now the Demon of Politics envied even the harmony arising from this Dutch concert, merely because there was not a wrathful note in the strange compound of sounds which it produced. Inspired by her, the Laird of Balmawhapple, now superior to the nods and winks with which the Baron of Bradwardine, in delicacy to Edward, had hitherto checked his entering upon political discussion, demanded a bumper, with the lungs of a Stentor, "to the little gentleman in black velvet who did such service in 1702, and may the white horse break his neck over a mound of his making!"

Edward was not at that moment clear-headed enough to remember that King William's fall, which occasioned his death, was said to be owing to his horse stumbling at a mole-hill, yet felt inclined to take umbrage at a toast which seemed, from the glance of Balmawhapple's eye, to have a peculiar and uncivil reference to the government

which he served. But ere he could interfere, the Baron of Bradwardine had taken up the quarrel. "Sir," he said, "whatever my sentiments, *tanquam privatus*, may be in such matters, I shall not tamely endure your saying anything that may impinge upon the honourable feelings of a gentleman under my roof. Sir, if you have no respect for the laws of urbanity, do ye not respect the military oath, the *sacramentum militare*, by which every officer is bound to the standards under which he is enrolled? Look at Titus Livius, what he says of those Roman soldiers who were so unhappy as *exuere sacramentum*,—to renounce their legionary oath. But you are ignorant, sir, alike of ancient history and modern courtesy."

"Not so ignorant as ye would pronounce me," roared Balmawhapple. "I ken weel that you mean the Solemn League and Covenant; but if a' the Whigs in hell had taken the—"

Here the Baron and Waverley both spoke at once, the former calling out, "Be silent, sir! Ye not only show your ignorance, but disgrace your native country before a stranger and an Englishman;" and Waverley at the same moment entreating Mr. Bradwardine to permit him to reply to an affront which seemed levelled at him personally. But the Baron was exalted by wine, wrath, and scorn above all sublunary considerations.

"I crave you to be hushed, Captain Waverley; you are elsewhere, peradventure, *sui juris*,—forisfamiliated, that is, and entitled, it may be, to think and resent for yourself; but in my domain, in this poor Barony of Bradwardine, and under this roof, which is *quasi* mine, being held by tacit relocation by a tenant at will, I am *in loco parentis*

to you, and bound to see you scathless. And for you, Mr. Falconer of Balmawhapple, I warn ye, let me see no more aberrations from the paths of good manners."

"And I tell you, Mr. Cosmo Comyne Bradwardine, of Bradwardine and Tully-Veolan," retorted the sportsman, in huge disdain, "that I 'll make a moor-cock of the man that refuses my toast, whether it be a crop-eared English Whig wi' a black ribbon at his lug, or ane wha deserts his ain friends to claw favour wi' the rats of Hanover."

In an instant both rapiers were brandished, and some desperate passes exchanged. Balmawhapple was young, stout, and active; but the Baron, infinitely more master of his weapon, would, like Sir Toby Belch, have tickled his opponent other gates than he did, had he not been under the influence of Ursa Major.

Edward rushed forward to interfere between the combatants; but the prostrate bulk of the Laird of Killancureit, over which he stumbled, intercepted his passage. How Killancureit happened to be in this recumbent posture at so interesting a moment, was never accurately known. Some thought he was about to ensconce himself under the table; he himself alleged that he stumbled in the act of lifting a joint-stool, to prevent mischief, by knocking down Balmawhapple. Be that as it may, if readier aid than either his or Waverley's had not interposed, there would certainly have been bloodshed. But the well-known clash of swords, which was no stranger to her dwelling, aroused Luckie Macleary as she sat quietly beyond the hallan, or earthen partition of the cottage, with eyes em-

ployed on Boston's "Crook of the Lot," while her ideas were engaged in summing up the reckoning. She boldly rushed in, with the shrill expostulation, "Wad their honours slay ane another there, and bring discredit on an honest widow-woman's house, when there was a' the lee-land in the country to fight upon?" a remonstrance which she seconded by flinging her plaid with great dexterity over the weapons of the combatants (*n*). The servants by this time rushed in, and being, by great chance, tolerably sober, separated the incensed opponents, with the assistance of Edward and Killancureit. The latter led off Balmawhapple, cursing, swearing, and vowing revenge against every Whig, Presbyterian, and fanatic in England and Scotland, from John-o'-Groat's to the Land's End, and with difficulty got him to horse. Our hero, with the assistance of Saunders Saunderson, escorted the Baron of Bradwardine to his own dwelling, but could not prevail upon him to retire to bed until he had made a long and learned apology for the events of the evening, of which, however, there was not a word intelligible, except something about the Centaurs and the Lapithæ.

CHAPTER XII.

REPENTANCE AND A RECONCILIATION.

WAVERLEY was unaccustomed to the use of wine, excepting with great temperance. He slept therefore soundly till late in the succeeding morning, and then awakened to a painful recollection of the scene of the preceding evening. He had received a personal affront,—he, a gentleman, a soldier, and a Waverley. True, the person who offered it was not, at the time it was given, possessed of the moderate share of sense which nature had allotted him; true also, in resenting this insult, he would break the laws of Heaven as well as of his country; true, in doing so he might take the life of a young man who perhaps respectably discharged the social duties, and render his family miserable; or he might lose his own,—no pleasant alternative even to the bravest, when it is debated coolly and in private.

All this pressed on his mind; yet the original statement recurred with the same irresistible force. He had received a personal insult; he was of the house of Waverley; and he bore a commission. There was no alternative; and he descended to the breakfast parlour with the intention of taking leave of the family and writing to one of his brother officers to meet him at the inn mid-way between Tully-Veolan and the town where they were quar-

tered, in order that he might convey such a message to the Laird of Balmawhapple as the circumstances seemed to demand. He found Miss Bradwardine presiding over the tea and coffee, the table loaded with warm bread, both of flour, oatmeal, and barley-meal, in the shape of loaves, cakes, biscuits, and other varieties, together with eggs, reindeer ham, mutton and beef ditto, smoked salmon, marmalade, and all the other delicacies which induced even Johnson himself to extol the luxury of a Scotch breakfast above that of all other countries (*o*). A mess of oatmeal porridge, flanked by a silver jug, which held an equal mixture of cream and buttermilk, was placed for the Baron's share of this repast; but Rose observed he had walked out early in the morning, after giving orders that his guest should not be disturbed.

Waverley sat down almost in silence, and with an air of absence and abstraction which could not give Miss Bradwardine a favourable opinion of his talents for conversation. He answered at random one or two observations which she ventured to make upon ordinary topics; so that feeling herself almost repulsed in her efforts at entertaining him, and secretly wondering that a scarlet coat should cover no better breeding, she left him to his mental amusement of cursing Dr. Doubleit's favourite constellation of Ursa Major as the cause of all the mischief which had already happened and was likely to ensue. At once he started, and his colour heightened, as, looking towards the window, he beheld the Baron and young Balmawhapple pass arm in arm, apparently in deep conversation; and he hastily asked, "Did Mr. Falconer sleep here last night?" Rose, not much pleased with the abrupt-

ness of the first question which the young stranger had addressed to her, answered dryly in the negative, and the conversation again sunk into silence.

At this moment Mr. Saunderson appeared, with a message from his master requesting to speak with Captain Waverley in another apartment. With a heart which beat a little quicker, not indeed from fear, but from uncertainty and anxiety, Edward obeyed the summons. He found the two gentlemen standing together, an air of complacent dignity on the brow of the Baron, while something like sullenness or shame, or both, blanked the bold visage of Balmawhapple. The former slipped his arm through that of the latter, and thus seeming to walk with him, while in reality he led him, advanced to meet Waverley, and stopping in the midst of the apartment, made in great state the following oration:—

"Captain Waverley, my young and esteemed friend, Mr. Falconer of Balmawhapple, has craved of my age and experience, as of one not wholly unskilled in the dependencies and punctilios of the duello, or monomachia, to be his interlocutor in expressing to you the regret with which he calls to remembrance certain passages of our symposion last night, which could not but be highly displeasing to you, as serving for the time under this present existing government. He craves you, sir, to drown in oblivion the memory of such solecisms against the laws of politeness as being what his better reason disavows, and to receive the hand which he offers you in amity; and I must needs assure you that nothing less than a sense of being *dans son tort*, as a gallant French chevalier, Monsieur Le Bretailleur, once said to me on such an

occasion, and an opinion also of your peculiar merit, could have extorted such concessions; for he and all his family are, and have been, time out of mind, *Mavortia pectora*, as Buchanan saith,—a bold and warlike sept, or people."

Edward immediately, and with natural politeness, accepted the hand which Balmawhapple, or rather the Baron in his character of mediator, extended towards him. It was impossible, he said, for him to remember what a gentleman expressed his wish he had not uttered; and he willingly imputed what had passed to the exuberant festivity of the day.

"That is very handsomely said," answered the Baron; "for undoubtedly if a man be *ebrius*, or intoxicated,—an incident which on solemn and festive occasions may and will take place in the life of a man of honour,—and if the same gentleman, being fresh and sober, recants the contumelies which he hath spoken in his liquor, it must be held *vinum locutum est;* the words cease to be his own. Yet would I not find this exculpation relevant in the case of one who was *ebriosus*, or an habitual drunkard; because if such a person choose to pass the greater part of his time in the predicament of intoxication, he hath no title to be exeemed from the obligations of the code of politeness, but should learn to deport himself peaceably and courteously when under influence of the vinous stimulus. And now let us proceed to breakfast, and think no more of this daft business."

I must confess, whatever inference may be drawn from the circumstance, that Edward, after so satisfactory an explanation, did much greater honour to the delicacies of Miss Bradwardine's breakfast-

table than his commencement had promised. Balmawhapple, on the contrary, seemed embarrassed and dejected; and Waverley now, for the first time, observed that his arm was in a sling, which seemed to account for the awkward and embarrassed manner with which he had presented his hand. To a question from Miss Bradwardine, he muttered, in answer, something about his horse having fallen; and seeming desirous to escape both from the subject and the company, he arose as soon as breakfast was over, made his bow to the party, and declining the Baron's invitation to tarry till after dinner, mounted his horse and returned to his own home.

Waverley now announced his purpose of leaving Tully-Veolan early enough after dinner to gain the stage at which he meant to sleep; but the unaffected and deep mortification with which the good-natured and affectionate old gentleman heard the proposal, quite deprived him of courage to persist in it. No sooner had he gained Waverley's consent to lengthen his visit for a few days than he laboured to remove the grounds upon which he conceived he had meditated a more early retreat. "I would not have you opine, Captain Waverley, that I am by practice or precept an advocate of ebriety, though it may be that in our festivity of last night some of our friends, if not perchance altogether *ebrii*, or drunken, were, to say the least, *ebrioli*,— by which the ancients designed those who were fuddled, or, as your English vernacular and metaphorical phrase goes, half-seas-over. Not that I would so insinuate respecting you, Captain Waverley, who, like a prudent youth, did rather abstain from potation; nor can it be

truly said of myself, who, having assisted at the tables of many great generals and maréchals at their solemn carousals, have the art to carry my wine discreetly, and did not, during the whole evening, as ye must have doubtless observed, exceed the bounds of a modest hilarity."

There was no refusing assent to a proposition so decidedly laid down by him who undoubtedly was the best judge,—although, had Edward formed his opinion from his own recollections, he would have pronounced that the Baron was not only *ebriolus*, but verging to become *ebrius;* or, in plain English, was incomparably the most drunk of the party, except, perhaps, his antagonist the Laird of Balmawhapple. However, having received the expected, or rather the required, compliment on his sobriety, the Baron proceeded: "No, sir, though I am myself of a strong temperament, I abhor ebriety, and detest those who swallow wine *gulæ causa*, for the oblectation of the gullet,—albeit I might deprecate the law of Pittacus of Mitylene, who punished doubly a crime committed under the influence of *Liber Pater;* nor would I utterly accede to the objurgation of the younger Plinius in the fourteenth book of his 'Historia Naturalis.' No, sir, I distinguish, I discriminate, and approve of wine so far only as it maketh glad the face, or, in the language of Flaccus, *recepto amico.*"

Thus terminated the apology which the Baron of Bradwardine thought it necessary to make for the superabundance of his hospitality; and it may be easily believed that he was neither interrupted by dissent nor any expression of incredulity.

He then invited his guest to a morning ride, and ordered that Davie Gellatley should meet them at

the *dern path* with Ban and Buscar. "For until the shooting season commence, I would willingly show you some sport, and we may, God willing, meet with a roe. The roe, Captain Waverley, may be hunted at all times alike; for never being in what is called *pride of grease*, he is also never out of season, though it be a truth that his venison is not equal to that of either the red or fallow deer.[1] But he will serve to show how my dogs run; and therefore they shall attend us with David Gellatley."

Waverley expressed his surprise that his friend Davie was capable of such trust; but the Baron gave him to understand that this poor simpleton was neither fatuous, *nec naturaliter idiota*, as is expressed in the brieves of furiosity, but simply a crack-brained knave who could execute very well any commission which jumped with his own humour, and made his folly a plea for avoiding every other. "He has made an interest with us," continued the Baron, "by saving Rose from a great danger with his own proper peril; and the roguish loon must therefore eat of our bread and drink of our cup, and do what he can, or what he will,—which, if the suspicions of Saunderson and the Bailie are well founded, may perchance in his case be commensurate terms."

Miss Bradwardine then gave Waverley to understand that this poor simpleton was dotingly fond of music, deeply affected by that which was melancholy, and transported into extravagant gayety by light and lively airs. He had in this respect a pro-

[1] The learned in cookery dissent from the Baron of Bradwardine, and hold the roe venison dry and indifferent food, unless when dressed in soup and Scotch collops.

digious memory, stored with miscellaneous snatches and fragments of all tunes and songs, which he sometimes applied, with considerable address, as the vehicles of remonstrance, explanation, or satire. Davie was much attached to the few who showed him kindness, and both aware of any slight or ill usage which he happened to receive, and sufficiently apt, where he saw opportunity, to revenge it. The common people, who often judge hardly of each other, as well as of their betters, although they had expressed great compassion for the poor *innocent* while suffered to wander in rags about the village, no sooner beheld him decently clothed, provided for, and even a sort of favourite, than they called up all the instances of sharpness and ingenuity, in action and repartee, which his annals afforded, and charitably bottomed thereupon a hypothesis that David Gellatley was no farther fool than was necessary to avoid hard labour. This opinion was not better founded than that of the negroes, who from the acute and mischievous pranks of the monkeys suppose that they have the gift of speech, and only suppress their powers of elocution to escape being set to work. But the hypothesis was entirely imaginary; David Gellatley was in good earnest the half-crazed simpleton which he appeared, and was incapable of any constant and steady exertion. He had just so much solidity as kept on the windy side of insanity; so much wild wit as saved him from the imputation of idiocy; some dexterity in field-sports (in which we have known as great fools excel), great kindness and humanity in the treatment of animals intrusted to him, warm affections, a prodigious memory, and an ear for music.

The stamping of horses was now heard in the court, and Davie's voice singing to the two large deer greyhounds,—

"Hie away, hie away,
Over bank and over brae,
Where the copsewood is the greenest,
Where the fountains glisten sheenest,
Where the lady-fern grows strongest,
Where the morning dew lies longest,
Where the blackcock sweetest sips it,
Where the fairy latest trips it;
Hie to haunts right seldom seen,
Lovely, lonesome, cool, and green,
Over bank and over brae,
Hie away, hie away!"

"Do the verses he sings," asked Waverley, "belong to old Scottish poetry, Miss Bradwardine?"

"I believe not," she replied. "This poor creature had a brother, and Heaven, as if to compensate to the family Davie's deficiencies, had given him what the hamlet thought uncommon talents. An uncle contrived to educate him for the Scottish kirk; but he could not get preferment because he came from our *ground*. He returned from college hopeless and broken-hearted, and fell into a decline. My father supported him till his death, which happened before he was nineteen. He played beautifully on the flute, and was supposed to have a great turn for poetry. He was affectionate and compassionate to his brother, who followed him like his shadow, and we think that from him Davie gathered many fragments of songs and music unlike those of this country. But if we ask him where he got such a fragment as he is now singing, he either answers with wild and long fits of laughter, or else breaks into tears of lamentation, but

was never heard to give any explanation, or to mention his brother's name since his death."

"Surely," said Edward, who was readily interested by a tale bordering on the romantic, "surely more might be learned by more particular inquiry."

"Perhaps so," answered Rose; "but my father will not permit any one to practise on his feelings on this subject."

By this time the Baron, with the help of Mr. Saunderson, had indued a pair of jack-boots of large dimensions, and now invited our hero to follow him as he stalked clattering down the ample staircase, tapping each huge balustrade as he passed with the but of his massive horsewhip, and humming, with the air of a *chasseur* of Louis Quatorze,—

"Pour la chasse ordonnée il faut preparer tout,
Ho la ho! Vite! vite debout!"

CHAPTER XIII.

A MORE RATIONAL DAY THAN THE LAST.

THE Baron of Bradwardine, mounted on an active and well-managed horse, and seated on a demi-pique saddle, with deep housings to agree with his livery, was no bad representative of the old school. His light-coloured embroidered coat and superbly barred waistcoat, his brigadier wig, surmounted by a small gold-laced cocked hat, completed his personal costume; but he was attended by two well-mounted servants on horseback, armed with holster-pistols.

In this guise he ambled forth over hill and valley, the admiration of every farmyard which they passed in their progress, till, "low down in a grassy vale," they found David Gellatley leading two very tall deer greyhounds, and presiding over half-a-dozen curs and about as many bare-legged and bare-headed boys, who, to procure the chosen distinction of attending on the chase, had not failed to tickle his ears with the dulcet appellation of "Maister Gellatley," though probably all and each had hooted him on former occasions in the character of "daft Davie." But this is no uncommon strain of flattery to persons in office, nor altogether confined to the bare-legged villagers of Tully-Veolan; it was in fashion Sixty Years since, is now, and will be six hundred

years hence, if this admirable compound of folly and knavery called the world shall be then in existence.

These "gillie-wet-foots,"[1] as they were called, were destined to beat the bushes, which they performed with so much success that after half-an-hour's search a roe was started, coursed, and killed; the Baron following on his white horse, like Earl Percy of yore, and magnanimously flaying and embowelling the slain animal (which, he observed, was called by the French *chasseurs*, *faire la curée*) with his own baronial *couteau de chasse*. After this ceremony he conducted his guest homeward by a pleasant and circuitous route, commanding an extensive prospect of different villages and houses, to each of which Mr. Bradwardine attached some anecdote of history or genealogy, told in language whimsical from prejudice and pedantry, but often respectable for the good sense and honourable feelings which his narrative displayed, and almost always curious, if not valuable, for the information they contained.

The truth is, the ride seemed agreeable to both gentlemen, because they found amusement in each other's conversation, although their characters and habits of thinking were in many respects totally opposite. Edward, we have informed the reader, was warm in his feelings, wild and romantic in his ideas and in his taste of reading, with a strong disposition towards poetry. Mr. Bradwardine was the reverse of all this, and piqued himself upon stalking through life with the same upright, starched, stoical gravity which distinguished his

[1] A bare-footed Highland lad is called a "gillie-wet-foot." *Gillie*, in general, means servant, or attendant.

evening promenade upon the terrace of Tully-Veolan, where for hours together, — the very model of old Hardyknute,—

> "Stately stepped he east the wa',
> And stately stepped he west."

As for literature, he read the classic poets, to be sure, and the Epithalamium of Georgius Buchanan, and Arthur Johnstone's Psalms, of a Sunday; and the Deliciæ Poetarum Scotorum, and Sir David Lindsay's Works, and Barbour's Bruce, and Blind Harry's Wallace, and the Gentle Shepherd, and the Cherry and the Slae. But though he thus far sacrificed his time to the Muses, he would, if the truth must be spoken, have been much better pleased had the pious or sapient apothegms, as well as the historical narratives, which these various works contained, been presented to him in the form of simple prose. And he sometimes could not refrain from expressing contempt of the "vain and unprofitable art of poem-making," in which, he said, "the only one who had excelled in his time was Allan Ramsay, the periwig-maker." [1]

But although Edward and he differed *toto cœlo*, as the Baron would have said, upon this subject, yet they met upon history as on a neutral ground, in which each claimed an interest. The Baron, indeed, only cumbered his memory with matters of fact,—the cold, dry, hard outlines which history delineates. Edward, on the contrary, loved

[1] The Baron ought to have remembered that the joyous Allan literally drew his blood from the house of the noble earl whom he terms, —

> "Dalhousie of an old descent,
> My stoup, my pride, my ornament."

to fill up and round the sketch with the colouring of a warm and vivid imagination, which gives light and life to the actors and speakers in the drama of past ages. Yet with tastes so opposite, they contributed greatly to each other's amusement. Mr. Bradwardine's minute narratives and powerful memory supplied to Waverley fresh subjects of the kind upon which his fancy loved to labour, and opened to him a new mine of incident and of character; and he repaid the pleasure thus communicated, by an earnest attention, valuable to all story-tellers, more especially to the Baron, who felt his habits of self-respect flattered by it, and sometimes also by reciprocal communications, which interested Mr. Bradwardine, as confirming or illustrating his own favourite anecdotes. Besides, Mr. Bradwardine loved to talk of the scenes of his youth, which had been spent in camps and foreign lands, and had many interesting particulars to tell of the generals under whom he had served, and the actions he had witnessed.

Both parties returned to Tully-Veolan in great good-humour with each other: Waverley desirous of studying more attentively what he considered as a singular and interesting character, gifted with a memory containing a curious register of ancient and modern anecdotes; and Bradwardine disposed to regard Edward as *puer* (or rather *juvenis*) *bonæ spei et magnæ indolis*,— a youth devoid of that petulant volatility which is impatient of, or vilipends, the conversation and advice of his seniors, from which he predicted great things of his future success and deportment in life. There was no other guest except Mr. Rubrick, whose information and discourse, as a clergyman and a scholar, har-

monized very well with that of the Baron and his guest.

Shortly after dinner, the Baron, as if to show that his temperance was not entirely theoretical, proposed a visit to Rose's apartment, or, as he termed it, her "troisième étage." Waverley was accordingly conducted through one or two of those long, awkward passages with which ancient architects studied to puzzle the inhabitants of the houses which they planned, at the end of which Mr. Bradwardine began to ascend, by two steps at once, a very steep, narrow, and winding stair, leaving Mr. Rubrick and Waverley to follow at more leisure, while he should announce their approach to his daughter.

After having climbed this perpendicular corkscrew until their brains were almost giddy, they arrived in a little matted lobby, which served as an ante-room to Rose's *sanctum sanctorum*, and through which they entered her parlour. It was a small, but pleasant apartment, opening to the south, and hung with tapestry, adorned besides with two pictures,— one of her mother, in the dress of a shepherdess, with a bell-hoop; the other of the Baron, in his tenth year, in a blue coat, embroidered waistcoat, laced hat, and bag-wig, with a bow in his hand. Edward could not help smiling at the costume, and at the odd resemblance between the round, smooth, red-cheeked, staring visage in the portrait, and the gaunt, bearded, hollow-eyed, swarthy features which travelling, fatigues of war, and advanced age had bestowed on the original. The Baron joined in the laugh. "Truly," he said, "that picture was a woman's fantasy of my good mother's (a daughter of the

Laird of Tulliellum, Captain Waverley; I indicated the house to you when we were on the top of the Shinnyheuch: it was burnt by the Dutch auxiliaries brought in by the Government in 1715); I never sat for my pourtraicture but once since that was painted, and it was at the special and reiterated request of the Maréchal Duke of Berwick."

The good old gentleman did not mention what Mr. Rubrick afterwards told Edward, that the duke had done him this honour on account of his being the first to mount the breach of a fort in Savoy during the memorable campaign of 1709, and his having there defended himself with his half-pike for nearly ten minutes before any support reached him. To do the Baron justice, although sufficiently prone to dwell upon, and even to exaggerate, his family dignity and consequence, he was too much a man of real courage ever to allude to such personal acts of merit as he had himself manifested.

Miss Rose now appeared from the interior room of her apartment to welcome her father and his friends. The little labours in which she had been employed, obviously showed a natural taste which required only cultivation. Her father had taught her French and Italian, and a few of the ordinary authors in those languages ornamented her shelves. He had endeavoured also to be her preceptor in music; but as he began with the more abstruse doctrines of the science, and was not, perhaps, master of them himself, she had made no proficiency farther than to be able to accompany her voice with the harpsichord,— but even this was not very common in Scotland at that period. To

make amends, she sung with great taste and feeling, and with a respect to the sense of what she uttered that might be proposed in example to ladies of much superior musical talent. Her natural good sense taught her that if, as we are assured by high authority, music be "married to immortal verse," they are very often divorced by the performer in a most shameful manner. It was perhaps owing to this sensibility to poetry, and power of combining its expression with those of the musical notes, that her singing gave more pleasure to all the unlearned in music, and even to many of the learned, than could have been communicated by a much finer voice and more brilliant execution, unguided by the same delicacy of feeling.

A bartizan, or projecting gallery, before the windows of her parlour, served to illustrate another of Rose's pursuits; for it was crowded with flowers of different kinds, which she had taken under her special protection. A projecting turret gave access to this Gothic balcony, which commanded a most beautiful prospect. The formal garden, with its high bounding walls, lay below, contracted, as it seemed, to a mere parterre; while the view extended beyond them down a wooded glen, where the small river was sometimes visible, sometimes hidden in copse. The eye might be delayed by a desire to rest on the rocks, which here and there rose from the dell with massive or spiry fronts, or it might dwell on the noble, though ruined tower, which was here beheld, in all its dignity, frowning from a promontory over the river. To the left were seen two or three cottages,—a part of the village; the brow of the hill concealed the others.

The glen, or dell, was terminated by a sheet of water called Loch Veolan, into which the brook discharged itself, and which now glistened in the western sun. The distant country seemed open and varied in surface, though not wooded; and there was nothing to interrupt the view until the scene was bounded by a ridge of distant and blue hills, which formed the southern boundary of the strath or valley. To this pleasant station Miss Bradwardine had ordered coffee.

The view of the old tower, or fortalice, introduced some family anecdotes and tales of Scottish chivalry, which the Baron told with great enthusiasm. The projecting peak of an impending crag which rose near it had acquired the name of St. Swithin's Chair. It was the scene of a peculiar superstition, of which Mr. Rubrick mentioned some curious particulars, which reminded Waverley of a rhyme quoted by Edgar in "King Lear;" (*p*) and Rose was called upon to sing a little legend, in which they had been interwoven by some village poet,

> "Who, noteless as the race from which he sprung,
> Saved others' names, but left his own unsung."

The sweetness of her voice and the simple beauty of her music gave all the advantage which the minstrel could have desired, and which his poetry so much wanted. I almost doubt if it can be read with patience, destitute of these advantages; although I conjecture the following copy to have been somewhat corrected by Waverley, to suit the taste of those who might not relish pure antiquity.

ST. SWITHIN'S CHAIR.

On Hallow-mass Eve, ere ye boune ye to rest,
Ever beware that your couch be blessed;
Sign it with cross, and sain it with bead,
Sing the Ave, and say the Creed.

For on Hallow-mass Eve the Night-Hag will ride,
And all her nine-fold sweeping on by her side,
Whether the wind sing lowly or loud,
Sailing through moonshine or swathed in the cloud.

The Lady she sat in St. Swithin's Chair:
The dew of the night has damped her hair:
Her cheek was pale; but resolved and high
Was the word of her lip and the glance of her eye.

She muttered the spell of Swithin bold
When his naked foot traced the midnight wold,
When he stopped the Hag as she rode the night,
And bade her descend, and her promise plight.

He that dare sit on St. Swithin's Chair
When the Night-Hag wings the troubled air,
Questions three, when he speaks the spell,
He may ask, and she must tell.

The Baron has been with King Robert his liege
These three long years in battle and siege;
News are there none of his weal or his woe,
And fain the Lady his fate would know.

She shudders and stops as the charm she speaks:
Is it the moody owl that shrieks?
Or is it that sound, betwixt laughter and scream,
The voice of the Demon who haunts the stream?

The moan of the wind sunk silent and low,
And the roaring torrent has ceased to flow;
The calm was more dreadful than raging storm,
When the cold gray mist brought the ghastly Form!

. . . . . .

"I am sorry to disappoint the company, especially Captain Waverley, who listens with such laudable gravity; it is but a fragment, although I think there are other verses, describing the return of the baron from the wars, and how the lady was found 'clay-cold upon the grounsill ledge.'"

"It is one of those figments," observed Mr. Bradwardine, "with which the early history of distinguished families was deformed in the times of superstition,—as that of Rome, and other ancient nations, had their prodigies, sir, the which you may read in ancient histories, or in the little work compiled by Julius Obsequens, and inscribed by the learned Scheffer, the editor, to his patron, Benedictus Skytte, Baron of Dudershoff."

"My father has a strange defiance of the marvellous, Captain Waverley," observed Rose, "and once stood firm when a whole synod of Presbyterian divines were put to the rout by a sudden apparition of the foul fiend."

Waverley looked as if desirous to hear more.

"Must I tell my story as well as sing my song? Well, once upon a time there lived an old woman, called Janet Gellatley, who was suspected to be a witch, on the infallible grounds that she was very old, very ugly, very poor, and had two sons, one of whom was a poet, and the other a fool, which visitation, all the neighbourhood agreed, had come upon her for the sin of witchcraft. And she was imprisoned for a week in the steeple of the parish church, and sparely supplied with food, and not permitted to sleep until she herself became as much persuaded of her being a witch as her accusers; and in this lucid and happy state of mind was brought forth to make a clean breast, that is,

to make open confession of her sorceries, before all the Whig gentry and ministers in the vicinity, who were no conjurers themselves. My father went to see fair play between the witch and the clergy, for the witch had been born on his estate. And while the witch was confessing that the Enemy appeared, and made his addresses to her as a handsome black man,—which, if you could have seen poor old blear-eyed Janet, reflected little honour on Apollyon's taste,—and while the auditors listened with astonished ears, and the clerk recorded with a trembling hand, she all of a sudden changed the low, mumbling tone with which she spoke, into a shrill yell, and exclaimed, 'Look to yourselves! look to yourselves! I see the Evil One sitting in the midst of ye.' The surprise was general, and terror and flight its immediate consequences. Happy were those who were next the door; and many were the disasters that befell hats, bands, cuffs, and wigs before they could get out of the church, where they left the obstinate prelatist to settle matters with the witch and her admirer, at his own peril or pleasure."

"*Risu solvuntur tabulæ,*" said the Baron; "when they recovered their panic trepidation, they were too much ashamed to bring any wakening of the process against Janet Gellatley."[1]

This anecdote led into a long discussion of—

[1] The story last told was said to have happened in the south of Scotland; but, *cedant arma togæ*, and let the gown have its dues. It was an old clergyman who had wisdom and firmness enough to resist the panic which seized his brethren, who was the means of rescuing a poor insane creature from the cruel fate which would otherwise have overtaken her. The accounts of the trials for witchcraft form one of the most deplorable chapters in Scottish story.

> "All those idle thoughts and fantasies,
> Devices, dreams, opinions unsound,
> Shows, visions, soothsays, and prophecies,
> And all that feigned is, as leasings, tales, and lies."

With such conversation, and the romantic legends which it introduced, closed our hero's second evening in the house of Tully-Veolan.

CHAPTER XIV.

A DISCOVERY. — WAVERLEY BECOMES DOMESTICATED AT TULLY-VEOLAN.

THE next day Edward arose betimes, and in a morning walk around the house and its vicinity, came suddenly upon a small court in front of the dog-kennel, where his friend Davie was employed about his four-footed charge. One quick glance of his eye recognized Waverley, when, instantly turning his back, as if he had not observed him, he began to sing part of an old ballad: —

"Young men will love thee more fair and more fast
(*Heard ye so merry the little bird sing?*);
Old men's love the longest will last
(*And the throstle-cock's head is under his wing*).

"The young man's wrath is like light straw on fire
(*Heard ye so merry the little bird sing?*);
But like red-hot steel is the old man's ire
(*And the throstle-cock's head is under his wing*).

"The young man will brawl at the evening board
(*Heard ye so merry the little bird sing?*);
But the old man will draw at the dawning the sword
(*And the throstle-cock's head is under his wing*)."

Waverley could not avoid observing that Davie laid something like a satirical emphasis on these lines. He therefore approached, and endeavoured, by sundry queries, to elicit from him what the in-

nuendo might mean; but Davie had no mind to explain, and had wit enough to make his folly cloak his knavery. Edward could collect nothing from him excepting that the Laird of Balmawhapple had gone home yesterday morning "wi' his boots fu' o' bluid." In the garden, however, he met the old butler, who no longer attempted to conceal that, having been bred in the nursery line with Sumack & Co. of Newcastle, he sometimes wrought a turn in the flower-borders to oblige the laird and Miss Rose. By a series of queries, Edward at length discovered, with a painful feeling of surprise and shame, that Balmawhapple's submission and apology had been the consequence of a *rencontre* with the Baron before his guest had quitted his pillow, in which the younger combatant had been disarmed and wounded in the sword-arm.

Greatly mortified at this information, Edward sought out his friendly host, and anxiously expostulated with him upon the injustice he had done him in anticipating his meeting with Mr. Falconer, — a circumstance which, considering his youth and the profession of arms which he had just adopted, was capable of being represented much to his prejudice. The Baron justified himself at greater length than I choose to repeat. He urged that the quarrel was common to them, and that Balmawhapple could not, by the code of honour, *evite* giving satisfaction to both, which he had done in his case by an honourable meeting, and in that of Edward by such a *palinode* as rendered the use of the sword unnecessary, and which, being made and accepted, must necessarily *sopite* the whole affair.

With this excuse, or explanation, Waverley was silenced, if not satisfied; but he could not help testifying some displeasure against the Blessed Bear, which had given rise to the quarrel, nor refrain from hinting that the sanctified epithet was hardly appropriate. The Baron observed, he could not deny that the Bear, though allowed by heralds as a most honourable ordinary, had, nevertheless, somewhat fierce, churlish, and morose in his disposition (as might be read in Archibald Simson, pastor of Dalkeith's "Hieroglyphica Animalium"), and had thus been the type of many quarrels and dissensions which had occurred in the house of Bradwardine; "of which," he continued, "I might commemorate mine own unfortunate dissension with my third cousin by the mother's side, Sir Hew Halbert, who was so unthinking as to deride my family name as if it had been *quasi Bear-Warden*, —a most uncivil jest, since it not only insinuated that the founder of our house occupied such a mean situation as to be a custodier of wild beasts (a charge which, ye must have observed, is only intrusted to the very basest plebeians), but, moreover, seemed to infer that our coat-armour had not been achieved by honourable actions in war, but bestowed by way of *paranomasia*, or pun, upon our family appellation,—a sort of bearing which the French call *armoires parlantes*, the Latins *arma cantantia*, and your English authorities, 'canting heraldry;' being, indeed, a species of emblazoning more befitting canters, gaberlunzies, and such like mendicants, whose gibberish is formed upon playing upon the word, than the noble, honourable, and useful science of heraldry, which assigns armorial bearings as the reward of noble

and generous actions, and not to tickle the ear with vain quodlibets such as are found in jest-books."[1] Of his quarrel with Sir Hew he said nothing more, than that it was settled in a fitting manner.

Having been so minute with respect to the diversions of Tully-Veolan on the first days of Edward's arrival, for the purpose of introducing its inmates to the reader's acquaintance, it becomes less necessary to trace the progress of his intercourse with the same accuracy. It is probable that a young man, accustomed to more cheerful society, would have tired of the conversation of so violent an assertor of the "boast of heraldry" as the Baron; but Edward found an agreeable variety in that of Miss Bradwardine, who listened with eagerness to his remarks upon literature, and showed great justness of taste in her answers. The sweetness of her disposition had made her submit with complacency, and even pleasure, to the course of reading prescribed by her father, although it not only comprehended several heavy folios of history, but certain gigantic tomes in High-Church polemics. In heraldry he was fortunately contented to give her only such a slight tincture as might be acquired by perusal of the

[1] Although "canting heraldry" is generally reprobated, it seems nevertheless to have been adopted in the arms and mottoes of many honourable families. Thus the motto of the Vernons, "Ver non semper viret," is a perfect pun, and so is that of the Onslows, "Festina lente." The "Periissem ni per-iissem" of the Anstruthers is liable to a similar objection. One of that ancient race, finding that an antagonist, with whom he had fixed a friendly meeting, was determined to take the opportunity of assassinating him, prevented the hazard by dashing out his brains with a battle-axe. Two sturdy arms, brandishing such a weapon, form the usual crest of the family, with the above motto, "Periissem ni per-iissem" (I had died, unless I had gone through with it).

Waverley and Rose Bradwardine.

Painted by Robert Herdman, R. S. A. Etched by Ben. Damman.

two folio volumes of Nisbet. Rose was indeed the very apple of her father's eye. Her constant liveliness, her attention to all those little observances most gratifying to those who would never think of exacting them, her beauty, in which he recalled the features of his beloved wife, her unfeigned piety, and the noble generosity of her disposition, would have justified the affection of the most doting father.

His anxiety on her behalf did not, however, seem to extend itself in that quarter where, according to the general opinion, it is most efficiently displayed, — in labouring, namely, to establish her in life, either by a large dowry or a wealthy marriage. By an old settlement, almost all the landed estates of the Baron went, after his death, to a distant relation; and it was supposed that Miss Bradwardine would remain but slenderly provided for, as the good gentleman's cash matters had been too long under the exclusive charge of Bailie Macwheeble to admit of any great expectations from his personal succession. It is true, the said bailie loved his patron and his patron's daughter next (though at an incomparable distance) to himself. He thought it was possible to set aside the settlement on the male line, and had actually procured an opinion to that effect (and, as he boasted, without a fee) from an eminent Scottish counsel, under whose notice he contrived to bring the point while consulting him regularly on some other business. But the Baron would not listen to such a proposal for an instant. On the contrary, he used to have a perverse pleasure in boasting that the barony of Bradwardine was a male fief, the first charter having been given at that early period

when women were not deemed capable to hold a feudal grant; because, according to *Les coustusmes de Normandie, c'est l'homme ki se bast et ki conseille,* or, as is yet more ungallantly expressed by other authorities, all of whose barbarous names he delighted to quote at full length, because a woman could not serve the superior, or feudal lord, in war, on account of the decorum of her sex, nor assist him with advice, because of her limited intellect, nor keep his counsel, owing to the infirmity of her disposition. He would triumphantly ask how it would become a female, and that female a Bradwardine, to be seen employed *in servitio exuendi, seu detrahendi, caligas regis post battaliam?* that is, in pulling off the king's boots after an engagement, which was the feudal service by which he held the barony of Bradwardine. "No," he said, "beyond hesitation, *procul dubio,* many females, as worthy as Rose, had been excluded, in order to make way for my own succession, and Heaven forbid that I should do aught that might contravene the destination of my forefathers, or impinge upon the right of my kinsman, Malcolm Bradwardine of Inchgrabbit, an honourable, though decayed branch of my own family."

The bailie, as prime minister, having received this decisive communication from his sovereign, durst not press his own opinion any farther, but contented himself with deploring, on all suitable occasions, to Saunderson, the minister of the interior, the laird's self-willedness, and with laying plans for uniting Rose with the young Laird of Balmawhapple, who had a fine estate, only moderately burdened, and was a faultless young gentleman, being as sober as a saint, if you keep brandy

from him, and him from brandy, and who, in brief, had no imperfection but that of keeping light company at a time,—such as Jinker the horse-couper, and Gibby Gaethroughwi't, the piper o' Cupar; " o' whilk follies, Mr. Saunderson, he 'll mend, he 'll mend," pronounced the bailie.

" Like sour ale in simmer," added Davie Gellatley, who happened to be nearer the conclave than they were aware of.

Miss Bradwardine, such as we have described her, with all the simplicity and curiosity of a recluse, attached herself to the opportunities of increasing her store of literature which Edward's visit afforded her. He sent for some of his books from his quarters, and they opened to her sources of delight of which she had hitherto had no idea. The best English poets, of every description, and other works on belles-lettres, made a part of this precious cargo. Her music, even her flowers, were neglected, and Saunders not only mourned over, but began to mutiny against the labour for which he now scarce received thanks. These new pleasures became gradually enhanced by sharing them with one of a kindred taste. Edward's readiness to comment, to recite, to explain difficult passages, rendered his assistance invaluable; and the wild romance of his spirit delighted a character too young and inexperienced to observe its deficiencies. Upon subjects which interested him, and when quite at ease, he possessed that flow of natural, and somewhat florid eloquence which has been supposed as powerful even as figure, fashion, fame, or fortune, in winning the female heart. There was, therefore, an increasing danger, in this constant intercourse, to poor Rose's peace of mind,

which was the more imminent as her father was greatly too much abstracted in his studies, and wrapped up in his own dignity, to dream of his daughter's incurring it. The daughters of the house of Bradwardine were, in his opinion, like those of the house of Bourbon or Austria, placed high above the clouds of passion which might obfuscate the intellects of meaner females; they moved in another sphere, were governed by other feelings, and amenable to other rules, than those of idle and fantastic affection. In short, he shut his eyes so resolutely to the natural consequences of Edward's intimacy with Miss Bradwardine that the whole neighbourhood concluded that he had opened them to the advantages of a match between his daughter and the wealthy young Englishman, and pronounced him much less a fool than he had generally shown himself in cases where his own interest was concerned.

If the Baron, however, had really meditated such an alliance, the indifference of Waverley would have been an insuperable bar to his project. Our hero, since mixing more freely with the world, had learned to think with great shame and confusion upon his mental legend of Saint Cecilia; and the vexation of these reflections was likely, for some time at least, to counterbalance the natural susceptibility of his disposition. Besides, Rose Bradwardine, beautiful and amiable as we have described her, had not precisely the sort of beauty or merit which captivates a romantic imagination in early youth. She was too frank, too confiding, too kind, — amiable qualities, undoubtedly, but destructive of the marvellous, with which a youth of imagination delights to dress the empress of his

affections. Was it possible to bow, to tremble, and to adore before the timid, yet playful little girl who now asked Edward to mend her pen, now to construe a stanza in Tasso, and now how to spell a very, very long word in her version of it? All these incidents have their fascination on the mind at a certain period of life, but not when a youth is entering it, and rather looking out for some object whose affection may dignify him in his own eyes, than stooping to one who looks up to him for such distinction. Hence, though there can be no rule in so capricious a passion, early love is frequently ambitious in choosing its object; or, which comes to the same, selects her (as in the case of Saint Cecilia aforesaid) from a situation that gives fair scope for *le beau idéal*, which the reality of intimate and familiar life rather tends to limit and impair. I knew a very accomplished and sensible young man cured of a violent passion for a pretty woman, whose talents were not equal to her face and figure, by being permitted to bear her company for a whole afternoon. Thus, it is certain that had Edward enjoyed such an opportunity of conversing with Miss Stubbs, Aunt Rachel's precaution would have been unnecessary, for he would as soon have fallen in love with the dairy-maid. And although Miss Bradwardine was a very different character, it seems probable that the very intimacy of their intercourse prevented his feeling for her other sentiments than those of a brother for an amiable and accomplished sister; while the sentiments of poor Rose were gradually, and without her being conscious, assuming a shade of warmer affection.

I ought to have said that Edward, when he sent

to Dundee for the books before mentioned, had applied for and received permission, extending his leave of absence. But the letter of his commanding officer contained a friendly recommendation to him not to spend his time exclusively with persons who, estimable as they might be in a general sense, could not be supposed well affected to a government which they declined to acknowledge by taking the oath of allegiance. The letter further insinuated, though with great delicacy, that although some family connections might be supposed to render it necessary for Captain Waverley to communicate with gentlemen who were in this unpleasant state of suspicion, yet his father's situation and wishes ought to prevent his prolonging those attentions into exclusive intimacy. And it was intimated that while his political principles were endangered by communicating with laymen of this description, he might also receive erroneous impressions in religion from the prelatic clergy, who so perversely laboured to set up the royal prerogative in things sacred.

This last insinuation probably induced Waverley to set both down to the prejudices of his commanding officer. He was sensible that Mr. Bradwardine had acted with the most scrupulous delicacy in never entering upon any discussion that had the most remote tendency to bias his mind in political opinions, although he was himself not only a decided partisan of the exiled family, but had been trusted at different times with important commissions for their service. Sensible, therefore, that there was no risk of his being perverted from his allegiance, Edward felt as if he should do his uncle's old friend injustice in re-

moving from a house where he gave and received pleasure and amusement, merely to gratify a prejudiced and ill-judged suspicion. He therefore wrote a very general answer, assuring his commanding officer that his loyalty was not in the most distant danger of contamination, and continued an honoured guest and inmate of the house of Tully-Veolan.

CHAPTER XV.

A CREAGH,[1] AND ITS CONSEQUENCES.

WHEN Edward had been a guest at Tully-Veolan nearly six weeks, he descried, one morning as he took his usual walk before the breakfast-hour, signs of uncommon perturbation in the family. Four bare-legged dairy-maids, with each an empty milk-pail in her hand, ran about with frantic gestures, and uttering loud exclamations of surprise, grief, and resentment. From their appearance, a pagan might have conceived them a detachment of the celebrated Belides, (*q*) just come from their baleing penance. As nothing was to be got from this distracted chorus, excepting "Lord guide us!" and "Eh, sirs!" ejaculations which threw no light upon the cause of their dismay, Waverley repaired to the fore-court, as it was called, where he beheld Bailie Macwheeble cantering his white pony down the avenue with all the speed it could muster. He had arrived, it would seem, upon a hasty summons, and was followed by half a score of peasants from the village, who had no great difficulty in keeping pace with him.

The bailie, greatly too busy, and too important, to enter into explanations with Edward, summoned

[1] A *creagh* was an incursion for plunder, termed on the Borders a "raid."

forth Mr. Saunderson, who appeared with a countenance in which dismay was mingled with solemnity, and they immediately entered into close conference. Davie Gellatley was also seen in the group, idle as Diogenes at Sinope while his countrymen were preparing for a siege. His spirits always rose with anything, good or bad, which occasioned tumult, and he continued frisking, hopping, dancing, and singing the burden of an old ballad,—

"Our gear's a' gane,"

until, happening to pass too near the bailie, he received an admonitory hint from his horse-whip, which converted his songs into lamentation.

Passing from thence towards the garden, Waverley beheld the Baron in person, measuring and re-measuring, with swift and tremendous strides, the length of the terrace, his countenance clouded with offended pride and indignation, and the whole of his demeanour such as seemed to indicate that any inquiry concerning the cause of his discomposure would give pain at least, if not offence. Waverley therefore glided into the house without addressing him, and took his way to the breakfast-parlour, where he found his young friend Rose, who, though she neither exhibited the resentment of her father, the turbid importance of Bailie Macwheeble, nor the despair of the handmaidens, seemed vexed and thoughtful. A single word explained the mystery. "Your breakfast will be a disturbed one, Captain Waverley. A party of caterans have come down upon us last night and have driven off all our milch cows."

"A party of caterans?"

"Yes, — robbers from the neighbouring Highlands. We used to be quite free from them while we paid blackmail to Fergus Mac-Ivor Vich Ian Vohr; but my father thought it unworthy of his rank and birth to pay it any longer, and so this disaster has happened. It is not the value of the cattle, Captain Waverley, that vexes me, but my father is so much hurt at the affront, and is so bold and hot, that I fear he will try to recover them by the strong hand; and if he is not hurt himself, he will hurt some of these wild people, and then there will be no peace between them and us perhaps for our lifetime; and we cannot defend ourselves as in old times, for the government have taken all our arms, and my dear father is so rash. Oh, what will become of us!" Here poor Rose lost heart altogether, and burst into a flood of tears.

The Baron entered at this moment and rebuked her with more asperity than Waverley had ever heard him use to any one. Was it not a shame, he said, that she should exhibit herself before any gentleman in such a light, as if she shed tears for a drove of horned nolt and milch kine like the daughter of a Cheshire yeoman? "Captain Waverley, I must request your favourable construction of her grief, which may or ought to proceed solely from seeing her father's estate exposed to spulzie and depredation from common thieves and sornars,[1] while we are not allowed to keep half a score of muskets, whether for defence or rescue."

Bailie Macwheeble entered immediately afterwards, and by his report of arms and ammunition

[1] "Sornars" may be translated sturdy beggars, more especially indicating those unwelcome visitors who exact lodgings and victuals by force, or something approaching to it.

confirmed this statement, informing the Baron, in a melancholy voice, that though the people would certainly obey his honour's orders, yet there was no chance of their following the gear to ony guid purpose, in respect there were only his honour's body servants who had swords and pistols, and the depredators were twelve Highlanders, completely armed after the manner of their country. Having delivered this doleful annunciation, he assumed a posture of silent dejection, shaking his head slowly with the motion of a pendulum when it is ceasing to vibrate, and then remained stationary, his body stooping at a more acute angle than usual, and the latter part of his person projecting in proportion.

The Baron, meanwhile, paced the room in silent indignation; and at length, fixing his eye upon an old portrait, whose person was clad in armour, and whose features glared grimly out of a huge bush of hair, part of which descended from his head to his shoulders, and part from his chin and upper-lip to his breast-plate,—"That gentleman, Captain Waverley, my grandsire," he said, "with two hundred horse, whom he levied within his own bounds, discomfited and put to the rout more than five hundred of these Highland reivers, who have been ever *lapis offensionis, et petra scandali*, a stumbling-block and a rock of offence to the Lowland vicinage,—he discomfited them, I say, when they had the temerity to descend to harry this country, in the time of the civil dissensions, in the year of grace sixteen hundred forty and two. And now, sir, I, his grandson, am thus used at such unworthy hands!"

Here there was an awful pause; after which all the company, as is usual in cases of difficulty, began to give separate and inconsistent counsel

Alexander ab Alexandro proposed they should send some one to compound with the caterans, who would readily, he said, give up their prey for a dollar a-head. The bailie opined that this transaction would amount to theft-boot, or composition of felony; and he recommended that some *canny hand* should be sent up to the glens to make the best bargain he could, as it were for himself, so that the laird might not be seen in such a transaction. Edward proposed to send off to the nearest garrison for a party of soldiers and a magistrate's warrant; and Rose, as far as she dared, endeavoured to insinuate the course of paying the arrears of tribute money to Fergus Mac-Ivor Vich Ian Vohr, who, they all knew, could easily procure restoration of the cattle, if he were properly propitiated.

None of these proposals met the Baron's approbation. The idea of composition, direct or implied, was absolutely ignominious; that of Waverley only showed that he did not understand the state of the country and of the political parties which divided it; and, standing matters as they did with Fergus Mac-Ivor Vich Ian Vohr, the Baron would make no concession to him, were it, he said, "to procure restitution *in integrum* of every stirk and stot that the chief, his forefathers and his clan, had stolen since the days of Malcolm Canmore."

In fact, his voice was still for war, and he proposed to send expresses to Balmawhapple, Killancureit, Tulliellum, and other lairds, who were exposed to similar depredations, inviting them to join in the pursuit; "and then, sir, shall these *nebulones nequissimi*, as Leslæus calls them, be brought to the fate of their predecessor, Cacus,—

"'Elisos oculos, et siccum sanguine guttur.'"

The bailie, who by no means relished these warlike counsels, here pulled forth an immense watch, of the colour and nearly of the size of a pewter warming-pan, and observed it was now past noon, and that the caterans had been seen in the pass of Ballybrough soon after sunrise; so that before the allied forces could assemble, they and their prey would be far beyond the reach of the most active pursuit, and sheltered in those pathless deserts where it was neither advisable to follow, nor indeed possible to trace them.

This proposition was undeniable. The council therefore broke up without coming to any conclusion, as has occurred to councils of more importance; only it was determined that the bailie should send his own three milk cows down to the Mains for the use of the Baron's family, and brew small ale, as a substitute for milk, in his own. To this arrangement, which was suggested by Saunderson, the bailie readily assented, both from habitual deference to the family, and an internal consciousness that his courtesy would, in some mode or other, be repaid tenfold.

The Baron having also retired to give some necessary directions, Waverley seized the opportunity to ask whether this Fergus, with the unpronounceable name, was the chief thief-taker of the district?

"Thief-taker!" answered Rose, laughing, "he is a gentleman of great honour and consequence, the chieftain of an independent branch of a powerful Highland clan, and is much respected, both for his own power and that of his kith, kin, and allies."

"And what has he to do with the thieves, then?

Is he a magistrate, or in the commission of the peace?" asked Waverley.

"The commission of war rather, if there be such a thing," said Rose; "for he is a very unquiet neighbour to his un-friends, and keeps a greater *following* on foot than many that have thrice his estate. As to his connection with the thieves, that I cannot well explain; but the boldest of them will never steal a hoof from any one that pays blackmail to Vich Ian Vohr."

"And what is blackmail?"

"A sort of protection-money that Low-country gentlemen and heritors, lying near the Highlands, pay to some Highland chief, that he may neither do them harm himself, nor suffer it to be done to them by others; and then if your cattle are stolen, you have only to send him word, and he will recover them, or, it may be, he will drive away cows from some distant place, where he has a quarrel, and give them to you to make up your loss."

"And is this sort of Highland Jonathan Wild admitted into society and called a gentleman?"

"So much so," said Rose, "that the quarrel between my father and Fergus Mac-Ivor began at a county meeting, where he wanted to take precedence of all the Lowland gentlemen then present, only my father would not suffer it. And then he upbraided my father that he was under his banner and paid him tribute; and my father was in a towering passion, for Bailie Macwheeble, who manages such things his own way, had contrived to keep this blackmail a secret from him, and passed it in his account for cess-money. And they would have fought; but Fergus Mac-Ivor said, very gallantly, he would never raise his hand against a

gray head that was so much respected as my father's. Oh, I wish, I wish they had continued friends!"

"And did you ever see this Mr. Mac-Ivor, if that be his name, Miss Bradwardine?"

"No, that is not his name; and he would consider *master* as a sort of affront, only that you are an Englishman, and know no better. But the Lowlanders call him, like other gentlemen, by the name of his estate, Glennaquoich; and the Highlanders call him Vich Ian Vohr,—that is, the son of John the Great; and we upon the braes here call him by both names indifferently."

"I am afraid I shall never bring my English tongue to call him by either one or other."

"But he is a very polite, handsome man," continued Rose, "and his sister Flora is one of the most beautiful and accomplished young ladies in this country; she was bred in a convent in France, and was a great friend of mine before this unhappy dispute. Dear Captain Waverley, try your influence with my father to make matters up. I am sure this is but the beginning of our troubles; for Tully-Veolan has never been a safe or quiet residence when we have been at feud with the Highlanders. When I was a girl about ten, there was a skirmish fought between a party of twenty of them, and my father and his servants, behind the Mains; and the bullets broke several panes in the north windows, they were so near. Three of the Highlanders were killed, and they brought them in wrapped in their plaids, and laid them on the stone floor of the hall; and next morning their wives and daughters came, clapping their hands and crying the coronach, and shrieking, and car-

ried away the dead bodies, with the pipes playing before them. I could not sleep for six weeks without starting, and thinking I heard these terrible cries, and saw the bodies lying on the steps, all stiff and swathed up in their bloody tartans. But since that time there came a party from the garrison at Stirling, with a warrant from the Lord Justice Clerk, or some such great man, and took away all our arms; and now, how are we to protect ourselves if they come down in any strength?"

Waverley could not help starting at a story which bore so much resemblance to one of his own day-dreams. Here was a girl scarce seventeen, the gentlest of her sex both in temper and appearance, who had witnessed with her own eyes such a scene as he had used to conjure up in his imagination as only occurring in ancient times, and spoke of it coolly, as one very likely to recur. He felt at once the impulse of curiosity, and that slight sense of danger which only serves to heighten its interest. He might have said, with Malvolio, "'I do not now fool myself, to let imagination jade me!' I am actually in the land of military and romantic adventures, and it only remains to be seen what will be my own share in them."

The whole circumstances now detailed concerning the state of the country, seemed equally novel and extraordinary. He had indeed often heard of Highland thieves, but had no idea of the systematic mode in which their depredations were conducted, and that the practice was connived at, and even encouraged, by many of the Highland chieftains, who not only found the creaghs, or forays, useful for the purpose of training individuals of their clan to the practice of arms, but also of

maintaining a wholesome terror among their Low-land neighbours, and levying, as we have seen, a tribute from them, under colour of protection-money.

Bailie Macwheeble, who soon afterwards entered, expatiated still more at length upon the same topic. This honest gentleman's conversation was so formed upon his professional practice that Davie Gellatley once said his discourse was like a "charge of horning." He assured our hero that "from the maist ancient times of record, the lawless thieves, limmers, and broken men of the Highlands had been in fellowship together by reason of their surnames, for the committing of divers thefts, reifs, and hershipes upon the honest men of the Low Country, when they not only intromitted with their whole goods and gear, corn, cattle, horse, nolt, sheep, outsight and insight plenishing, at their wicked pleasure, but moreover made prisoners, ransomed them, or concussed them into giving borrows [pledges] to enter into captivity again,—all which was directly prohibited in divers parts of the Statute Book, both by the act one thousand five hundred and sixty-seven, and various others; the whilk statutes, with all that had followed and might follow thereupon, were shamefully broken and vilipended by the said sornars, limmers, and broken men, associated into fellowships, for the aforesaid purposes of theft, stouthreef, fire-raising, murther, *raptus mulierum*, or forcible abduction of women, and such like as aforesaid."

It seemed like a dream to Waverley that these deeds of violence should be familiar to men's minds, and currently talked of, as falling within the common order of things, and happening daily

in the immediate vicinity, without his having crossed the seas, and while he was yet in the otherwise well-ordered island of Great Britain.[1]

[1] Mac-Donald of Barrisdale, one of the very last Highland gentlemen who carried on the plundering system to any great extent, was a scholar and a well-bred gentleman. He engraved on his broadswords the well-known lines, —

"Hæ tibi erunt artes: pacisque imponere morem,
Parcere subjectis, et debellare superbos."

Indeed, the levying of blackmail was, before the 1745, practised by several chiefs of very high rank, who in doing so contended that they were lending the laws the assistance of their arms and swords, and affording a protection which could not be obtained from the magistracy in the disturbed state of the country. The author has seen a Memoir of Mac-Pherson of Cluny, chief of that ancient clan, from which it appears that he levied protection-money to a very large amount, which was willingly paid even by some of his most powerful neighbours. A gentleman of this clan, hearing a clergyman hold forth to his congregation on the crime of theft, interrupted the preacher to assure him he might leave the enforcement of such doctrines to Cluny Mac-Pherson, whose broadsword would put a stop to theft sooner than all the sermons of all the ministers of the Synod.

CHAPTER XVI.

AN UNEXPECTED ALLY APPEARS.

THE Baron returned at the dinner-hour, and had in a great measure recovered his composure and good-humour. He not only confirmed the stories which Edward had heard from Rose and Bailie Macwheeble, but added many anecdotes from his own experience concerning the state of the Highlands and their inhabitants. The chiefs he pronounced to be, in general, gentlemen of great honour and high pedigree, whose word was accounted as a law by all those of their own sept, or clan. "It did not indeed," he said, "become them, as had occurred in late instances, to propone their *prosapia*, a lineage which rested for the most part on the vain and fond rhymes of their Seannachies, or Bhairds, as æquiponderate with the evidence of ancient characters and royal grants of antiquity, conferred upon distinguished houses in the Low Country by divers Scottish monarchs; nevertheless, such was their *outrecuidance* and presumption as to undervalue those who possessed such evidents, as if they held their lands in a sheep's skin."

This, by the way, pretty well explained the cause of quarrel between the Baron and his Highland ally. But he went on to state so many curious particulars concerning the manners, customs, and

habits of this patriarchal race that Edward's curiosity became highly interested, and he inquired whether it was possible to make with safety an excursion into the neighbouring Highlands, whose dusky barrier of mountains had already excited his wish to penetrate beyond them. The Baron assured his guest that nothing would be more easy, providing this quarrel were first made up, since he could himself give him letters to many of the distinguished chiefs, who would receive him with the utmost courtesy and hospitality.

While they were on this topic, the door suddenly opened, and, ushered by Saunders Saunderson, a Highlander, fully armed and equipped, entered the apartment. Had it not been that Saunders acted the part of master of the ceremonies to this martial apparition without appearing to deviate from his usual composure, and that neither Mr. Bradwardine nor Rose exhibited any emotion, Edward would certainly have thought the intrusion hostile. As it was, he started at the sight of what he had not yet happened to see,—a mountaineer in his full national costume. The individual Gael was a stout, dark young man, of low stature, the ample folds of whose plaid added to the appearance of strength which his person exhibited. The short kilt, or petticoat, showed his sinewy and clean-made limbs; the goat-skin purse, flanked by the usual defences, a dirk and steel-wrought pistol, hung before him; his bonnet had a short feather, which indicated his claim to be treated as a *duinhé-wassel*, or sort of gentleman; a broadsword dangled by his side, a target hung upon his shoulder, and a long Spanish fowling-piece occupied one of his hands. With the other hand he pulled off his

bonnet, and the Baron, who well knew their customs, and the proper mode of addressing them, immediately said, with an air of dignity, but without rising, and much, as Edward thought, in the manner of a prince receiving an embassy, "Welcome, Evan Dhu Maccombich; what news from Fergus Mac-Ivor Vich Ian Vohr?"

"Fergus Mac-Ivor Vich Ian Vohr," said the ambassador, in good English, "greets you well, Baron of Bradwardine and Tully-Veolan, and is sorry there has been a thick cloud interposed between you and him, which has kept you from seeing and considering the friendship and alliances that have been between your houses and forebears of old; and he prays you that the cloud may pass away, and that things may be as they have been heretofore between the clan Ivor and the house of Bradwardine, when there was an egg between them for a flint, and a knife for a sword. And he expects you will also say you are sorry for the cloud, and no man shall hereafter ask whether it descended from the hill to the valley, or rose from the valley to the hill; for they never struck with the scabbard who did not receive with the sword, and woe to him who would lose his friend for the stormy cloud of a spring morning."

To this the Baron of Bradwardine answered, with suitable dignity, that he knew the chief of clan Ivor to be a well-wisher to the *king*, and he was sorry there should have been a cloud between him and any gentleman of such sound principles, "for when folks are banding together, feeble is he who hath no brother."

This appearing perfectly satisfactory, that the peace between these august persons might be duly

solemnized, the Baron ordered a stoup of usquebaugh, and, filling a glass, drank to the health and prosperity of Mac-Ivor of Glennaquoich; upon which the Celtic ambassador, to requite his politeness, turned down a mighty bumper of the same generous liquor, seasoned with his good wishes to the house of Bradwardine.

Having thus ratified the preliminaries of the general treaty of pacification, the envoy retired to adjust with Mr. Macwheeble some subordinate articles with which it was not thought necessary to trouble the Baron. These probably referred to the discontinuance of the subsidy, and apparently the bailie found means to satisfy their ally, without suffering his master to suppose that his dignity was compromised. At least, it is certain that after the plenipotentiaries had drunk a bottle of brandy in single drams, which seemed to have no more effect upon such seasoned vessels than if it had been poured upon the two bears at the top of the avenue, Evan Dhu Maccombich, having possessed himself of all the information which he could procure respecting the robbery of the preceding night, declared his intention to set off immediately in pursuit of the cattle, which he pronounced to be "no that far off; they have broken the bone," he observed, "but they have had no time to suck the marrow."

Our hero, who had attended Evan Dhu during his perquisitions, was much struck with the ingenuity which he displayed in collecting information, and the precise and pointed conclusions which he drew from it. Evan Dhu, on his part, was obviously flattered with the attention of Waverley, the interest he seemed to take in his in-

quiries, and his curiosity about the customs and scenery of the Highlands. Without much ceremony, he invited Edward to accompany him on a short walk of ten or fifteen miles into the mountains, and see the place where the cattle were conveyed to; adding, "If it be as I suppose, you never saw such a place in your life, nor ever will, unless you go with me or the like of me."

Our hero, feeling his curiosity considerably excited by the idea of visiting the den of a Highland Cacus, took, however, the precaution to inquire if his guide might be trusted. He was assured that the invitation would on no account have been given had there been the least danger, and that all he had to apprehend was a little fatigue; and as Evan proposed he should pass a day at his chieftain's house in returning, where he would be sure of good accommodation and an excellent welcome, there seemed nothing very formidable in the task he undertook. Rose, indeed, turned pale when she heard of it; but her father, who loved the spirited curiosity of his young friend, did not attempt to damp it by an alarm of danger which really did not exist, and a knapsack, with a few necessaries, being bound on the shoulders of a sort of deputy gamekeeper, our hero set forth with a fowling-piece in his hand, accompanied by his new friend Evan Dhu, and followed by the gamekeeper aforesaid and by two wild Highlanders, the attendants of Evan, one of whom had upon his shoulder a hatchet at the end of a pole, called a Lochaber-axe,[1] and the other a long ducking-gun.

[1] The town-guard of Edinburgh were, till a late period, armed with this weapon when on their police-duty. There was a hook at the back of the axe, which the ancient Highlanders used to assist

Evan, upon Edward's inquiry, gave him to understand that this martial escort was by no means necessary as a guard, but merely, as he said, drawing up and adjusting his plaid with an air of dignity, that he might appear decently at Tully-Veolan, and as Vich Ian Vohr's foster-brother ought to do. "Ah!" said he, "if you Saxon *duinhé-wassel* [English gentleman] saw but the chief with his tail on!"

"With his tail on?" echoed Edward, in some surprise.

"Yes,—that is, with all his usual followers, when he visits those of the same rank There is," he continued, stopping, and drawing himself proudly up, while he counted upon his fingers the several officers of his chief's retinue,—"there is his *hanchman*, or right-hand man; then his *bàrd*, or poet; then his *bladier*, or orator, to make harangues to the great folks whom he visits; then his *gilly-more*, or armour-bearer, to carry his sword and target and his gun; then his *gilly-casfliuch*, who carries him on his back through the sikes and brooks; then his *gilly-comstrian*, to lead his horse by the bridle in steep and difficult paths; then his *gilly-trush-harnish*, to carry his knapsack; and the piper and the piper's man; and it may be a dozen young lads besides, that have no business, but are just boys of the belt, to follow the laird and do his Honour's bidding."

"And does your chief regularly maintain all these men?" demanded Waverley.

them to climb over walls, fixing the hook upon it, and raising themselves by the handle. The axe, which was also much used by the natives, is supposed to have been introduced into both countries from Scandinavia.

"All these?" replied Evan. "Ay, and many a fair head besides, that would not ken where to lay itself, but for the mickle barn at Glennaquoich."

With similar tales of the grandeur of the chief in peace and war, Evan Dhu beguiled the way till they approached more closely those huge mountains which Edward had hitherto only seen at a distance. It was towards evening as they entered one of the tremendous passes which afford communication between the high and low country. The path, which was extremely steep and rugged, winded up a chasm between two tremendous rocks, following the passage which a foaming stream, that brawled far below, appeared to have worn for itself in the course of ages. A few slanting beams of the sun, which was now setting, reached the water in its darksome bed, and showed it partially, chafed by a hundred rocks, and broken by a hundred falls. The descent from the path to the stream was a mere precipice, with here and there a projecting fragment of granite or a scathed tree which had warped its twisted roots into the fissures of the rock. On the right hand, the mountain rose above the path with almost equal inaccessibility; but the hill on the opposite side displayed a shroud of copsewood with which some pines were intermingled.

"This," said Evan, "is the pass of Bally-Brough, which was kept in former times by ten of the clan Donnochie against a hundred of the Low Country carles. The graves of the slain are still to be seen in that little *corri*, or bottom, on the opposite side of the burn; if your eyes are good, you may see the green specks among the heather. See, there is an *earn*, which you Southrons call an eagle,—you have no such birds as that in Eng-

land,—he is going to fetch his supper from the Laird of Bradwardine's braes, but I 'll send a slug after him."

He fired his piece accordingly, but missed the superb monarch of the feathered tribes, who, without noticing the attempt to annoy him, continued his majestic flight to the southward. A thousand birds of prey,— hawks, kites, carrion-crows, and ravens,—disturbed from the lodgings which they had just taken up for the evening, rose at the report of the gun, and mingled their hoarse and discordant notes with the echoes which replied to it, and with the roar of the mountain cataracts. Evan, a little disconcerted at having missed his mark when he meant to have displayed peculiar dexterity, covered his confusion by whistling part of a pibroch as he reloaded his piece, and proceeded in silence up the pass.

It issued in a narrow glen between two mountains, both very lofty and covered with heath. The brook continued to be their companion, and they advanced up its mazes, crossing them now and then, on which occasions Evan Dhu uniformly offered the assistance of his attendants to carry over Edward; but our hero, who had been always a tolerable pedestrian, declined the accommodation, and obviously rose in his guide's opinion by showing that he did not fear wetting his feet. Indeed, he was anxious, so far as he could without affectation, to remove the opinion which Evan seemed to entertain of the effeminacy of the Lowlanders, and particularly of the English.

Through the gorge of this glen they found access to a black bog of tremendous extent, full of large pit-holes, which they traversed, with great diffi-

culty and some danger, by tracks which no one but a Highlander could have followed. The path itself, or rather the portion of more solid ground, on which the travellers half walked, half waded, was rough, broken, and in many places quaggy and unsound. Sometimes the ground was so completely unsafe that it was necessary to spring from one hillock to another, the space between being incapable of bearing the human weight. This was an easy matter to the Highlanders, who wore thin-soled brogues fit for the purpose, and moved with a peculiar springing step; but Edward began to find the exercise, to which he was unaccustomed, more fatiguing than he expected. The lingering twilight served to show them through this Serbonian bog, but deserted them almost totally at the bottom of a steep and very stony hill which it was the travellers' next toilsome task to ascend. The night, however, was pleasant, and not dark; and Waverley, calling up mental energy to support personal fatigue, held on his march gallantly, though envying in his heart his Highland attendants, who continued, without a symptom of abated vigour, the rapid and swinging pace, or rather trot, which, according to his computation, had already brought them fifteen miles upon their journey.

After crossing this mountain, and descending on the other side towards a thick wood, Evan Dhu held some conference with his Highland attendants, in consequence of which Edward's baggage was shifted from the shoulders of the gamekeeper to those of one of the gillies, and the former was sent off with the other mountaineer in a direction different from that of the three remaining travellers. On asking the meaning of this separation,

Waverley was told that the Lowlander must go to a hamlet about three miles off for the night, for unless it was some very particular friend, Donald Bean Lean, the worthy person whom they supposed to be possessed of the cattle, did not much approve of strangers approaching his retreat. This seemed reasonable, and silenced a qualm of suspicion which came across Edward's mind when he saw himself, at such a place and such an hour, deprived of his only Lowland companion. And Evan immediately afterwards added that indeed he himself had better get forward, and announce their approach to Donald Bean Lean, as the arrival of a *sidier roy* (red soldier) might otherwise be a disagreeable surprise. And without waiting for an answer, in jockey phrase, he trotted out, and putting himself to a very round pace, was out of sight in an instant.

Waverley was now left to his own meditations, for his attendant with the battle-axe spoke very little English. They were traversing a thick and, as it seemed, an endless wood of pines, and consequently the path was altogether indiscernible in the murky darkness which surrounded them. The Highlander, however, seemed to trace it by instinct, without the hesitation of a moment, and Edward followed his footsteps as close as he could.

After journeying a considerable time in silence, he could not help asking, was it far to the end of their journey?

"Ta cove was tree, four mile; but as *duinhé-wassel* was a wee-taiglit, Donald could, tat is, might — would — should send ta *curragh*."

This conveyed no information. The *curragh* which was promised might be a man, a horse, a

cart, or chaise; and no more could be got from the man with the battle-axe but a repetition of "Aich ay! ta *curragh.*"

But in a short time Edward began to conceive his meaning, when, issuing from the wood, he found himself on the banks of a large river, or lake, where his conductor gave him to understand they must sit down for a little while. The moon, which now began to rise, showed obscurely the expanse of water which spread before them, and the shapeless and indistinct forms of mountains with which it seemed to be surrounded. The cool and yet mild air of the summer night refreshed Waverley after his rapid and toilsome walk; and the perfume which it wafted from the birch-trees,[1] bathed in the evening dew, was exquisitely fragrant.

He had now time to give himself up to the full romance of his situation. Here he sat on the banks of an unknown lake, under the guidance of a wild native, whose language was unknown to him, on a visit to the den of some renowned outlaw, a second Robin Hood, perhaps, or Adam o' Gordon, and that at deep midnight, through scenes of difficulty and toil, separated from his attendant, left by his guide. What a variety of incidents for the exercise of a romantic imagination, and all enhanced by the solemn feeling of uncertainty, at least, if not of danger! The only circumstance which assorted ill with the rest was the cause of his journey,—the Baron's milch cows! This degrading incident he kept in the background.

While wrapped in these dreams of imagination,

[1] It is not the weeping-birch, the most common species in the Highlands, but the woolly-leaved Lowland birch, that is distinguished by this fragrance.

his companion gently touched him, and pointing in a direction nearly straight across the lake, said: "Yon's ta cove." A small point of light was seen to twinkle in the direction in which he pointed, and, gradually increasing in size and lustre, seemed to flicker like a meteor upon the verge of the horizon. While Edward watched this phenomenon, the distant dash of oars was heard. The measured sound approached near and more near, and presently a loud whistle was heard in the same direction. His friend with the battle-axe immediately whistled clear and shrill, in reply to the signal, and a boat, manned with four or five Highlanders, pushed for a little inlet near which Edward was sitting. He advanced to meet them with his attendant, was immediately assisted into the boat by the officious attention of two stout mountaineers, and had no sooner seated himself than they resumed their oars, and began to row across the lake with great rapidity.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE HOLD OF A HIGHLAND ROBBER.

THE party preserved silence, interrupted only by the monotonous and murmured chant of a Gaelic song sung in a kind of low recitative by the steersman, and by the dash of the oars, which the notes seemed to regulate, as they dipped to them in cadence. The light, which they now approached more nearly, assumed a broader, redder, and more irregular splendour. It appeared plainly to be a large fire; but whether kindled upon an island or the mainland, Edward could not determine. As he saw it, the red, glaring orb seemed to rest on the very surface of the lake itself, and resembled the fiery vehicle in which the Evil Genius of an Oriental tale traverses land and sea. They approached nearer, and the light of the fire sufficed to show that it was kindled at the bottom of a huge, dark crag or rock, rising abruptly from the very edge of the water; its front, changed by the reflection to dusky red, formed a strange and even awful contrast to the banks around, which were from time to time faintly and partially illuminated by pallid moonlight.

The boat now neared the shore, and Edward could discover that this large fire, amply supplied with branches of pine-wood by two figures, who in the red reflection of its light appeared like demons,

was kindled in the jaws of a lofty cavern, into which an inlet from the lake seemed to advance; and he conjectured — which was indeed true — that the fire had been lighted as a beacon to the boatmen on their return. They rowed right for the mouth of the cave, and then, shipping their oars, permitted the boat to enter in obedience to the impulse which it had received. The skiff passed the little point or platform of rock on which the fire was blazing, and running about two boats' length farther, stopped where the cavern (for it was already arched overhead) ascended from the water by five or six broad ledges of rocks, so easy and regular that they might be termed natural steps. At this moment a quantity of water was suddenly flung upon the fire, which sunk with a hissing noise, and with it disappeared the light it had hitherto afforded. Four or five active arms lifted Waverley out of the boat, placed him on his feet, and almost carried him into the recesses of the cave. He made a few paces in darkness, guided in this manner; and advancing towards a hum of voices which seemed to sound from the centre of the rock, at an acute turn Donald Bean Lean and his whole establishment were before his eyes.

The interior of the cave, which here rose very high, was illuminated by torches made of pine-tree, which emitted a bright and bickering light, attended by a strong though not unpleasant odour. Their light was assisted by the red glare of a large charcoal fire, round which were seated five or six armed Highlanders, while others were indistinctly seen couched on their plaids in the more remote recesses of the cavern. In one large aperture, which the robber facetiously called his "spence"

Hold of a Highland Robber.

Drawn and Etched by R. W. Macbeth, A. R. A.

(or pantry), there hung by the heels the carcases of a sheep or ewe, and two cows lately slaughtered. The principal inhabitant of this singular mansion, attended by Evan Dhu as master of the ceremonies, came forward to meet his guest, totally different in appearance and manner from what his imagination had anticipated. The profession which he followed, the wilderness in which he dwelt, the wild warrior forms that surrounded him, were all calculated to inspire terror. From such accompaniments, Waverley prepared himself to meet a stern, gigantic, ferocious figure, such as Salvator would have chosen to be the central object of a group of banditti.[1]

Donald Bean Lean was the very reverse of all these. He was thin in person and low in stature, with light, sandy-coloured hair and small pale features, from which he derived his agnomen of "Bean" or white; and although his form was light, well-proportioned, and active, he appeared, on the whole, rather a diminutive and insignificant figure. He had served in some inferior capacity in the French army, and in order to receive his English visitor in great form, and probably meaning, in his way, to pay him a compliment, he had laid aside the Highland dress for the time, to put on an old blue and red uniform and a feathered hat, in which he was far from showing to advantage, and indeed looked so incongruous, compared with all around him, that Waverley would have been tempted to laugh, had laughter been either civil or safe. The robber received Captain Waverley with a profusion of French politeness and Scottish hospitality, seemed perfectly to know his

[1] Note VI. — Rob Roy.

name and connections, and to be particularly acquainted with his uncle's political principles. On these he bestowed great applause, to which Waverley judged it prudent to make a very general reply.

Being placed at a convenient distance from the charcoal fire, the heat of which the season rendered oppressive, a strapping Highland damsel placed before Waverley, Evan, and Donald Bean three *cogues* or wooden vessels composed of staves and hoops, containing *eanaruich*,[1] a sort of strong soup made out of a particular part of the inside of the beeves. After this refreshment, which, though coarse, fatigue and hunger rendered palatable, steaks, roasted on the coals, were supplied in liberal abundance, and disappeared before Evan Dhu and their host with a promptitude that seemed like magic, and astonished Waverley, who was much puzzled to reconcile their voracity with what he had heard of the abstemiousness of the Highlanders. He was ignorant that this abstinence was with the lower ranks wholly compulsory, and that, like some animals of prey, those who practise it were usually gifted with the power of indemnifying themselves to good purpose when chance threw plenty in their way. The whiskey came forth in abundance to crown the cheer. The Highlanders drank it copiously and undiluted; but Edward, having mixed a little with water, did not find it so palatable as to invite him to repeat the draught. Their host bewailed himself exceedingly that he could offer him no wine; had he but known four-and-twenty hours before, he would have had

[1] This was the regale presented by Rob Roy to the Laird of Tullibody.

some, had it been within the circle of forty miles round him. But no gentleman could do more to show his sense of the honour of a visit from another than to offer him the best cheer his house afforded. Where there are no bushes there can be no nuts, and the way of those you live with is that you must follow.

He went on regretting to Evan Dhu the death of an aged man, Donnacha an Amrigh, or Duncan with the Cap, "a gifted seer," who foretold, through the second-sight, visitors of every description who haunted their dwelling, whether as friends or foes.

"Is not his son Malcolm *taishatr* [a second-sighted person]?" asked Evan.

"Nothing equal to his father," replied Donald Bean. "He told us the other day we were to see a great gentleman riding on a horse, and there came nobody that whole day but Shemus Beg, the blind harper, with his dog. Another time he advertised us of a wedding, and behold it proved a funeral; and on the *creagh*, when he foretold to us we should bring home a hundred head of horned cattle, we gripped nothing but a fat bailie of Perth."

From this discourse he passed to the political and military state of the country; and Waverley was astonished, and even alarmed, to find a person of this description so accurately acquainted with the strength of the various garrisons and regiments quartered north of the Tay. He even mentioned the exact number of recruits who had joined Waverley's troop from his uncle's estate, and observed they were "pretty men," meaning, not handsome, but stout, warlike fellows. He put Waverley in mind of one or two minute circumstances which

had happened at a general review of the regiment, which satisfied him that the robber had been an eye-witness of it; and Evan Dhu having by this time retired from the conversation, and wrapped himself up in his plaid to take some repose, Donald asked Edward, in a very significant manner, whether he had nothing particular to say to him.

Waverley, surprised and somewhat startled at this question from such a character, answered he had no motive in visiting him but curiosity to see his extraordinary place of residence. Donald Bean Lean looked him steadily in the face for an instant, and then said, with a significant nod, "You might as well have confided in me; I am as much worthy of trust as either the Baron of Bradwardine or Vich Ian Vohr. But you are equally welcome to my house."

Waverley felt an involuntary shudder creep over him at the mysterious language held by this outlawed and lawless bandit, which, in despite of his attempts to master it, deprived him of the power to ask the meaning of his insinuations. A heath pallet, with the flowers stuck uppermost, had been prepared for him in a recess of the cave, and here, covered with such spare plaids as could be mustered, he lay for some time watching the motions of the other inhabitants of the cavern. Small parties of two or three entered or left the place without any other ceremony than a few words in Gaelic to the principal outlaw, and when he fell asleep, to a tall Highlander who acted as his lieutenant, and seemed to keep watch during his repose. Those who entered, seeemd to have returned from some excursion, of which they reported the suc-

cess, and went without further ceremony to the larder, where, cutting with their dirks their rations from the carcases which were there suspended, they proceeded to broil and eat them at their own pleasure and leisure. The liquor was under strict regulation, being served out either by Donald himself, his lieutenant, or the strapping Highland girl aforesaid, who was the only female that appeared. The allowance of whiskey, however, would have appeared prodigal to any but Highlanders, who, living entirely in the open air and in a very moist climate, can consume great quantities of ardent spirits without the usual baneful effects either upon the brain or constitution.

At length the fluctuating groups began to swim before the eyes of our hero as they gradually closed; nor did he re-open them till the morning sun was high on the lake without, though there was but a faint and glimmering twilight in the recesses of Uaimh an Ri, or the King's Cavern, as the abode of Donald Bean Lean was proudly denominated.

CHAPTER XVIII.

WAVERLEY PROCEEDS ON HIS JOURNEY.

WHEN Edward had collected his scattered recollection, he was surprised to observe the cavern totally deserted. Having arisen and put his dress in some order, he looked more accurately round him; but all was still solitary. If it had not been for the decayed brands of the fire, now sunk into gray ashes, and the remnants of the festival, consisting of bones half burned and half gnawed, and an empty keg or two, there remained no traces of Donald and his band. When Waverley sallied forth to the entrance of the cave, he perceived that the point of rock, on which remained the marks of last night's beacon, was accessible by a small path, either natural, or roughly hewn in the rock, along the little inlet of water which ran a few yards up into the cavern, where, as in a wet-dock, the skiff which brought him there the night before, was still lying moored. When he reached the small projecting platform on which the beacon had been established, he would have believed his farther progress by land impossible, only that it was scarce probable but what the inhabitants of the cavern had some mode of issuing from it otherwise than by the lake. Accordingly, he soon observed three or four shelving steps, or ledges of rock, at the very extremity of the little platform; and

making use of them as a staircase, he clambered by their means around the projecting shoulder of the crag on which the cavern opened, and, descending with some difficulty on the other side, he gained the wild and precipitous shores of a Highland loch, about four miles in length and a mile and a half across, surrounded by heathy and savage mountains, on the crests of which the morning mist was still sleeping.

Looking back to the place from which he came, he could not help admiring the address which had adopted a retreat of such seclusion and secrecy. The rock, round the shoulder of which he had turned by a few imperceptible notches, that barely afforded place for the foot, seemed, in looking back upon it, a huge precipice which barred all farther passage by the shores of the lake in that direction. There could be no possibility, the breadth of the lake considered, of descrying the entrance of the narrow and low-browed cave from the other side; so that unless the retreat had been sought for with boats, or disclosed by treachery, it might be a safe and secret residence to its garrison as long as they were supplied with provisions. Having satisfied his curiosity in these particulars, Waverley looked around for Evan Dhu and his attendant, who, he rightly judged, would be at no great distance, whatever might have become of Donald Bean Lean and his party, whose mode of life was of course liable to sudden migrations of abode. Accordingly, at the distance of about half a mile, he beheld a Highlander (Evan apparently) angling in the lake, with another attending him, whom, from the weapon which he shouldered, he recognized for his friend with the battle-axe.

Much nearer to the mouth of the cave he heard the notes of a lively Gaelic song, guided by which, in a sunny recess shaded by a glittering birch-tree, and carpeted with a bank of firm white sand, he found the damsel of the cavern, whose lay had already reached him, busy, to the best of her power, in arranging to advantage a morning repast of milk, eggs, barley-bread, fresh butter, and honeycomb. The poor girl had already made a circuit of four miles that morning in search of the eggs, of the meal which baked her cakes, and of the other materials of the breakfast, being all delicacies which she had to beg or borrow from distant cottagers. The followers of Donald Bean Lean used little food except the flesh of the animals which they drove away from the Lowlands; bread itself was a delicacy seldom thought of, because hard to be obtained, and all the domestic accommodations of milk, poultry, butter, etc., were out of the question in this Scythian camp. Yet it must not be omitted that although Alice had occupied a part of the morning in providing those accommodations for her guest which the cavern did not afford, she had secured time also to arrange her own person in her best trim. Her finery was very simple. A short russet-coloured jacket, and a petticoat of scanty longitude, was her whole dress; but these were clean and neatly arranged. A piece of scarlet embroidered cloth, called the "snood," confined her hair, which fell over it in a profusion of rich dark curls. The scarlet plaid, which formed part of her dress, was laid aside, that it might not impede her activity in attending the stranger. I should forget Alice's proudest ornament were I to omit mentioning a pair of gold

ear-rings and a golden rosary, which her father (for she was the daughter of Donald Bean Lean) had brought from France,—the plunder, probably, of some battle or storm.

Her form, though rather large for her years, was very well proportioned, and her demeanour had a natural and rustic grace, with nothing of the sheepishness of an ordinary peasant. The smiles, displaying a row of teeth of exquisite whiteness, and the laughing eyes, with which, in dumb show, she gave Waverley that morning greeting which she wanted English words to express, might have been interpreted by a coxcomb, or perhaps by a young soldier, who, without being such, was conscious of a handsome person, as meant to convey more than the courtesy of an hostess. Nor do I take it upon me to say that the little wild mountaineer would have welcomed any staid old gentleman advanced in life — the Baron of Bradwardine, for example — with the cheerful pains which she bestowed upon Edward's accommodation. She seemed eager to place him by the meal which she had so sedulously arranged, and to which she now added a few bunches of cranberries, gathered in an adjacent morass. Having had the satisfaction of seeing him seated at his breakfast, she placed herself demurely upon a stone at a few yards' distance, and appeared to watch with great complacency for some opportunity of serving him.

Evan and his attendant now returned slowly along the beach, the latter bearing a large salmon-trout, the produce of the morning's sport, together with the angling-rod, while Evan strolled forward, with an easy, self-satisfied, and important gait, towards the spot where Waverley was so agreeably

employed at the breakfast-table. After morning greetings had passed on both sides, and Evan, looking at Waverley, had said something in Gaelic to Alice which made her laugh, yet colour up to her eyes, through a complexion well embrowned by sun and wind, Evan intimated his commands that the fish should be prepared for breakfast. A spark from the lock of his pistol produced a light, and a few withered fir-branches were quickly in flame, and as speedily reduced to hot embers, on which the trout was broiled in large slices. To crown the repast, Evan produced from the pocket of his short jerkin a large scallop-shell, and from under the folds of his plaid, a ram's horn full of whiskey. Of this he took a copious dram, observing he had already taken his "morning" with Donald Bean Lean before his departure; he offered the same cordial to Alice and to Edward, which they both declined. With the bounteous air of a lord, Evan then proffered the scallop to Dugald Mahony, his attendant, who, without waiting to be asked a second time, drank it off with great gusto. Evan then prepared to move towards the boat, inviting Waverley to attend him. Meanwhile, Alice had made up in a small basket what she thought worth removing, and flinging her plaid around her, she advanced up to Edward, and with the utmost simplicity, taking hold of his hand, offered her cheek to his salute, dropping, at the same time, her little courtesy. Evan, who was esteemed a wag among the mountain fair, advanced as if to secure a similar favour; but Alice, snatching up her basket, escaped up the rocky bank as fleetly as a roe, and turning round and laughing, called something out to him in Gaelic, which he answered in the

same tone and language; then, waving her hand to Edward, she resumed her road, and was soon lost among the thickets, though they continued for some time to hear her lively carol as she proceeded gayly on her solitary journey.

They now again entered the gorge of the cavern, and stepping into the boat, the Highlander pushed off, and, taking advantage of the morning breeze, hoisted a clumsy sort of sail, while Evan assumed the helm, directing their course, as it appeared to Waverley, rather higher up the lake than towards the place of his embarkation on the preceding night. As they glided along the silver mirror, Evan opened the conversation with a panegyric upon Alice, who, he said, was both "canny" and "fendy," and was, to the boot of all that, the best dancer of a strathspey in the whole strath. Edward assented to her praises so far as he understood them, yet could not help regretting that she was condemned to such a perilous and dismal life.

"*Oich!* for that," said Evan, "there is nothing in Perthshire that she need want, if she ask her father to fetch it, unless it be too hot or too heavy."

"But to be the daughter of a cattle-stealer, — a common thief!"

"Common thief! No such thing: Donald Bean Lean never *lifted* less than a drove in his life."

"Do you call him an uncommon thief, then?"

"No. He that steals a cow from a poor widow, or a stirk from a cottar, is a thief; he that lifts a drove from a Sassenach laird is a gentleman-drover. And, besides, to take a tree from the forest, a salmon from the river, a deer from the

hill, or a cow from a Lowland strath, is what no Highlander need ever think shame upon."

"But what can this end in, were he taken in such an appropriation?"

"To be sure he would *die for the law*, as many a pretty man has done before him."

"Die for the law!"

"Ay; that is, with the law, or by the law,—be strapped up on the *kind* gallows of Crieff,[1] where his father died, and his goodsire died, and where I hope he 'll live to die himsell, if he 's not shot or slashed, in a *creagh*."

"You *hope* such a death for your friend, Evan?"

"And that do I e'en; would you have me wish him to die on a bundle of wet straw in yon den of his, like a mangy tyke?"

"But what becomes of Alice, then?"

"Troth, if such an accident were to happen, as her father would not need her help ony langer, I ken nought to hinder me to marry her mysell."

"Gallantly resolved," said Edward; "but in the mean while, Evan, what has your father-in-law (that shall be, if he have the good fortune to be hanged) done with the Baron's cattle?"

"*Oich*," answered Evan, "they were all trudging before your lad and Allan Kennedy before the sun blinked ower Ben-Lawers this morning; and they'll be in the pass of Bally-Brough by this time, in their way back to the parks of Tully-Veolan, all but two, that were unhappily slaughtered before I got last night to Uaimh an Ri."

"And where are we going, Evan, if I may be so bold as to ask?" said Waverley.

"Where would you be ganging, but to the laird's

[1] Note VII. — Kind Gallows of Crieff.

ain house of Glennaquoich? Ye would not think to be in his country without ganging to see him? It would be as much as a man's life 's worth."

"And are we far from Glennaquoich?"

"But five bits of miles; and Vich Ian Vohr will meet us."

In about half-an-hour they reached the upper end of the lake, where, after landing Waverley, the two Highlanders drew the boat into a little creek among thick flags and reeds, where it lay perfectly concealed. The oars they put in another place of concealment, — both for the use of Donald Bean Lean, probably, when his occasions should next bring him to that place.

The travellers followed for some time a delightful opening into the hills, down which a little brook found its way to the lake. When they had pursued their walk a short distance, Waverley renewed his questions about their host of the cavern.

"Does he always reside in that cave?"

"Out, no! It 's past the skill of man to tell where he 's to be found at a' times; there 's not a dern nook, or cove, or *corri*, in the whole country, that he 's not acquainted with."

"And do others beside your master shelter him?"

"My master? *My* master is in heaven," answered Evan, haughtily; and then, immediately assuming his usual civility of manner, "but you mean my chief: no, he does not shelter Donald Bean Lean, nor any that are like him; he only allows him [with a smile] wood and water."

"No great boon, I should think, Evan, when both seem to be very plenty."

"Ah! but ye dinna see through it. When I say

'wood and water,' I mean the loch and the land; and I fancy Donald would be put till 't if the laird were to look for him wi' threescore men in the wood of Kailychat yonder; and if our boats, with a score or twa mair, were to come down the loch to Uaimh an Ri, headed by mysell or ony other pretty man."

"But suppose a strong party came against him from the Low Country, would not your chief defend him?"

"Na, he would not ware the spark of a flint for him,—if they came with the law."

"And what must Donald do then?"

"He behooved to rid this country of himsell, and fall back, it may be, over the mount upon Letter Scriven."

"And if he were pursued to that place?"

"I'se warrant he would go to his cousin's at Rannoch."

"Well, but if they followed him to Rannoch?"

"That," quoth Evan, "is beyond all belief; and, indeed, to tell you the truth, there durst not a Lowlander in all Scotland follow the fray a gunshot beyond Bally-Brough, unless he had the help of the *Sidier Dhu*."

"Whom do you call so?"

"The *Sidier Dhu?* The black soldier; that is what they call the independent companies that were raised to keep peace and law in the Highlands. Vich Ian Vohr commanded one of them for five years, and I was sergeant myself, I shall warrant ye. They call them *Sidier Dhu*, because they wear the tartans, as they call your men—King George's men—*Sidier Roy*, or red soldiers."

"Well, but when you were in King George's

pay, Evan, you were surely King George's soldiers?"

"Troth, and you must ask Vich Ian Vohr about that; for we are for his king, and care not much which o' them it is. At ony rate, nobody can say we are King George's men now, when we have not seen his pay this twelvemonth."

This last argument admitted of no reply, nor did Edward attempt any; he rather chose to bring back the discourse to Donald Bean Lean. "Does Donald confine himself to cattle, or does he 'lift,' as you call it, anything else that comes in his way?"

"Troth, he 's nae nice body, and he 'll just tak ony thing, but most readily cattle, horse, or live Christians; for sheep are slow of travel, and inside plenishing is cumbrous to carry, and not easy to put away for siller in this country."

"But does he carry off men and women?"

"Out, ay. Did not ye hear him speak o' the Perth bailie? It cost that body five hundred merks ere he got to the south of Bally-Brough. And ance Donald played a pretty sport.[1] There was to be a blithe bridal between the Lady Cramfeezer, in the howe o' the Mearns (she was the auld laird's widow, and no sae young as she had been hersell), and young Gilliewhackit, who had spent his heirship and movables, like a gentleman, at cock-matches, bull-baitings, horse-races, and the like. Now, Donald Bean Lean, being aware that the bridegroom was in request, and wanting to cleik the cunzie (that is, to hook the siller), he cannily carried off Gilliewhackit ae night when he was riding *dovering* hame (wi' the malt rather

[1] Note VIII. — Caterans.

abune the meal), and with the help of his gillies he gat him into the hills with the speed of light, and the first place he wakened in was the cove of Uaimh an Ri. So there was old to do about ransoming the bridegroom; for Donald would not lower a farthing of a thousand punds — "

"The devil!"

"Punds Scottish, ye shall understand. And the lady had not the siller if she had pawned her gown; and they applied to the governor o' Stirling Castle, and to the major o' the Black Watch: and the governor said it was ower far to the northward, and out of his district; and the major said his men were gane hame to the shearing, and he would not call them out before the victual was got in, for all the Cramfeezers in Christendom, let alane the Mearns, for that it would prejudice the country. And in the mean while ye 'll no hinder Gilliewhackit to take the small-pox. There was not the doctor in Perth or Stirling would look near the poor lad; and I cannot blame them, for Donald had been misguggled by ane of these doctors about Paris, and he swore he would fling the first into the loch that he catched beyond the Pass. However, some *cailliachs* (that is, old women) that were about Donald's hand, nursed Gilliewhackit sae weel that between the free open air in the cove and the fresh whey, deil an he did not recover may be as weel as if he had been closed in a glazed chamber and a bed with curtains, and fed with red wine and white meat. And Donald was sae vexed about it that when he was stout and weel, he even sent him free home, and said he would be pleased with ony thing they would like to gie him for the plague and trouble which he had about

Gilliewhackit to an unkenn'd degree. And I cannot tell you precisely how they sorted; but they agreed sae right that Donald was invited to dance at the wedding in his Highland trews, and they said that there was never sae meikle siller clinked in his purse either before or since. And to the boot of all that, Gilliewhackit said that, be the evidence what it liked, if he had the luck to be on Donald's inquest, he would bring him in guilty of nothing whatever, unless it were wilful arson, or murder under trust."

With such bald and disjointed chat Evan went on illustrating the existing state of the Highlands, — more perhaps to the amusement of Waverley than that of our readers. At length, after having marched over bank and brae, moss and heather, Edward, though not unacquainted with the Scottish liberality in computing distance, began to think that Evan's five miles were nearly doubled. His observation on the large measure which the Scottish allowed of their land, in comparison to the computation of their money, was readily answered by Evan, with the old jest, "The deil take them wha have the least pint stoup." [1]

And now the report of a gun was heard, and a sportsman was seen, with his dogs and attendant, at the upper end of the glen. "Shough!" said Dugald Mahony; "tat 's ta chief."

"It is not," said Evan, imperiously. "Do you think he would come to meet a Sassenach *duinhé-wassel* in such a way as that?"

[1] The Scotch are liberal in computing their land and liquor; the Scottish pint corresponds to two English quarts. As for their coin, every one knows the couplet, —

"How can the rogues pretend to sense?
Their pound is only twenty pence."

But as they approached a little nearer, he said, with an appearance of mortification, "And it is even he, sure enough; and he has not his tail on after all,— there is no living creature with him but Callum Beg."

In fact, Fergus Mac-Ivor, of whom a Frenchman might have said as truly as of any man in the Highlands, "qu'il connait bien ses gens," had no idea of raising himself in the eyes of an English young man of fortune by appearing with a retinue of idle Highlanders disproportioned to the occasion. He was well aware that such an unnecessary attendance would seem to Edward rather ludicrous than respectable; and while few men were more attached to ideas of chieftainship and feudal power, he was, for that very reason, cautious of exhibiting external marks of dignity, unless at the time and in the manner when they were most likely to produce an imposing effect. Therefore, although, had he been to receive a brother chieftain, he would probably have been attended by all that retinue which Evan described with so much unction, he judged it more respectable to advance to meet Waverley with a single attendant,— a very handsome Highland boy, who carried his master's shooting-pouch and his broadsword, without which he seldom went abroad.

When Fergus and Waverley met, the latter was struck with the peculiar grace and dignity of the chieftain's figure. Above the middle size, and finely proportioned, the Highland dress, which he wore in its simplest mode, set off his person to great advantage. He wore the trews, or close trousers, made of tartan, checked scarlet and white; in other particulars, his dress strictly re-

sembled Evan's, excepting that he had no weapon save a dirk, very richly mounted with silver. His page, as we have said, carried his claymore; and the fowling-piece, which he held in his hand, seemed only designed for sport. He had shot in the course of his walk some young wild-ducks, as, though "close-time" was then unknown, the broods of grouse were yet too young for the sportsman. His countenance was decidedly Scottish, with all the peculiarities of the northern physiognomy, but yet had so little of its harshness and exaggeration that it would have been pronounced in any country extremely handsome. The martial air of the bonnet, with a single eagle's feather as a distinction, added much to the manly appearance of his head, which was besides ornamented with a far more natural and graceful cluster of close black curls than ever were exposed to sale in Bond Street.

An air of openness and affability increased the favourable impression derived from this handsome and dignified exterior. Yet a skilful physiognomist would have been less satisfied with the countenance on the second than on the first view. The eyebrow and upper lip bespoke something of the habit of peremptory command and decisive superiority. Even his courtesy, though open, frank, and unconstrained, seemed to indicate a sense of personal importance; and upon any check or accidental excitation, a sudden, though transient, lower of the eye showed a hasty, haughty, and vindictive temper, not less to be dreaded because it seemed much under its owner's command. In short, the countenance of the chieftain resembled a smiling summer's day, in which, notwithstand-

ing, we are made sensible by certain, though slight, signs that it may thunder and lighten before the close of evening.

It was not, however, upon their first meeting that Edward had an opportunity of making these less favourable remarks. The chief received him, as a friend of the Baron of Bradwardine, with the utmost expression of kindness and obligation for the visit, upbraided him gently with choosing so rude an abode as he had done the night before, and entered into a lively conversation with him about Donald Bean's housekeeping, but without the least hint as to his predatory habits or the immediate occasion of Waverley's visit,—a topic which, as the chief did not introduce it, our hero also avoided. While they walked merrily on towards the house of Glennaquoich, Evan, who now fell respectfully into the rear, followed with Callum Beg and Dugald Mahony.

We shall take the opportunity to introduce the reader to some particulars of Fergus Mac-Ivor's character and history which were not completely known to Waverley till after a connection, which, though arising from a circumstance so casual, had for a length of time the deepest influence upon his character, actions, and prospects. But this, being an important subject, must form the commencement of a new chapter.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE CHIEF AND HIS MANSION.

THE ingenious licentiate Francisco de Ubeda, when he commenced his history of La Picara Justina Diez,— which, by the way, is one of the most rare books of Spanish literature, — complained of his pen having caught up a hair, and forthwith begins, with more eloquence than common-sense, an affectionate expostulation with that useful implement, upbraiding it with being the quill of a goose,— a bird inconstant by nature, as frequenting the three elements of water, earth, and air indifferently, and being, of course, "to one thing constant never." Now I protest to thee, gentle reader, that I entirely dissent from Francisco de Ubeda in this matter, and hold it the most useful quality of my pen that it can speedily change from grave to gay, and from description and dialogue to narrative and character; so that if my quill display no other properties of its mother-goose than her mutability, truly I shall be well pleased, and I conceive that you, my worthy friend, will have no occasion for discontent. From the jargon, therefore, of the Highland gillies, I pass to the character of their chief. It is an important examination, and therefore, like Dogberry, we must spare no wisdom.

The ancestor of Fergus Mac-Ivor, about three centuries before, had set up a claim to be recog-

nized as chief of the numerous and powerful clan to which he belonged, the name of which it is unnecessary to mention. Being defeated by an opponent who had more justice, or at least more force, on his side, he moved southwards, with those who adhered to him, in quest of new settlements, like a second Æneas. The state of the Perthshire Highlands favoured his purpose. A great baron in that country had lately become traitor to the Crown; Ian — which was the name of our adventurer — united himself with those who were commissioned by the king to chastise him, and did such good service that he obtained a grant of the property, upon which he and his posterity afterwards resided. He followed the king also in war to the fertile regions of England, where he employed his leisure hours so actively in raising subsidies among the boors of Northumberland and Durham that upon his return he was enabled to erect a stone tower, or fortalice, so much admired by his dependents and neighbours, that he, who had hitherto been called Ian Mac-Ivor, or John the son of Ivor, was thereafter distinguished, both in song and genealogy, by the high title of "Ian nan Chaistel," or John of the Tower. The descendants of this worthy were so proud of him that the reigning chief always bore the patronymic title of Vich Ian Vohr, — that is, the son of John the Great, — while the clan at large, to distinguish them from that from which they had seceded, were denominated "Sliochd nan Ivor," the race of Ivor.

The father of Fergus — the tenth in direct descent from John of the Tower — engaged heart and hand in the insurrection of 1715, and was forced to fly to France after the attempt of that year in

favour of the Stewarts had proved unsuccessful. More fortunate than other fugitives, he obtained employment in the French service, and married a lady of rank in that kingdom, by whom he had two children, Fergus and his sister Flora. The Scottish estate had been forfeited and exposed to sale, but was repurchased for a small price in the name of the young proprietor, who in consequence came to reside upon his native domains.[1] It was soon perceived that he possessed a character of uncommon acuteness, fire, and ambition, which, as he became acquainted with the state of the country, gradually assumed a mixed and peculiar tone that could only have been acquired Sixty Years since.

Had Fergus Mac-Ivor lived Sixty Years sooner than he did, he would, in all probability, have wanted the polished manner and knowledge of the world which he now possessed; and had he lived Sixty Years later, his ambition and love of rule would have lacked the fuel which his situation now afforded. He was indeed, within his little circle, as perfect a politician as Castruccio Castrucani himself. He applied himself with great earnestness to appease all the feuds and dissensions which often arose among other clans in his neighbourhood, so that he became a frequent umpire

[1] This happened on many occasions. Indeed, it was not till after the total destruction of the clan influence, after 1745, that purchasers could be found who offered a fair price for the estates forfeited in 1715, which were then brought to sale by the creditors of the York Buildings Company, who had purchased the whole or greater part from government at a very small price. Even so late as the period first mentioned, the prejudices of the public in favour of the heirs of the forfeited families threw various impediments in the way of intending purchasers of such property.

in their quarrels. His own patriarchal power he strengthened at every expense which his fortune would permit, and indeed stretched his means to the uttermost to maintain the rude and plentiful hospitality which was the most valued attribute of a chieftain. For the same reason, he crowded his estate with a tenantry, hardy, indeed, and fit for the purposes of war, but greatly outnumbering what the soil was calculated to maintain. These consisted chiefly of his own clan, not one of whom he suffered to quit his lands if he could possibly prevent it. But he maintained, besides, many adventurers from the mother sept, who deserted a less warlike though more wealthy chief to do homage to Fergus Mac-Ivor. Other individuals, too, who had not even that apology, were nevertheless received into his allegiance, which indeed was refused to none who were, like Poins, proper men of their hands, and were willing to assume the name of Mac-Ivor.

He was enabled to discipline these forces, from having obtained command of one of the independent companies raised by government to preserve the peace of the Highlands. While in this capacity he acted with vigour and spirit, and preserved great order in the country under his charge. He caused his vassals to enter by rotation into his company, and serve for a certain space of time, which gave them all in turn a general notion of military discipline. In his campaigns against the banditti, it was observed that he assumed and exercised to the utmost the discretionary power, which, while the law had no free course in the Highlands, was conceived to belong to the military parties who were called in to support it. He

acted, for example, with great and suspicious lenity to those freebooters who made restitution on his summons and offered personal submission to himself, while he rigorously pursued, apprehended, and sacrificed to justice all such interlopers as dared to despise his admonitions or commands. On the other hand, if any officers of justice, military parties, or others, presumed to pursue thieves or marauders through his territories, and without applying for his consent and concurrence, nothing was more certain than that they would meet with some notable foil or defeat,— upon which occasions Fergus Mac-Ivor was the first to condole with them, and, after gently blaming their rashness, never failed deeply to lament the lawless state of the country. These lamentations did not exclude suspicion, and matters were so represented to government that our chieftain was deprived of his military command.[1]

Whatever Fergus Mac-Ivor felt on this occasion, he had the art of entirely suppressing every appearance of discontent; but in a short time the neighbouring country began to feel bad effects from his disgrace. Donald Bean Lean, and others of his class, whose depredations had hitherto been confined to other districts, appeared from thenceforward to have made a settlement on this devoted border; and their ravages were carried on with little opposition, as the Lowland gentry were chiefly Jacobites, and disarmed. This forced many of the inhabitants into contracts of blackmail with Fergus Mac-Ivor, which not only established him their protector and gave him great weight in all their consultations, but, moreover, supplied funds

[1] Note IX. — Highland Policy.

for the waste of his feudal hospitality, which the discontinuance of his pay might have otherwise essentially diminished.

In following this course of conduct, Fergus had a further object than merely being the great man of his neighbourhood and ruling despotically over a small clan. From his infancy upward, he had devoted himself to the cause of the exiled family, and had persuaded himself, not only that their restoration to the crown of Britain would be speedy, but that those who assisted them would be raised to honour and rank. It was with this view that he laboured to reconcile the Highlanders among themselves, and augmented his own force to the utmost, to be prepared for the first favourable opportunity of rising. With this purpose also he conciliated the favour of such Lowland gentlemen in the vicinity as were friends to the good cause; and for the same reason, having incautiously quarrelled with Mr. Bradwardine, who, notwithstanding his peculiarities, was much respected in the country, he took advantage of the foray of Donald Bean Lean to solder up the dispute in the manner we have mentioned. Some, indeed, surmised that he caused the enterprise to be suggested to Donald, on purpose to pave the way to a reconciliation,—which, supposing that to be the case, cost the Laird of Bradwardine two good milch cows. This zeal in their behalf the house of Stewart repaid with a considerable share of their confidence, an occasional supply of louis d'or, abundance of fair words, and a parchment, with a huge waxen seal appended, purporting to be an earl's patent, granted by no less a person than James the Third King of England and Eighth King of Scotland to his right

feal, trusty, and well-beloved Fergus Mac-Ivor of Glennaquoich, in the county of Perth and kingdom of Scotland.

With this future coronet glittering before his eyes, Fergus plunged deeply into the correspondence and plots of that unhappy period, and, like all such active agents, easily reconciled his conscience to going certain lengths in the service of his party from which honour and pride would have deterred him, had his sole object been the direct advancement of his own personal interest. With this insight into a bold, ambitious, and ardent, yet artful and politic character, we resume the broken thread of our narrative.

The chief and his guest had by this time reached the house of Glennaquoich, which consisted of Ian nan Chaistel's mansion, — a high, rude-looking square tower, with the addition of a *lofted* house; that is, a building of two stories, constructed by Fergus's grandfather when he returned from that memorable expedition, well remembered by the western shires under the name of the Highland Host. Upon occasion of this crusade against the Ayrshire Whigs and Covenanters, the Vich Ian Vohr of the time had probably been as successful as his predecessor was in harrying Northumberland, and therefore left to his posterity a rival edifice as a monument of his magnificence.

Around the house, which stood on an eminence in the midst of a narrow Highland valley, there appeared none of that attention to convenience, far less to ornament and decoration, which usually surrounds a gentleman's habitation. An enclosure or two, divided by dry-stone walls, was the only part of the domain that was fenced; as to the

rest, the narrow slips of level ground which lay by the side of the brook exhibited a scanty crop of barley, liable to constant depredations from the herds of wild ponies and black cattle that grazed upon the adjacent hills. These ever and anon made an incursion upon the arable ground, which was repelled by the loud, uncouth, and dissonant shouts of half-a-dozen Highland swains, all running as if they had been mad, and every one hallooing a half-starved dog to the rescue of the forage. At a little distance up the glen was a small and stunted wood of birch; the hills were high and heathy, but without any variety of surface; so that the whole view was wild and desolate, rather than grand and solitary. Yet, such as it was, no genuine descendant of Ian nan Chaistel would have changed the domain for Stow or Blenheim.

There was a sight, however, before the gate which perhaps would have afforded the first owner of Blenheim more pleasure than the finest view in the domain assigned to him by the gratitude of his country. This consisted of about a hundred Highlanders, in complete dress and arms, at sight of whom the chieftain apologized to Waverley in a sort of negligent manner. He had forgot, he said, that he had ordered a few of his clan out, for the purpose of seeing that they were in a fit condition to protect the country and prevent such accidents as, he was sorry to learn, had befallen the Baron of Bradwardine. Before they were dismissed, perhaps Captain Waverley might choose to see them go through a part of their exercise.

Edward assented, and the men executed with agility and precision some of the ordinary military movements. They then practised individually at

a mark, and showed extraordinary dexterity in the management of the pistol and firelock. They took aim standing, sitting, leaning, or lying prostrate, as they were commanded, and always with effect upon the target. Next, they paired off for the broadsword exercise; and having manifested their individual skill and dexterity, united in two bodies and exhibited a sort of mock encounter, in which the charge, the rally, the flight, the pursuit, and all the current of a heady fight, were exhibited to the sound of the great war bagpipe.

On a signal made by the chief, the skirmish was ended. Matches were then made for running, wrestling, leaping, pitching the bar, and other sports, in which this feudal militia displayed incredible swiftness, strength, and agility, and accomplished the purpose which their chieftain had at heart, by impressing on Waverley no light sense of their merit as soldiers, and of the power of him who commanded them by his nod.[1]

"And what number of such gallant fellows have the happiness to call you leader?" asked Waverley.

"In a good cause, and under a chieftain whom they loved, the race of Ivor have seldom taken the field under five hundred claymores. But you are aware, Captain Waverley, that the Disarming Act, passed about twenty years ago, prevents their being in the complete state of preparation as in former times; and I keep no more of my clan under arms than may defend my own or my friends' property when the country is troubled with such men as your last night's landlord, — and government, which has removed other means of defence, must connive at our protecting ourselves."

[1] Note X.—Highland Discipline.

"But with your force you might soon destroy or put down such gangs as that of Donald Bean Lean."

"Yes, doubtless; and my reward would be a summons to deliver up to General Blakeney, at Stirling, the few broadswords they have left us. There were little policy in that, methinks. But come, Captain, the sound of the pipes informs me that dinner is prepared. Let me have the honour to show you into my rude mansion."

CHAPTER XX.

A HIGHLAND FEAST.

Ere Waverley entered the banqueting-hall he was offered the patriarchal refreshment of a bath for the feet, which the sultry weather and the morasses he had traversed rendered highly acceptable. He was not, indeed, so luxuriously attended upon this occasion as the heroic travellers in the Odyssey; the task of ablution and abstersion being performed, not by a beautiful damsel, trained

"To chafe the limb and pour the fragrant oil,"

but by a smoke-dried, skinny old Highland woman, who did not seem to think herself much honoured by the duty imposed upon her, but muttered between her teeth, "Our fathers' herds did not feed so near together that I should do you this service." A small donation, however, amply reconciled this ancient handmaiden to the supposed degradation; and as Edward proceeded to the hall, she gave him her blessing in the Gaelic proverb, "May the open hand be filled the fullest."

The hall in which the feast was prepared occupied all the first story of Ian nan Chaistel's original erection, and a huge oaken table extended through its whole length. The apparatus for dinner was simple even to rudeness, and the company numerous even to crowding. At the head of the

table was the chief himself, with Edward and two or three Highland visitors of neighbouring clans; the elders of his own tribe, "wadsetters" and "tacksmen," as they were called, who occupied portions of his estate as mortgagers or lessees, sat next in rank; beneath them, their sons and nephews and foster-brethren; then the officers of the chief's household, according to their order; and, lowest of all, the tenants who actually cultivated the ground. Even beyond this long perspective, Edward might see upon the green, to which a huge pair of folding doors opened, a multitude of Highlanders of a yet inferior description, who, nevertheless, were considered as guests, and had their share both of the countenance of the entertainer and of the cheer of the day. In the distance, and fluctuating round this extreme verge of the banquet, was a changeful group of women, ragged boys and girls, beggars, young and old, large greyhounds, and terriers, and pointers, and curs of low degree, all of whom took some interest, more or less immediate, in the main action of the piece.

This hospitality, apparently unbounded, had yet its line of economy. Some pains had been bestowed in dressing the dishes of fish, game, etc., which were at the upper end of the table and immediately under the eye of the English stranger. Lower down stood immense clumsy joints of mutton and beef, which, but for the absence of pork,[1] abhorred in the Highlands, resembled the rude festivity of the banquet of Penelope's suitors. But the central dish was a yearling lamb, called "a hog in har'st," roasted whole. It was set upon

[1] Note XI.—Dislike of the Scotch to Pork.

its legs, with a bunch of parsley in its mouth, and was probably exhibited in that form to gratify the pride of the cook, who piqued himself more on the plenty than the elegance of his master's table. The sides of this poor animal were fiercely attacked by the clansmen, some with dirks, others with the knives which were usually in the same sheath with the dagger, so that it was soon rendered a mangled and rueful spectacle. Lower down still, the victuals seemed of yet coarser quality, though sufficiently abundant. Broth, onions, cheese, and the fragments of the feast regaled the sons of Ivor who feasted in the open air.

The liquor was supplied in the same proportion and under similar regulations. Excellent claret and champagne were liberally distributed among the chief's immediate neighbours; whiskey, plain or diluted, and strong beer refreshed those who sat near the lower end. Nor did this inequality of distribution appear to give the least offence. Every one present understood that his taste was to be formed according to the rank which he held at table; and, consequently, the tacksmen and their dependants always professed the wine was too cold for their stomachs, and called, apparently out of choice, for the liquor which was assigned to them from economy.[1] The bagpipers, three in number, screamed, during the whole time of dinner, a tremendous war-tune; and the echoing of the vaulted roof and clang of the Celtic tongue produced such a Babel of noises that Waverley dreaded his ears would never recover it. Mac-Ivor, indeed, apologized for the confusion occasioned by so large a party, and pleaded the necessity of his situation,

[1] Note XII.—A Scottish Dinner-table.

on which unlimited hospitality was imposed as a paramount duty. "These stout idle kinsmen of mine," he said, "account my estate as held in trust for their support; and I must find them beef and ale, while the rogues will do nothing for themselves but practise the broadsword, or wander about the hills shooting, fishing, hunting, drinking, and making love to the lasses of the strath. But what can I do, Captain Waverley? Everything will keep after its kind, whether it be a hawk or a Highlander." Edward made the expected answer, in a compliment upon his possessing so many bold and attached followers.

"Why, yes," replied the chief; "were I disposed, like my father, to put myself in the way of getting one blow on the head, or two on the neck, I believe the loons would stand by me. But who thinks of that in the present day, when the maxim is, 'Better an old woman with a purse in her hand, than three men with belted brands?'" Then, turning to the company, he proposed the health of Captain Waverley, a worthy friend of his kind neighbour and ally, the Baron of Bradwardine.

"He is welcome hither," said one of the elders, "if he come from Cosmo Comyne Bradwardine."

"I say nay to that," said an old man, who apparently did not mean to pledge the toast,—"I say nay to that: while there is a green leaf in the forest, there will be fraud in a Comyne."

"There is nothing but honour in the Baron of Bradwardine," answered another ancient; "and the guest that comes hither from him should be welcome, though he came with blood on his hand, unless it were blood of the race of Ivor."

The old man, whose cup remained full, replied: "There has been blood enough of the race of Ivor on the hand of Bradwardine."

"Ah, Ballenkeiroch," replied the first, "you think rather of the flash of the carbine at the Mains of Tully-Veolan than the glance of the sword that fought for the cause at Preston."

"And well I may," answered Ballenkeiroch; "the flash of the gun cost me a fair-haired son, and the glance of the sword has done but little for King James."

The chieftain, in two words of French, explained to Waverley that the Baron had shot this old man's son in a fray near Tully-Veolan about seven years before; and then hastened to remove Ballenkeiroch's prejudice by informing him that Waverley was an Englishman, unconnected by birth or alliance with the family of Bradwardine; upon which the old gentleman raised the hitherto-untasted cup and courteously drank to his health. This ceremony being requited in kind, the chieftain made a signal for the pipes to cease, and said aloud, "Where is the song hidden, my friends, that Mac-Murrough cannot find it?"

Mac-Murrough, the family *bhairdh*, an aged man, immediately took the hint, and began to chant, with low and rapid utterance, a profusion of Celtic verses, which were received by the audience with all the applause of enthusiasm. As he advanced in his declamation, his ardour seemed to increase. He had at first spoken with his eyes fixed on the ground; he now cast them around as if beseeching, and anon as if commanding, attention, and his tones rose into wild and impassioned notes, accompanied with appropriate gestures. He

seemed to Edward, who attended to him with much interest, to recite many proper names, to lament the dead, to apostrophize the absent, to exhort and entreat and animate those who were present. Waverley thought he even discerned his own name, and was convinced his conjecture was right, from the eyes of the company being at that moment turned towards him simultaneously. The ardour of the poet appeared to communicate itself to the audience. Their wild and sun-burned countenances assumed a fiercer and more animated expression; all bent forward towards the reciter, many sprung up and waved their arms in ecstasy, and some laid their hands on their swords. When the song ceased, there was a deep pause, while the aroused feelings of the poet and of the hearers gradually subsided into their usual channel.

The chieftain, who during this scene had appeared rather to watch the emotions which were excited, than to partake their high tone of enthusiasm, filled with claret a small silver cup which stood by him. "Give this," he said to an attendant, "to Mac-Murrough nan Fonn [that is, of the songs], and when he has drank the juice, bid him keep, for the sake of Vich Ian Vohr, the shell of the gourd which contained it."

The gift was received by Mac-Murrough with profound gratitude; he drank the wine, and, kissing the cup, shrouded it with reverence in the plaid which was folded on his bosom. He then burst forth into what Edward justly supposed to be an extemporaneous effusion of thanks and praises of his chief. It was received with applause, but did not produce the effect of his first poem. It was obvious, however, that the clan

regarded the generosity of their chieftain with high approbation. Many approved Gaelic toasts were then proposed, of some of which the chieftain gave his guest the following versions:—

"To him that will not turn his back on friend or foe;" "To him that never forsook a comrade;" "To him that never bought or sold justice;" "Hospitality to the exile, and broken bones to the tyrant;" "The lads with the kilts;" "Highlanders, shoulder to shoulder,"—with many other pithy sentiments of the like nature.

Edward was particularly solicitous to know the meaning of that song which appeared to produce such effect upon the passions of the company, and hinted his curiosity to his host. "As I observe," said the chieftain, "that you have passed the bottle during the last three rounds, I was about to propose to you to retire to my sister's tea-table, who can explain these things to you better than I can. Although I cannot stint my clan in the usual current of their festivity, yet I neither am addicted myself to exceed in its amount, nor do I," added he, smiling, "keep a bear to devour the intellects of such as can make good use of them."

Edward readily assented to this proposal, and the chieftain, saying a few words to those around him, left the table, followed by Waverley. As the door closed behind them, Edward heard Vich Ian Vohr's health invoked with a wild and animated cheer that expressed the satisfaction of the guests and the depth of their devotion to his service.

CHAPTER XXI.

THE CHIEFTAIN'S SISTER.

THE drawing-room of Flora Mac-Ivor was furnished in the plainest and most simple manner; for at Glennaquoich every other sort of expenditure was retrenched as much as possible, for the purpose of maintaining in its full dignity the hospitality of the chieftain, and retaining and multiplying the number of his dependants and adherents. But there was no appearance of this parsimony in the dress of the lady herself, which was in texture elegant, and even rich, and arranged in a manner which partook partly of the Parisian fashion, and partly of the more simple dress of the Highlands, blended together with great taste. Her hair was not disfigured by the art of the friseur, but fell in jetty ringlets on her neck, confined only by a circlet richly set with diamonds. This peculiarity she adopted in compliance with the Highland prejudices, which could not endure that a woman's head should be covered before wedlock.

Flora Mac-Ivor bore a most striking resemblance to her brother Fergus,—so much so that they might have played Viola and Sebastian with the same exquisite effect produced by the appearance of Mrs. Henry Siddons and her brother, Mr. William Murray, in these characters. They had the same antique and regular correctness of profile, the

same dark eyes, eyelashes, and eyebrows, the same clearness of complexion, excepting that Fergus's was embrowned by exercise, and Flora's possessed the utmost feminine delicacy. But the haughty and somewhat stern regularity of Fergus's features was beautifully softened in those of Flora. Their voices were also similar in tone, though differing in the key. That of Fergus, especially while issuing orders to his followers during their military exercise, reminded Edward of a favourite passage in the description of Emetrius,—

> "Whose voice was heard around,
> Loud as a trumpet with a silver sound."

That of Flora, on the contrary, was soft and sweet, —"an excellent thing in woman;" yet in urging any favourite topic, which she often pursued with natural eloquence, it possessed as well the tones which impress awe and conviction, as those of persuasive insinuation. The eager glance of the keen black eye, which in the chieftain seemed impatient even of the material obstacles it encountered, had in his sister acquired a gentle pensiveness. His looks seemed to seek glory, power, all that could exalt him above others in the race of humanity; while those of his sister, as if she were already conscious of mental superiority, seemed to pity rather than envy those who were struggling for any further distinction. Her sentiments corresponded with the expression of her countenance. Early education had impressed upon her mind, as well as on that of the chieftain, the most devoted attachment to the exiled family of Stewart. She believed it the duty of her brother, of his clan, of every man in Britain, at whatever personal hazard,

to contribute to that restoration which the partisans of the Chevalier St. George had not ceased to hope for. For this she was prepared to do all, to suffer all, to sacrifice all. But her loyalty, as it exceeded her brother's in fanaticism, excelled it also in purity. Accustomed to petty intrigue, and necessarily involved in a thousand paltry and selfish discussions, ambitious also by nature, his political faith was tinctured, at least, if not tainted, by the views of interest and advancement so easily combined with it; and at the moment he should unsheathe his claymore, it might be difficult to say whether it would be most with the view of making James Stewart a king, or Fergus Mac-Ivor an earl. This, indeed, was a mixture of feeling which he did not avow even to himself, but it existed, nevertheless, in a powerful degree.

In Flora's bosom, on the contrary, the zeal of loyalty burned pure and unmixed with any selfish feeling; she would have as soon made religion the mask of ambitious and interested views, as have shrouded them under the opinions which she had been taught to think patriotism. Such instances of devotion were not uncommon among the followers of the unhappy race of Stewart, of which many memorable proofs will recur to the mind of most of my readers. But peculiar attention on the part of the Chevalier de St. George and his princess to the parents of Fergus and his sister, and to themselves when orphans, had riveted their faith. Fergus, upon the death of his parents, had been for some time a page of honour in the train of the Chevalier's lady, and from his beauty and sprightly temper was uniformly treated by her with the utmost distinction. This was also ex-

tended to Flora, who was maintained for some time at a convent of the first order at the princess's expense, and removed from thence into her own family, where she spent nearly two years. Both brother and sister retained the deepest and most grateful sense of her kindness.

Having thus touched upon the leading principle of Flora's character, I may dismiss the rest more slightly. She was highly accomplished, and had acquired those elegant manners to be expected from one who in early youth had been the companion of a princess; yet she had not learned to substitute the gloss of politeness for the reality of feeling. When settled in the lonely regions of Glennaquoich, she found that her resources in French, English, and Italian literature were likely to be few and interrupted; and in order to fill up the vacant time, she bestowed a part of it upon the music and poetical traditions of the Highlanders, and began really to feel the pleasure in the pursuit which her brother, whose perceptions of literary merit were more blunt, rather affected for the sake of popularity than actually experienced. Her resolution was strengthened in these researches by the extreme delight which her inquiries seemed to afford those to whom she resorted for information.

Her love of her clan — an attachment which was almost hereditary in her bosom — was, like her loyalty, a more pure passion than that of her brother. He was too thorough a politician, regarded his patriarchal influence too much as the means of accomplishing his own aggrandizement, that we should term him the model of a Highland chieftain. Flora felt the same anxiety for cher-

ishing and extending their patriarchal sway; but it was with the generous desire of vindicating from poverty, or at least from want and foreign oppression, those whom her brother was by birth, according to the notions of the time and country, entitled to govern. The savings of her income — for she had a small pension from the Princess Sobieski — were dedicated, not to add to the comforts of the peasantry, for that was a word which they neither knew nor apparently wished to know, but to relieve their absolute necessities when in sickness or extreme old age. At every other period, they rather toiled to procure something which they might share with the chief, as a proof of their attachment, than expected other assistance from him save what was afforded by the rude hospitality of his castle, and the general division and subdivision of his estate among them. Flora was so much beloved by them that when Mac-Murrough composed a song, in which he enumerated all the principal beauties of the district, and intimated her superiority by concluding that "the fairest apple hung on the highest bough," he received, in donatives from the individuals of the clan, more seed-barley than would have sowed his Highland Parnassus, the "Bard's croft," as it was called, ten times over.

From situation, as well as choice, Miss Mac-Ivor's society was extremely limited. Her most intimate friend had been Rose Bradwardine, to whom she was much attached; and when seen together, they would have afforded an artist two admirable subjects for the gay and the melancholy muse. Indeed, Rose was so tenderly watched by her father, and her circle of wishes was so limited,

that none arose but what he was willing to gratify, and scarce any which did not come within the compass of his power. With Flora it was otherwise. While almost a girl, she had undergone the most complete change of scene, from gayety and splendour to absolute solitude and comparative poverty; and the ideas and wishes which she chiefly fostered, respected great national events, and changes not to be brought round without both hazard and bloodshed, and therefore not to be thought of with levity. Her manner, consequently, was grave, though she readily contributed her talents to the amusement of society, and stood very high in the opinion of the old Baron, who used to sing along with her such French duets of Lindor and Cloris, etc., as were in fashion about the end of the reign of old Louis le Grand.

It was generally believed, though no one durst have hinted it to the Baron of Bradwardine, that Flora's entreaties had no small share in allaying the wrath of Fergus upon occasion of their quarrel. She took her brother on the assailable side, by dwelling first upon the Baron's age, and then representing the injury which the cause might sustain, and the damage which must arise to his own character in point of prudence, so necessary to a political agent, if he persisted in carrying it to extremity. Otherwise, it is probable it would have terminated in a duel, both because the Baron had, on a former occasion, shed blood of the clan, though the matter had been timely accommodated, and on account of his high reputation for address at his weapon, which Fergus almost condescended to envy. For the same reason she had urged their reconciliation, which the chieftain the more read-

ily agreed to, as it favoured some ulterior projects of his own.

To this young lady, now presiding at the female empire of the tea-table, Fergus introduced Captain Waverley, whom she received with the usual forms of politeness.

CHAPTER XXII.

HIGHLAND MINSTRELSY.

WHEN the first salutations had passed, Fergus said to his sister: "My dear Flora, before I return to the barbarous ritual of our forefathers, I must tell you that Captain Waverley is a worshipper of the Celtic muse,—not the less so, perhaps, that he does not understand a word of her language. I have told him you are eminent as a translator of Highland poetry, and that Mac-Murrough admires your version of his songs upon the same principle that Captain Waverley admires the original,—because he does not comprehend them. Will you have the goodness to read or recite to our guest in English the extraordinary string of names which Mac-Murrough has tacked together in Gaelic? My life to a moor-fowl's feather, you are provided with a version; for I know you are in all the bard's councils, and acquainted with his songs long before he rehearses them in the hall."

"How can you say so Fergus? You know how little these verses can possibly interest an English stranger, even if I could translate them as you pretend."

"Not less than they interest me, lady fair. To-day your joint composition — for I insist you had a share in it — has cost me the last silver cup in the castle, and I suppose will cost me something

else next time I hold *cour plénière*, if the muse descends on Mac-Murrough; for you know our proverb,—'When the hand of the chief ceases to bestow, the breath of the bard is frozen in the utterance.' Well, I would it were even so. There are three things that are useless to a modern Highlander,—a sword which he must not draw, a bard to sing of deeds which he dare not imitate, and a large goat-skin purse without a louis-d'or to put into it."

"Well, Brother, since you betray my secrets, you cannot expect me to keep yours. I assure you, Captain Waverley, that Fergus is too proud to exchange his broadsword for a maréchal's baton, that he esteems Mac-Murrough a far greater poet than Homer, and would not give up his goat-skin purse for all the louis-d'or which it could contain."

"Well pronounced, Flora,—blow for blow, as Conan[1] said to the devil. Now do you two talk of bards and poetry, if not of purses and claymores, while I return to do the final honours to the senators of the tribe of Ivor." So saying, he left the room.

The conversation continued between Flora and Waverley; for two well-dressed young women, whose character seemed to hover between that of companions and dependants, took no share in it. They were both pretty girls, but served only as foils to the grace and beauty of their patroness. The discourse followed the turn which the chieftain had given it, and Waverley was equally amused and surprised with the account which the lady gave him of Celtic poetry.

"The recitation," she said, "of poems recording

[1] Note XIII.—Conan the Jester.

the feats of heroes, the complaints of lovers, and the wars of contending tribes, forms the chief amusement of a winter fireside in the Highlands. Some of these are said to be very ancient, and if they are ever translated into any of the languages of civilized Europe, cannot fail to produce a deep and general sensation. Others are more modern, the composition of those family bards whom the chieftains of more distinguished name and power retain as the poets and historians of their tribes. These, of course, possess various degrees of merit; but much of it must evaporate in translation, or be lost on those who do not sympathize with the feelings of the poet."

"And your bard, whose effusions seemed to produce such effect upon the company to-day, is he reckoned among the favourite poets of the mountains?"

"That is a trying question. His reputation is high among his countrymen, and you must not expect me to depreciate it." [1]

"But the song, Miss Mac-Ivor, seemed to awaken all those warriors, both young and old."

"The song is little more than a catalogue of names of the Highland clans under their distinctive peculiarities, and an exhortation to them to remember and to emulate the actions of their forefathers."

"And am I wrong in conjecturing, however extraordinary the guess appears, that there was some allusion to me in the verses which he recited?"

"You have a quick observation, Captain Waverley, which in this instance has not deceived you.

[1] The Highland poet almost always was an improvisatore. Captain Burt met one of them at Lovat's table.

The Gaelic language, being uncommonly vocalic, is well adapted for sudden and extemporaneous poetry; and a bard seldom fails to augment the effects of a premeditated song, by throwing in any stanzas which may be suggested by the circumstances attending the recitation."

"I would give my best horse to know what the Highland bard could find to say of such an unworthy Southron as myself."

"It shall not even cost you a lock of his mane. Una, *Mavourneen!* [She spoke a few words to one of the young girls in attendance, who instantly courtesied, and tripped out of the room.] I have sent Una to learn from the bard the expressions he used, and you shall command my skill as dragoman."

Una returned in a few minutes, and repeated to her mistress a few lines in Gaelic. Flora seemed to think for a moment, and then, slightly colouring, she turned to Waverley,—"It is impossible to gratify your curiosity, Captain Waverley, without exposing my own presumption. If you will give me a few moments for consideration, I will endeavour to engraft the meaning of these lines upon a rude English translation, which I have attempted, of a part of the original. The duties of the tea-table seem to be concluded; and as the evening is delightful, Una will show you the way to one of my favourite haunts, and Cathleen and I will join you there."

Una, having received instructions in her native language, conducted Waverley out by a passage different from that through which he had entered the apartment. At a distance he heard the hall of the chief still resounding with the clang of bag-

pipes and the high applause of his guests. Having gained the open air by a postern door, they walked a little way up the wild, bleak, and narrow valley in which the house was situated, following the course of the stream that winded through it. In a spot about a quarter of a mile from the castle, two brooks, which formed the little river, had their junction. The larger of the two came down the long, bare valley, which extended, apparently without any change or elevation of character, as far as the hills which formed its boundary permitted the eye to reach. But the other stream, which had its source among the mountains on the left hand of the strath, seemed to issue from a very narrow and dark opening betwixt two large rocks. These streams were different also in character. The larger was placid, and even sullen in its course, wheeling in deep eddies, or sleeping in dark-blue pools; but the motions of the lesser brook were rapid and furious, issuing from between precipices, like a maniac from his confinement, all foam and uproar.

It was up the course of this last stream that Waverley, like a knight of romance, was conducted by the fair Highland damsel, his silent guide. A small path, which had been rendered easy in many places for Flora's accommodation, led him through scenery of a very different description from that which he had just quitted. Around the castle all was cold, bare, and desolate, yet tame even in desolation; but this narrow glen, at so short a distance, seemed to open into the land of romance. The rocks assumed a thousand peculiar and varied forms. In one place a crag of huge size presented its gigantic bulk, as if to for-

bid the passenger's farther progress; and it was not until he approached its very base that Waverley discerned the sudden and acute turn by which the pathway wheeled its course around this formidable obstacle. In another spot, the projecting rocks from the opposite sides of the chasm had approached so near to each other that two pine-trees laid across, and covered with turf, formed a rustic bridge at the height of at least one hundred and fifty feet. It had no ledges, and was barely three feet in breadth.

While gazing at this pass of peril, which crossed, like a single black line, the small portion of blue sky not intercepted by the projecting rocks on either side, it was with a sensation of horror that Waverley beheld Flora and her attendant appear, like inhabitants of another region, propped, as it were, in mid air, upon this trembling structure. She stopped upon observing him below, and with an air of graceful ease which made him shudder, waved her handkerchief to him by way of signal. He was unable, from the sense of dizziness which her situation conveyed, to return the salute; and was never more relieved than when the fair apparition passed on from the precarious eminence which she seemed to occupy with so much indifference, and disappeared on the other side.

Advancing a few yards, and passing under the bridge which he had viewed with so much terror, the path ascended rapidly from the edge of the brook, and the glen widened into a sylvan amphitheatre, waving with birch, young oaks, and hazels, with here and there a scattered yew-tree. The rocks now receded, but still showed their gray and shaggy crests rising among the copse-wood.

Still higher, rose eminences and peaks, some bare, some clothed with wood, some round and purple with heath, and others splintered into rocks and crags. At a short turning, the path, which had for some furlongs lost sight of the brook, suddenly placed Waverley in front of a romantic waterfall. It was not so remarkable either for great height or quantity of water, as for the beautiful accompaniments which made the spot interesting. After a broken cataract of about twenty feet, the stream was received in a large natural basin filled to the brim with water, which, where the bubbles of the fall subsided, was so exquisitely clear that although it was of great depth, the eye could discern each pebble at the bottom. Eddying round this reservoir, the brook found its way as if over a broken part of the ledge, and formed a second fall, which seemed to seek the very abyss; then, wheeling out beneath from among the smooth dark rocks which it had polished for ages, it wandered murmuring down the glen, forming the stream up which Waverley had just ascended.[1] The borders of this romantic reservoir corresponded in beauty; but it was beauty of a stern and commanding cast, as if in the act of expanding into grandeur. Mossy banks of turf were broken and interrupted by huge fragments of rock, and decorated with trees and shrubs, some of which had been planted under the direction of Flora, but so cautiously that they added to the grace without diminishing the romantic wildness of the scene.

Here, like one of those lovely forms which decorate the landscapes of Poussin, Waverley found Flora gazing on the waterfall. Two paces farther

[1] Note XIV.—Waterfall.

back stood Cathleen, holding a small Scottish harp, the use of which had been taught to Flora by Rory Dall, one of the last harpers of the western Highlands. The sun, now stooping in the west, gave a rich and varied tinge to all the objects which surrounded Waverley, and seemed to add more than human brilliancy to the full, expressive darkness of Flora's eye, exalted the richness and purity of her complexion, and enhanced the dignity and grace of her beautiful form. Edward thought he had never, even in his wildest dreams, imagined a figure of such exquisite and interesting loveliness. The wild beauty of the retreat, bursting upon him as if by magic, augmented the mingled feeling of delight and awe with which he approached her, like a fair enchantress of Boiardo or Ariosto, by whose nod the scenery around seemed to have been created,—an Eden in the wilderness.

Flora, like every beautiful woman, was conscious of her own power, and pleased with its effects, which she could easily discern from the respectful, yet confused address of the young soldier. But as she possessed excellent sense, she gave the romance of the scene and other accidental circumstances full weight in appreciating the feelings with which Waverley seemed obviously to be impressed; and unacquainted with the fanciful and susceptible peculiarities of his character, considered his homage as the passing tribute which a woman of even inferior charms might have expected in such a situation. She therefore quietly led the way to a spot at such a distance from the cascade that its sound should rather accompany than interrupt that of her voice and instrument,

and sitting down upon a mossy fragment of rock, she took the harp from Cathleen.

"I have given you the trouble of walking to this spot, Captain Waverley, both because I thought the scenery would interest you, and because a Highland song would suffer still more from my imperfect translation, were I to introduce it without its own wild and appropriate accompaniments. To speak in the poetical language of my country, the seat of the Celtic Muse is in the midst of the secret and solitary hill, and her voice in the murmur of the mountain stream. He who woos her must love the barren rock more than the fertile valley, and the solitude of the desert better than the festivity of the hall."

Few could have heard this lovely woman make this declaration, with a voice where harmony was exalted by pathos, without exclaiming that the Muse whom she invoked could never find a more appropriate representative. But Waverley, though the thought rushed on his mind, found no courage to utter it. Indeed, the wild feeling of romantic delight with which he heard the few first notes she drew from her instrument, amounted almost to a sense of pain. He would not for worlds have quitted his place by her side; yet he almost longed for solitude, that he might decipher and examine at leisure the complication of emotions which now agitated his bosom.

Flora had exchanged the measured and monotonous recitative of the bard for a lofty and uncommon Highland air, which had been a battle-song in former ages. A few irregular strains introduced a prelude of a wild and peculiar tone, which harmonized well with the distant waterfall and the

soft sigh of the evening breeze in the rustling leaves of an aspen which overhung the seat of the fair harpress. The following verses convey but little idea of the feelings with which, so sung and accompanied, they were heard by Waverley:—

There is mist on the mountain, and night on the vale,
But more dark is the sleep of the sons of the Gael.
A stranger commanded, — it sunk on the land,
It has frozen each heart, and benumbed every hand!

The dirk and the target lie sordid with dust,
The bloodless claymore is but reddened with rust;
On the hill or the glen if a gun should appear,
It is only to war with the heathcock or deer.

The deeds of our sires, if our bards should rehearse,
Let a blush or a blow be the meed of their verse!
Be mute every string, and be hushed every tone,
That shall bid us remember the fame that is flown.

But the dark hours of night and of slumber are past,
The morn on our mountains is dawning at last;
Glenaladale's peaks are illumed with the rays,
And the streams of Glenfinnan [1] leap bright in the blaze.

Oh, high-minded Moray,[2] the exiled, the dear!
In the blush of the dawning the STANDARD uprear!
Wide, wide on the winds of the North let it fly,
Like the sun's latest flash when the tempest is nigh!

[1] The young and daring adventurer, Charles Edward, landed at Glenaladale, in Moidart, and displayed his standard in the valley of Glenfinnan, mustering around it the Mac-Donalds, the Camerons, and other less numerous clans, whom he had prevailed on to join him. There is a monument erected on the spot, with a Latin inscription by the late Dr. Gregory.

[2] The Marquis of Tullibardine's elder brother, who, long exiled, returned to Scotland with Charles Edward in 1745.

Ye sons of the strong, when that dawning shall break,
Need the harp of the aged remind you to wake?
That dawn never beamed on your forefathers' eye,
But it roused each high chieftain to vanquish or die.

Oh, sprung from the kings who in Islay kept state,
Proud chiefs of Clan Ranald, Glengarry, and Sleat!
Combine like three streams from one mountain of snow,
And resistless in union rush down on the foe!

True son of Sir Evan, undaunted Lochiel,
Place thy targe on thy shoulder and burnish thy steel!
Rough Keppoch, give breath to thy bugle's bold swell,
Till far Coryarrick resound to the knell!

Stern son of Lord Kenneth, high chief of Kintail,
Let the stag in thy standard bound wild in the gale!
May the race of Clan Gillean, the fearless and free,
Remember Glenlivat, Harlaw, and Dundee!

Let the clan of gray Fingon, whose offspring has given
Such heroes to earth and such martyrs to heaven,
Unite with the race of renowned Rorri More
To launch the long galley and stretch to the oar.

How Mac-Shimei will joy when their chief shall display
The yew-crested bonnet o'er tresses of gray!
How the race of wronged Alpine and murdered Glencoe
Shall shout for revenge when they pour on the foe!

Ye sons of brown Dermid who slew the wild boar,
Resume the pure faith of the great Callum-More! (r)
Mac-Neil of the Islands, and Moy of the Lake,
For honour, for freedom, for vengeance awake!

Here a large greyhound, bounding up the glen, jumped upon Flora, and interrupted her music by his importunate caresses. At a distant whistle he

turned, and shot down the path again with the rapidity of an arrow. "That is Fergus's faithful attendant, Captain Waverley, and that was his signal. He likes no poetry but what is humorous, and comes in good time to interrupt my long catalogue of the tribes, whom one of your saucy English poets calls

> "'Our bootless host of high-born beggars,
> Mac-Leans, Mac-Kenzies, and Mac-Gregors.'"

Waverley expressed his regret at the interruption.

"Oh, you cannot guess how much you have lost! The bard, as in duty bound, has addressed three long stanzas to Vich Ian Vohr of the Banners, enumerating all his great properties, and not forgetting his being a cheerer of the harper and bard, —'a giver of bounteous gifts.' Besides, you should have heard a practical admonition to the fair-haired son of the stranger, who lives in the land where the grass is always green,— the rider on the shining, pampered steed, whose hue is like the raven, and whose neigh is like the scream of the eagle for battle. This valiant horseman is affectionately conjured to remember that his ancestors were distinguished by their loyalty as well as by their courage. All this you have lost; but since your curiosity is not satisfied, I judge, from the distant sound of my brother's whistle, I may have time to sing the concluding stanzas before he comes to laugh at my translation.

"Awake on your hills, on your islands awake,
Brave sons of the mountain, the frith, and the lake!
'T is the bugle, — but not for the chase is the call!
'T is the pibroch's shrill summons, — but not to the hall.

Flora MacIvor at the Waterfall.

Drawn and Etched by R. W. Macbeth, A. R. A.

"'T is the summons of heroes for conquest or death,
When the banners are blazing on mountain and heath;
They call to the dirk, the claymore, and the targe,
To the march and the muster, the line and the charge.

"Be the brand of each chieftain like Fin's in his ire!
May the blood through his veins flow like currents of fire!
Burst the base foreign yoke as your sires did of yore,
Or die like your sires, and endure it no more!"

CHAPTER XXIII.

WAVERLEY CONTINUES AT GLENNAQUOICH.

As Flora concluded her song, Fergus stood before them. "I knew I should find you here, even without the assistance of my friend Bran. A simple and unsublimed taste now, like my own, would prefer a *jet d'eau* at Versailles to this cascade, with all its accompaniments of rock and roar; but this is Flora's Parnassus, Captain Waverley, and that fountain her Helicon. It would be greatly for the benefit of my cellar if she could teach her coadjutor, Mac-Murrough, the value of its influence; he has just drunk a pint of usquebaugh to correct, he said, the coldness of the claret. Let me try its virtues." He sipped a little water in the hollow of his hand, and immediately commenced, with a theatrical air,—

> "O Lady of the desert, hail!
> That lovest the harping of the Gael,
> Through fair and fertile regions borne,
> Where never yet grew grass or corn.

But English poetry will never succeed under the influence of a Highland Helicon. *Allons, courage!*

> "'O vous, qui buvez, à tasse pleine,
> A cette heureuse fontaine,

Où on ne voit, sur le rivage,
Que quelques vilains troupeaux,
Suivis de nymphes de village,
Qui les escortent sans sabots—'"

"A truce, dear Fergus! spare us those most tedious and insipid persons of all Arcadia. Do not, for Heaven's sake, bring down Coridon and Lindor upon us."

"Nay, if you cannot relish *la houlette et le chalumeau*, have with you in heroic strains."

"Dear Fergus, you have certainly partaken of the inspiration of Mac-Murrough's cup rather than of mine."

"I disclaim it, *ma belle demoiselle*, although I protest it would be the more congenial of the two. Which of your crack-brained Italian romancers: it that says,—

"'Io d' Elicona niente
Mi curo, in fe de Dio, che 'l bere d' acque
(Bea chi ber ne vuol) sempre mi spiacque!'[1]

But if you prefer the Gaelic, Captain Waverley, here is little Cathleen shall sing you Drimmindhu. Come, Cathleen, *astore* (that is, my dear), begin; no apologies to the *Cean-kinné*."

Cathleen sung with much liveliness a little Gaelic song,—the burlesque elegy of a countryman on the loss of his cow, the comic tones of which, though he did not understand the language, made Waverley laugh more than once.[2]

[1] "Good sooth, I reck nought of your Helicon;
Drink water whoso will, in faith I will drink none!"

[2] This ancient Gaelic ditty is still well known both in the Highlands and in Ireland. It was translated into English and published, if I mistake not, under the auspices of the facetious Tom D'Urfey, by the title of "Colley, my Cow."

"Admirable, Cathleen!" cried the chieftain; "I must find you a handsome husband among the clansmen one of these days."

Cathleen laughed, blushed, and sheltered herself behind her companion.

In the progress of their return to the castle, the chieftain warmly pressed Waverley to remain for a week or two, in order to see a grand hunting-party in which he and some other Highland gentlemen proposed to join. The charms of melody and beauty were too strongly impressed in Edward's breast to permit his declining an invitation so pleasing. It was agreed, therefore, that he should write a note to the Baron of Bradwardine expressing his intention to stay a fortnight at Glennaquoich, and requesting him to forward by the bearer (a *gilly* of the chieftain's) any letters which might have arrived for him.

This turned the discourse upon the Baron, whom Fergus highly extolled as a gentleman and soldier. His character was touched with yet more discrimination by Flora, who observed he was the very model of the old Scottish cavalier, with all his excellences and peculiarities. "It is a character, Captain Waverley, which is fast disappearing; for its best point was a self-respect which was never lost sight of till now. But in the present time, the gentlemen whose principles do not permit them to pay court to the existing government are neglected and degraded, and many conduct themselves accordingly, and, like some of the persons you have seen at Tully-Veolan, adopt habits and companions inconsistent with their birth and breeding. The ruthless proscription of party seems to degrade the victims whom it brands,

however unjustly. But let us hope a brighter day is approaching, when a Scottish country gentleman may be a scholar without the pedantry of our friend the Baron, a sportsman without the low habits of Mr. Falconer, and a judicious improver of his property without becoming a boorish two-legged steer like Killancureit."

Thus did Flora prophesy a revolution which time indeed has produced, but in a manner very different from what she had in her mind.

The amiable Rose was next mentioned, with the warmest encomium on her person, manners, and mind. "That man," said Flora, "will find an inestimable treasure in the affections of Rose Bradwardine who shall be so fortunate as to become their object. Her very soul is in home and in the discharge of all those quiet virtues of which home is the centre. Her husband will be to her what her father now is,—the object of all her care, solicitude, and affection. She will see nothing, and connect herself with nothing, but by him and through him. If he is a man of sense and virtue, she will sympathize in his sorrows, divert his fatigue, and share his pleasures. If she becomes the property of a churlish or negligent husband, she will suit his taste also, for she will not long survive his unkindness. And, alas! how great is the chance that some such unworthy lot may be that of my poor friend! Oh that I were a queen this moment, and could command the most amiable and worthy youth of my kingdom to accept happiness with the hand of Rose Bradwardine!"

"I wish you would command her to accept mine *en attendant*," said Fergus, laughing.

I don't know by what caprice it was that this wish, however jocularly expressed, rather jarred on Edward's feelings, notwithstanding his growing inclination to Flora and his indifference to Miss Bradwardine. This is one of the inexplicabilities of human nature, which we leave without comment.

"Yours, brother?" answered Flora, regarding him steadily. "No; you have another bride,—Honour; and the dangers you must run in pursuit of her rival would break poor Rose's heart."

With this discourse they reached the castle, and Waverley soon prepared his despatches for Tully-Veolan. As he knew the Baron was punctilious in such matters, he was about to impress his billet with a seal on which his armorial bearings were engraved, but he did not find it at his watch, and thought he must have left it at Tully-Veolan. He mentioned his loss, borrowing at the same time the family seal of the chieftain.

"Surely," said Miss Mac-Ivor, "Donald Bean Lean would not—"

"My life for him in such circumstances," answered her brother; "besides, he would never have left the watch behind."

"After all, Fergus," said Flora, "and with every allowance, I am surprised you can countenance that man."

"I countenance him? This kind sister of mine would persuade you, Captain Waverley, that I take what the people of old used to call 'a steakraid,' that is, a 'collop of the foray,' or, in plainer words, a portion of the robber's booty, paid by him to the laird or chief through whose grounds he drove his prey. Oh, it is certain that unless I

can find some way to charm Flora's tongue, General Blakeney will send a sergeant's party from Stirling [this he said with haughty and emphatic irony] to seize Vich Ian Vohr, as they nickname me, in his own castle."

"Now, Fergus, must not our guest be sensible that all this is folly and affectation? You have men enough to serve you without enlisting banditti, and your own honour is above taint. Why don't you send this Donald Bean Lean, whom I hate for his smoothness and duplicity even more than for his rapine, out of your country at once? No cause should induce me to tolerate such a character."

"*No* cause, Flora?" said the chieftain, significantly.

"No cause, Fergus; not even that which is nearest to my heart. Spare it the omen of such evil supporters!"

"Oh, but, sister," rejoined the chief, gaily, "you don't consider my respect for *la belle passion*. Evan Dhu Maccombich is in love with Donald's daughter Alice, and you cannot expect me to disturb him in his amours. Why, the whole clan would cry shame on me. You know it is one of their wise sayings that a kinsman is part of a man's body, but a foster-brother is a piece of his heart."

"Well, Fergus, there is no disputing with you; but I would all this may end well."

"Devoutly prayed, my dear and prophetic sister, and the best way in the world to close a dubious argument. But hear ye not the pipes, Captain Waverley? Perhaps you will like better to dance to them in the hall than to be deafened with their

harmony without taking part in the exercise they invite us to."

Waverley took Flora's hand. The dance, song, and merry-making proceeded, and closed the day's entertainment at the castle of Vich Ian Vohr. Edward at length retired, his mind agitated by a variety of new and conflicting feelings which detained him from rest for some time in that not unpleasing state of mind in which fancy takes the helm, and the soul rather drifts passively along with the rapid and confused tide of reflections than exerts itself to encounter, systematize, or examine them. At a late hour he fell asleep, and dreamed of Flora Mac-Ivor.

CHAPTER XXIV.

A STAG-HUNT AND ITS CONSEQUENCES.

SHALL this be a long or a short chapter? This is a question in which you, gentle reader, have no vote, however much you may be interested in the consequences; just as you may (like myself) probably have nothing to do with the imposing a new tax, excepting the trifling circumstance of being obliged to pay it. More happy surely in the present case, since, though it lies within my arbitrary power to extend my materials as I think proper, I cannot call you into Exchequer if you do not think proper to read my narrative. Let me therefore consider. It is true that the annals and documents in my hands say but little of this Highland chase; but then I can find copious materials for description elsewhere. There is old Lindsay of Pitscottie ready at my elbow, with his Athole hunting, and his "lofted and joisted palace of green timber, with all kind of drink to be had in burgh and land, as ale, beer, wine, muscadel, malvaise, hippocras, and aqua-vitæ; with wheat-bread, main-bread, ginge-bread, beef, mutton, lamb, veal, venison, goose, grice, capon, coney, crane, swan, partridge, plover, duck, drake, brissel-cock, pawnies, black-cock, muir-fowl, and capercailzies;" not forgetting the "costly bedding, vaiselle, and napry," and last of all, the "excelling stewards,

cunning baxters, excellent cooks, and pottingars, with confections and drugs for the desserts." Besides the particulars which may be thence gleaned for this Highland feast (the splendour of which induced the Pope's legate (*s*) to dissent from an opinion which he had hitherto held, that Scotland, namely, was the — the — the latter end of the world),— besides these, might I not illuminate my pages with Taylor the Water Poet's hunting in the braes of Mar, where,—

"Through heather, mosse, 'mong frogs and bogs and fogs,
'Mongst craggy cliffs and thunder-battered hills,
Hares, hinds, bucks, roes, are chased by men and dogs,
Where two hours' hunting fourscore fat deer kills.
Lowland, your sports are low as is your seat;
The Highland games and minds are high and great."

But without further tyranny over my readers, or display of the extent of my own reading, I shall content myself with borrowing a single incident from the memorable hunting at Lude, commemorated in the ingenious Mr. Gunn's Essay on the Caledonian Harp, and so proceed in my story with all the brevity that my natural style of composition, partaking of what scholars call the "periphrastic" and "ambagitory," and the vulgar the "circumbendibus," will permit me.

The solemn hunting was delayed, from various causes, for about three weeks. The interval was spent by Waverley with great satisfaction at Glennaquoich; for the impression which Flora had made on his mind at their first meeting grew daily stronger. She was precisely the character to fascinate a youth of romantic imagination. Her manners, her language, her talents for poetry and

music, gave additional and varied influence to her eminent personal charms. Even in her hours of gayety, she was in his fancy exalted above the ordinary daughters of Eve, and seemed only to stoop for an instant to those topics of amusement and gallantry which others appear to live for. In the neighbourhood of this enchantress, while sport consumed the morning, and music and the dance led on the hours of evening, Waverley became daily more delighted with his hospitable landlord, and more enamoured of his bewitching sister.

At length the period fixed for the grand hunting arrived, and Waverley and the chieftain departed for the place of rendezvous, which was a day's journey to the northward of Glennaquoich. Fergus was attended on this occasion by about three hundred of his clan, well armed, and accoutred in their best fashion. Waverley complied so far with the custom of the country as to adopt the trews (he could not be reconciled to the kilt), brogues, and bonnet, as the fittest dress for the exercise in which he was to be engaged, and which least exposed him to be stared at as a stranger when they should reach the place of rendezvous. They found, on the spot appointed, several powerful chiefs, to all of whom Waverley was formally presented, and by all cordially received. Their vassals and clansmen, a part of whose feudal duty it was to attend on these parties, appeared in such numbers as amounted to a small army. These active assistants spread through the country far and near, forming a circle, technically called the "tinchel," which, gradually closing, drove the deer in herds together towards the glen where the chiefs and principal sportsmen lay in wait for

them. In the mean while these distinguished personages bivouacked among the flowery heath, wrapped up in their plaids,—a mode of passing a summer's night which Waverley found by no means unpleasant.

For many hours after sunrise the mountain ridges and passes retained their ordinary appearance of silence and solitude, and the chiefs, with their followers, amused themselves with various pastimes, in which the joys of the shell, as Ossian has it, were not forgotten. "Others apart sat on a hill retired,"—probably as deeply engaged in the discussion of politics and news as Milton's spirits in metaphysical disquisition. At length signals of the approach of the game were descried and heard. Distant shouts resounded from valley to valley as the various parties of Highlanders, climbing rocks, struggling through copses, wading brooks, and traversing thickets, approached more and more near to each other, and compelled the astonished deer, with the other wild animals that fled before them, into a narrower circuit. Every now and then the report of muskets was heard, repeated by a thousand echoes. The baying of the dogs was soon added to the chorus, which grew ever louder and more loud. At length the advanced parties of the deer began to show themselves; and as the stragglers came bounding down the pass by two or three at a time the chiefs showed their skill by distinguishing the fattest deer, and their dexterity in bringing them down with their guns. Fergus exhibited remarkable address, and Edward was also so fortunate as to attract the notice and applause of the sportsmen.

But now the main body of the deer appeared at

the head of the glen, compelled into a very narrow compass, and presenting such a formidable phalanx that their antlers appeared at a distance, over the ridge of the steep pass, like a leafless grove. Their number was very great, and from a desperate stand which they made, with the tallest of the red-deer stags arranged in front in a sort of battle-array, gazing on the group which barred their passage down the glen, the more experienced sportsmen began to augur danger. The work of destruction, however, now commenced on all sides. Dogs and hunters were at work, and muskets and fusees resounded from every quarter. The deer, driven to desperation, made at length a fearful charge right upon the spot where the more distinguished sportsmen had taken their stand. The word was given in Gaelic to fling themselves upon their faces; but Waverley, on whose English ears the signal was lost, had almost fallen a sacrifice to his ignorance of the ancient language in which it was communicated. Fergus, observing his danger, sprung up and pulled him with violence to the ground, just as the whole herd broke down upon them. The tide being absolutely irresistible, and wounds from a stag's horn highly dangerous,[1] the activity of the chieftain may be considered, on this occasion, as having saved his guest's life. He detained him with a firm grasp until the whole herd of deer had fairly run over them. Waverley then attempted to rise, but found that he had suffered several very severe contusions, and, upon a further examina-

[1] The thrust from the tynes, or branches, of the stag's horns were accounted far more dangerous than those of the boar's tusk.

"If thou be hurt with horn of stag, it brings thee to thy bier;
But barber's hand shall boar's hurt heal, thereof have thou no fear."

tion, discovered that he had sprained his ankle violently.

This checked the mirth of the meeting, although the Highlanders, accustomed to such incidents, and prepared for them, had suffered no harm themselves. A wigwam was erected almost in an instant, where Edward was deposited on a couch of heather. The surgeon — or he who assumed the office — appeared to unite the characters of a leech and a conjurer. He was an old smoke-dried Highlander, wearing a venerable gray beard, and having for his sole garment a tartan frock, the skirts of which descended to the knee, and, being undivided in front, made the vestment serve at once for doublet and breeches.[1] He observed great ceremony in approaching Edward; and though our hero was writhing with pain, would not proceed to any operation which might assuage it until he had perambulated his couch three times, moving from east to west, according to the course of the sun. This, which was called making the "deasil,"[2] both the leech and the assistants seemed to consider as a matter of the last importance to the accomplishment of a cure; and Waverley, whom pain rendered incapable of expostulation, and who indeed saw no chance of its being attended to, submitted in silence.

After this ceremony was duly performed, the

[1] This garb, which resembled the dress often put on children in Scotland called a "polonie" (that is, "polonaise"), is a very ancient modification of the Highland garb. It was, in fact, the hauberk, or shirt of mail, only composed of cloth instead of rings of armour.

[2] Old Highlanders will still make the "deasil" around those whom they wish well to. To go round a person in the opposite direction, or "wither-shins" (German, *wider-shins*), is unlucky, and a sort of incantation.

old Esculapius let his patient blood with a cupping-glass with great dexterity, and proceeded, muttering all the while to himself in Gaelic, to boil on the fire certain herbs, with which he compounded an embrocation. He then fomented the parts which had sustained injury, never failing to murmur prayers or spells, which of the two Waverley could not distinguish, as his ear only caught the words "Gasper-Melchior-Balthazar-max-prax-fax," and similar gibberish. The fomentation had a speedy effect in alleviating the pain and swelling, which our hero imputed to the virtue of the herbs or the effect of the chafing, but which was by the by-standers unanimously ascribed to the spells with which the operation had been accompanied. Edward was given to understand that not one of the ingredients had been gathered except during the full moon, and that the herbalist had, while collecting them, uniformly recited a charm, which in English ran thus (*i*):—

Hail to thee, thou holy herb,
That sprung on holy ground!
All in the Mount Olivet
First wert thou found.
Thou art boot for many a bruise,
And healest many a wound;
In our Lady's blessed name,
I take thee from the ground.[1]

Edward observed, with some surprise, that even Fergus, notwithstanding his knowledge and education, seemed to fall in with the superstitious ideas of his countrymen, either because he deemed it impolitic to affect scepticism on a matter of gen-

[1] This metrical spell, or something very like it, is preserved by Reginald Scott in his work on Witchcraft.

eral belief, or more probably because, like most men who do not think deeply or accurately on such subjects, he had in his mind a reserve of superstition which balanced the freedom of his expressions and practice upon other occasions. Waverley made no commentary, therefore, on the manner of the treatment, but rewarded the professor of medicine with a liberality beyond the utmost conception of his wildest hopes. He uttered, on the occasion, so many incoherent blessings in Gaelic and English that Mac-Ivor, rather scandalized at the excess of his acknowledgments, cut them short by exclaiming, "Ceud mile mhalloich ort!" (that is, "A hundred thousand curses on you!") and so pushed the helper of men out of the cabin.

After Waverley was left alone, the exhaustion of pain and fatigue — for the whole day's exercise had been severe — threw him into a profound but yet a feverish sleep, which he chiefly owed to an opiate draught administered by the old Highlander from some decoction of herbs in his pharmacopœia.

Early the next morning, the purpose of their meeting being over, and their sports damped by the untoward accident, in which Fergus and all his friends expressed the greatest sympathy, it became a question how to dispose of the disabled sportsman. This was settled by Mac-Ivor, who had a litter prepared, of "birch and hazel gray,"[1] which was borne by his people with such caution and dexterity as renders it not improbable that they may have been the ancestors of some of those

[1] On the morrow they made their biers
Of birch and hazel gray.
Chevy Chase.

sturdy Gael who have now the happiness to transport the belles of Edinburgh, in their sedan-chairs, to ten routs in one evening. When Edward was elevated upon their shoulders, he could not help being gratified with the romantic effect produced by the breaking up of this sylvan camp.[1]

The various tribes assembled, each at the pibroch of their native clan, and each headed by their patriarchal ruler. Some, who had already begun to retire, were seen winding up the hills, or descending the passes which led to the scene of action, the sound of their bagpipes dying upon the ear. Others made still a moving picture upon the narrow plain, forming various changeful groups, their feathers and loose plaids waving in the morning breeze, and their arms glittering in the rising sun. Most of the chiefs came to take farewell of Waverley, and to express their anxious hope they might again, and speedily, meet; but the care of Fergus abridged the ceremony of taking leave. At length, his own men being completely assembled and mustered, Mac-Ivor commenced his march, but not towards the quarter from which they had come. He gave Edward to understand that the greater part of his followers, now on the field, were bound on a distant expedition, and that when he had deposited him in the house of a gen-

[1] The Author has been sometimes accused of confounding fiction with reality; he therefore thinks it necessary to state that the circumstance of the hunting described in the text as preparatory to the insurrection of 1745 is, so far as he knows, entirely imaginary. But it is well known such a great hunting was held in the Forest of Braemar, under the auspices of the Earl of Mar, as preparatory to the Rebellion of 1715; and most of the Highland chieftains who afterwards engaged in that civil commotion were present on this occasion.

tleman who he was sure would pay him every attention, he himself should be under the necessity of accompanying them the greater part of the way, but would lose no time in rejoining his friend.

Waverley was rather surprised that Fergus had not mentioned this ulterior destination when they set out upon the hunting-party; but his situation did not admit of many interrogatories. The greater part of the clansmen went forward, under the guidance of old Ballenkeiroch and Evan Dhu Maccombich, apparently in high spirits. A few remained for the purpose of escorting the chieftain, who walked by the side of Edward's litter, and attended him with the most affectionate assiduity. About noon, after a journey which the nature of the conveyance, the pain of his bruises, and the roughness of the way rendered inexpressibly painful, Waverley was hospitably received into the house of a gentleman related to Fergus, who had prepared for him every accommodation which the simple habits of living then universal in the Highlands put in his power. In this person, an old man about seventy, Edward admired a relic of primitive simplicity. He wore no dress but what his estate afforded; the cloth was the fleece of his own sheep, woven by his own servants, and stained into tartan by the dyes produced from the herbs and lichens of the hills around him. His linen was spun, by his daughters and maid-servants, from his own flax, nor did his table, though plentiful, and varied with game and fish, offer an article but what was of native produce.

Claiming himself no rights of clanship or vassalage, he was fortunate in the alliance and

protection of Vich Ian Vohr and other bold and enterprising chieftains, who protected him in the quiet, unambitious life he loved. It is true, the youth born on his grounds were often enticed to leave him for the service of his more active friends; but a few old servants and tenants used to shake their gray locks when they heard their master censured for want of spirit, and observed, "When the wind is still, the shower falls soft." This good old man, whose charity and hospitality were unbounded, would have received Waverley with kindness, had he been the meanest Saxon peasant, since his situation required assistance. But his attention to a friend and guest of Vich Ian Vohr was anxious and unremitted. Other embrocations were applied to the injured limb, and new spells were put in practice. At length, after more solicitude than was perhaps for the advantage of his health, Fergus took farewell of Edward for a few days, when, he said, he would return to Tomanrait, and hoped by that time Waverley would be able to ride one of the Highland ponies of his landlord, and in that manner return to Glennaquoich.

The next day, when his good old host appeared, Edward learned that his friend had departed with the dawn, leaving none of his followers except Callum Beg, the sort of foot-page who used to attend his person, and who had now in charge to wait upon Waverley. On asking his host if he knew where the chieftain was gone, the old man looked fixedly at him, with something mysterious and sad in the smile which was his only reply. Waverley repeated his question, to which his host answered in a proverb,—

"What sent the messengers to hell,
Was asking what they knew full well." [1]

He was about to proceed, but Callum Beg said rather pertly, as Edward thought, that "Ta Tighearnach [that is, the chief] did not like ta Sassenagh *duinhé-wassel* to be pingled wi' mickle speaking, as she was na tat weel." From this Waverley concluded he should disoblige his friend by inquiring of a stranger the object of a journey which he himself had not communicated.

It is unnecessary to trace the progress of our hero's recovery. The sixth morning had arrived, and he was able to walk about with a staff, when Fergus returned with about a score of his men. He seemed in the highest spirits, congratulated Waverley on his progress towards recovery, and finding he was able to sit on horseback, proposed their immediate return to Glennaquoich. Waverley joyfully acceded; for the form of its fair mistress had lived in his dreams during all the time of his confinement.

"Now he has ridden o'er moor and moss,
O'er hill and many a glen,"

Fergus all the while, with his myrmidons, striding stoutly by his side, or diverging to get a shot at a roe or a heathcock. Waverley's bosom beat thick when they approached the old tower of Ian nan Chaistel, and could distinguish the fair form of its mistress advancing to meet them.

Fergus began immediately, with his usual high spirits, to exclaim, "Open your gates, incomparable

[1] Corresponding to the Lowland saying, "Mony ane speirs the gate they ken fu' weel."

princess, to the wounded Moor Abindarez, whom Rodrigo de Narvez, constable of Antiquera, conveys to your castle; or open them, if you like it better, to the renowned Marquis of Mantua, the sad attendant of his half-slain friend, Baldovinos of the mountain. Ah, long rest to thy soul, Cervantes! without quoting thy remnants, how should I frame my language to befit romantic ears!"

Flora now advanced, and welcoming Waverley with much kindness, expressed her regret for his accident, of which she had already heard particulars, and her surprise that her brother should not have taken better care to put a stranger on his guard against the perils of the sport in which he engaged him. Edward easily exculpated the chieftain, who, indeed, at his own personal risk had probably saved his life.

This greeting over, Fergus said three or four words to his sister in Gaelic. The tears instantly sprung to her eyes; but they seemed to be tears of devotion and joy, for she looked up to heaven, and folded her hands as in a solemn expression of prayer or gratitude. After the pause of a minute, she presented to Edward some letters which had been forwarded from Tully-Veolan during his absence, and at the same time delivered some to her brother. To the latter she likewise gave three or four numbers of the "Caledonian Mercury," the only newspaper which was then published to the north of the Tweed.

Both gentlemen retired to examine their despatches, and Edward speedily found that those which he had received contained matters of very deep interest.

CHAPTER XXV.

NEWS FROM ENGLAND.

THE letters which Waverley had hitherto received from his relations in England were not such as required any particular notice in this narrative. His father usually wrote to him with the pompous affectation of one who was too much oppressed by public affairs to find leisure to attend to those of his own family. Now and then he mentioned persons of rank in Scotland to whom he wished his son should pay some attention; but Waverley, hitherto occupied by the amusements which he had found at Tully-Veolan and Glennaquoich, dispensed with paying any attention to hints so coldly thrown out, especially as distance, shortness of leave of absence, and so forth, furnished a ready apology. But latterly the burden of Mr. Richard Waverley's paternal epistles consisted in certain mysterious hints of greatness and influence which he was speedily to attain, and which would insure his son's obtaining the most rapid promotion, should he remain in the military service. Sir Everard's letters were of a different tenor. They were short; for the good baronet was none of your illimitable correspondents, whose manuscript overflows the folds of their large post paper, and leaves no room for the seal: but they were kind and affectionate, and seldom concluded

without some allusion to our hero's stud, some question about the state of his purse, and a special inquiry after such of his recruits as had preceded him from Waverley Honour. Aunt Rachel charged him to remember his principles of religion, to take care of his health, to beware of Scotch mists, which, she had heard, would wet an Englishman through and through, never to go out at night without his great-coat, and, above all, to wear flannel next to his skin.

Mr. Pembroke only wrote to our hero one letter; but it was of the bulk of six epistles of these degenerate days, containing, in the moderate compass of ten folio pages, closely written, a precis of a supplementary quarto manuscript of *addenda, delenda, et corrigenda* in reference to the two tracts with which he had presented Waverley. This he considered as a mere sop in the pan to stay the appetite of Edward's curiosity until he should find an opportunity of sending down the volume itself, which was much too heavy for the post, and which he proposed to accompany with certain interesting pamphlets, lately published by his friend in Little Britain, with whom he had kept up a sort of literary correspondence, in virtue of which the library shelves of Waverley Honour were loaded with much trash, and a good round bill, seldom summed in fewer than three figures, was yearly transmitted, in which Sir Everard Waverley, of Waverley Honour, Bart., was marked "Dr. to Jonathan Grubbet, bookseller and stationer, Little Britain." Such had hitherto been the style of the letters which Edward had received from England; but the packet delivered to him at Glennaquoich was of a different and more interesting complexion. It would be

impossible for the reader, even were I to insert the letters at full length, to comprehend the real cause of their being written, without a glance into the interior of the British cabinet at the period in question.

The ministers of the day happened — no very singular event — to be divided into two parties, the weakest of which, making up by assiduity of intrigue their inferiority in real consequence, had of late acquired some new proselytes, and with them the hope of superseding their rivals in the favour of their sovereign, and overpowering them in the House of Commons. Amongst others, they had thought it worth while to practise upon Richard Waverley. This honest gentleman, by a grave, mysterious demeanour, an attention to the etiquette of business rather more than to its essence, a facility in making long, dull speeches, consisting of truisms and commonplaces, hashed up with a technical jargon of office which prevented the inanity of his orations from being discovered, had acquired a certain name and credit in public life, and even established, with many, the character of a profound politician, — none of your shining orators, indeed, whose talents evaporate in tropes of rhetoric and flashes of wit, but one possessed of steady parts for business, which would wear well, as the ladies say in choosing their silks, and ought in all reason to be good for common and every-day use, since they were confessedly formed of no holiday texture.

This faith had become so general that the insurgent party in the cabinet of which we have made mention, after sounding Mr. Richard Waverley, were so satisfied with his sentiments and abilities

as to propose that in case of a certain revolution in the ministry, he should take an ostensible place in the new order of things, not indeed of the very first rank, but greatly higher, in point both of emolument and influence, than that which he now enjoyed. There was no resisting so tempting a proposal, notwithstanding that the Great Man, under whose patronage he had enlisted, and by whose banner he had hitherto stood firm, was the principal object of the proposed attack by the new allies. Unfortunately this fair scheme of ambition was blighted in the very bud by a premature movement. All the official gentlemen concerned in it who hesitated to take the part of a voluntary resignation, were informed that the king had no farther occasion for their services; and in Richard Waverley's case, which the minister considered as aggravated by ingratitude, dismissal was accompanied by something like personal contempt and contumely. The public, and even the party of whom he shared the fall, sympathized little in the disappointment of this selfish and interested statesman; and he retired to the country under the comfortable reflection that he had lost, at the same time, character, credit, and — what he at least equally deplored — emolument.

Richard Waverley's letter to his son upon this occasion was a masterpiece of its kind. Aristides himself could not have made out a harder case. An unjust monarch and an ungrateful country were the burden of each rounded paragraph. He spoke of long services and unrequited sacrifices; though the former had been overpaid by his salary, and nobody could guess in what the latter consisted, unless it were in his deserting, not from

conviction, but for the lucre of gain, the Tory principles of his family. In the conclusion, his resentment was wrought to such an excess by the force of his own oratory that he could not repress some threats of vengeance, however vague and impotent, and finally acquainted his son with his pleasure that he should testify his sense of the ill-treatment he had sustained, by throwing up his commission as soon as the letter reached him. This, he said, was also his uncle's desire, as he would himself intimate in due course.

Accordingly, the next letter which Edward opened was from Sir Everard. His brother's disgrace seemed to have removed from his well-natured bosom all recollection of their differences, and, remote as he was from every means of learning that Richard's disgrace was in reality only the just as well as natural consequence of his own unsuccessful intrigues, the good but credulous baronet at once set it down as a new and enormous instance of the injustice of the existing government. It was true, he said, and he must not disguise it even from Edward, that his father could not have sustained such an insult as was now, for the first time, offered to one of his house, unless he had subjected himself to it by accepting of an employment under the present system. Sir Everard had no doubt that he now both saw and felt the magnitude of this error, and it should be his (Sir Everard's) business to take care that the cause of his regret should not extend itself to pecuniary consequences. It was enough for a Waverley to have sustained the public disgrace; the patrimonial injury could easily be obviated by the head of their family. But it was both the opinion of Mr.

Richard Waverley and his own that Edward, the representative of the family of Waverley Honour, should not remain in a situation which subjected him also to such treatment as that with which his father had been stigmatized. He requested his nephew, therefore, to take the fittest, and at the same time the most speedy, opportunity of transmitting his resignation to the War Office, and hinted, moreover, that little ceremony was necessary where so little had been used to his father. He sent multitudinous greetings to the Baron of Bradwardine.

A letter from Aunt Rachel spoke out even more plainly. She considered the disgrace of brother Richard as the just reward of his forfeiting his allegiance to a lawful, though exiled sovereign, and taking the oaths to an alien,—a concession which her grandfather, Sir Nigel Waverley, refused to make, either to the Roundhead Parliament or to Cromwell, when his life and fortune stood in the utmost extremity. She hoped her dear Edward would follow the footsteps of his ancestors, and as speedily as possible get rid of the badge of servitude to the usurping family, and regard the wrongs sustained by his father as an admonition from Heaven that every desertion of the line of loyalty becomes its own punishment. She also concluded with her respects to Mr. Bradwardine, and begged Waverley would inform her whether his daughter, Miss Rose, was old enough to wear a pair of very handsome earrings, which she proposed to send as a token of her affection. The good lady also desired to be informed whether Mr. Bradwardine took as much Scotch snuff, and danced as unweariedly, as he

did when he was at Waverley Honour, about thirty years ago.

These letters, as might have been expected, highly excited Waverley's indignation. From the desultory style of his studies, he had not any fixed political opinion to place in opposition to the movements of indignation which he felt at his father's supposed wrongs. Of the real cause of his disgrace, Edward was totally ignorant; nor had his habits at all led him to investigate the politics of the period in which he lived, or remark the intrigues in which his father had been so actively engaged. Indeed, any impressions which he had accidentally adopted concerning the parties of the times were, owing to the society in which he had lived at Waverley Honour, of a nature rather unfavourable to the existing government and dynasty. He entered, therefore, without hesitation, into the resentful feeling of the relations who had the best title to dictate his conduct, and not perhaps the less willingly, when he remembered the tedium of his quarters, and the inferior figure which he had made among the officers of his regiment. If he could have had any doubt upon the subject, it would have been decided by the following letter from his commanding officer, which, as it is very short, shall be inserted *verbatim*.

SIR,— Having carried somewhat beyond the line of my duty an indulgence which even the lights of nature, and much more those of Christianity, direct towards errors which may arise from youth and inexperience, and that altogether without effect, I am reluctantly compelled, at the present crisis, to use the only remaining remedy which is in my power. You are, therefore, hereby commanded to repair to ——, the headquarters

of the regiment, within three days after the date of this letter. If you shall fail to do so, I must report you to the War Office as absent without leave, and also take other steps, which will be disagreeable to you, as well as to

Sir,

Your obedient Servant,

J. GARDINER,

Lieut.-Col. Commanding the —— Regt. Dragoons.

Edward's blood boiled within him as he read this letter. He had been accustomed from his very infancy to possess, in a great measure, the disposal of his own time, and thus acquired habits which rendered the rules of military discipline as unpleasing to him in this as they were in some other respects. An idea that in his own case they would not be enforced in a very rigid manner, had also obtained full possession of his mind, and had hitherto been sanctioned by the indulgent conduct of his lieutenant-colonel. Neither had anything occurred, to his knowledge, that should have induced his commanding officer, without any other warning than the hints we noticed at the end of the fourteenth chapter, so suddenly to assume a harsh, and, as Edward deemed it, so insolent a tone of dictatorial authority. Connecting it with the letters he had just received from his family, he could not but suppose that it was designed to make him feel, in his present situation, the same pressure of authority which had been exercised in his father's case, and that the whole was a concerted scheme to depress and degrade every member of the Waverley family.

Without a pause, therefore, Edward wrote a few cold lines, thanking his lieutenant-colonel for past civilities, and expressing regret that he should

have chosen to efface the remembrance of them by assuming a different tone towards him. The strain of his letter, as well as what he (Edward) conceived to be his duty, in the present crisis, called upon him to lay down his commission; and he therefore enclosed the formal resignation of a situation which subjected him to so unpleasant a correspondence, and requested Colonel Gardiner would have the goodness to forward it to the proper authorities.

Having finished this magnanimous epistle, he felt somewhat uncertain concerning the terms in which his resignation ought to be expressed, upon which subject he resolved to consult Fergus Mac-Ivor. It may be observed, in passing, that the bold and prompt habits of thinking, acting, and speaking which distinguished this young chieftain had given him a considerable ascendency over the mind of Waverley. Endowed with at least equal powers of understanding, and with much finer genius, Edward yet stooped to the bold and decisive activity of an intellect which was sharpened by the habit of acting on a preconceived and regular system, as well as by extensive knowledge of the world.

When Edward found his friend, the latter had still in his hand the newspaper which he had perused, and advanced to meet him with the embarrassment of one who has unpleasing news to communicate. "Do your letters, Captain Waverley, confirm the unpleasing information which I find in this paper?"

He put the paper into his hand, where his father's disgrace was registered in the most bitter terms,—transferred, probably, from some London

journal. At the end of the paragraph was this remarkable innuendo:—

"We understand that 'this same *Richard* who hath done all this,' is not the only example of the *Wavering Honour* of W-v-r-ly H-n-r. See the Gazette of this day."

With hurried and feverish apprehension, our hero turned to the place referred to, and found therein recorded: "Edward Waverley, captain in —regiment dragoons, superseded for absence without leave;" and in the list of military promotions, referring to the same regiment, he discovered this farther article: "Lieut. Julius Butler to be captain, *vice* Edward Waverley superseded."

Our hero's bosom glowed with the resentment which undeserved and apparently premeditated insult was calculated to excite in the bosom of one who had aspired after honour, and was thus wantonly held up to public scorn and disgrace. Upon comparing the date of his colonel's letter with that of the article in the Gazette, he perceived that his threat of making a report upon his absence had been literally fulfilled, and without inquiry, as it seemed, whether Edward had either received his summons, or was disposed to comply with it. The whole, therefore, appeared a formed plan to degrade him in the eyes of the public; and the idea of its having succeeded filled him with such bitter emotions that, after various attempts to conceal them, he at length threw himself into Mac-Ivor's arms, and gave vent to tears of shame and indignation.

It was none of this chieftain's faults to be

indifferent to the wrongs of his friends; and for Edward, independent of certain plans with which he was connected, he felt a deep and sincere interest. The proceeding appeared as extraordinary to him as it had done to Edward. He indeed knew of more motives than Waverley was privy to for the peremptory order that he should join his regiment. But that, without further inquiry into the circumstances of a necessary delay, the commanding officer, in contradiction to his known and established character, should have proceeded in so harsh and unusual a manner, was a mystery which he could not penetrate. He soothed our hero, however, to the best of his power, and began to turn his thoughts on revenge for his insulted honour.

Edward eagerly grasped at the idea. "Will you carry a message for me to Colonel Gardiner, my dear Fergus, and oblige me forever?"

Fergus paused. "It is an act of friendship which you should command, could it be useful, or lead to the righting your honour; but in the present case, I doubt if your commanding officer would give you the meeting, on account of his having taken measures which, however harsh and exasperating, were still within the strict bounds of his duty. Besides, Gardiner is a precise Huguenot, and has adopted certain ideas about the sinfulness of such *rencontres*, from which it would be impossible to make him depart, especially as his courage is beyond all suspicion. And besides, I—I, to say the truth—I dare not at this moment, for some very weighty reasons, go near any of the military quarters or garrisons belonging to this government."

"And am I," said Waverley, "to sit down quiet and contented under the injury I have received?"

"That will I never advise my friend," replied Mac-Ivor. "But I would have vengeance to fall on the head, not on the hand,—on the tyrannical and oppressive government which designed and directed these premeditated and reiterated insults; not on the tools of office which they employed in the execution of the injuries they aimed at you."

"On the government!" said Waverley.

"Yes," replied the impetuous Highlander, "on the usurping House of Hanover, whom your grandfather would no more have served than he would have taken wages of red-hot gold from the great fiend of hell!"

"But since the time of my grandfather two generations of this dynasty have possessed the throne," said Edward, coolly.

"True," replied the chieftain; "and because we have passively given them so long the means of showing their native character; because both you and I myself have lived in quiet submission, have even truckled to the times so far as to accept commissions under them, and thus have given them an opportunity of disgracing us publicly by resuming them,—are we not on that account to resent injuries which our fathers only apprehended, but which we have actually sustained? Or is the cause of the unfortunate Stewart family become less just because their title has devolved upon an heir who is innocent of the charges of misgovernment brought against his father? Do you remember the lines of your favourite poet,—

"'Had Richard unconstrained resigned the throne,
A king can give no more than is his own;
The title stood entailed had Richard had a son.'

You see, my dear Waverley, I can quote poetry as well as Flora and you. But come, clear your moody brow, and trust to me to show you an honourable road to a speedy and glorious revenge. Let us seek Flora, who perhaps has more news to tell us of what has occurred during our absence. She will rejoice to hear that you are relieved of your servitude. But first add a postscript to your letter, marking the time when you received this calvinistical colonel's first summons, and express your regret that the hastiness of his proceedings prevented your anticipating them by sending your resignation; then let him blush for his injustice."

The letter was sealed accordingly, covering a formal resignation of the commission, and Mac-Ivor despatched it with some letters of his own by a special messenger, with charge to put them into the nearest post-office in the Lowlands.

CHAPTER XXVI.

AN ECLAIRCISSEMENT.

THE hint which the chieftain had thrown out respecting Flora was not unpremeditated. He had observed with great satisfaction the growing attachment of Waverley to his sister, nor did he see any bar to their union, excepting the situation which Waverley's father held in the ministry, and Edward's own commission in the army of George II. These obstacles were now removed, and in a manner which apparently paved the way for the son's becoming reconciled to another allegiance. In every other respect the match would be most eligible. The safety, happiness, and honourable provision of his sister, whom he dearly loved, appeared to be insured by the proposed union; and his heart swelled when he considered how his own interest would be exalted in the eyes of the ex-monarch to whom he had dedicated his service, by an alliance with one of those ancient, powerful, and wealthy English families of the steady Cavalier faith, to awaken whose decayed attachment to the Stewart family was now a matter of such vital importance to the Stewart cause. Nor could Fergus perceive any obstacle to such a scheme. Waverley's attachment was evident; and as his person was handsome, and his taste apparently coincided with her own, he anticipated no opposition on the

part of Flora. Indeed, between his ideas of patriarchal power, and those which he had acquired in France respecting the disposal of females in marriage, any opposition from his sister, dear as she was to him, would have been the last obstacle on which he would have calculated, even had the union been less eligible.

Influenced by these feelings, the chief now led Waverley in quest of Miss Mac-Ivor, not without the hope that the present agitation of his guest's spirits might give him courage to cut short what Fergus termed the romance of the courtship. They found Flora, with her faithful attendants, Una and Cathleen, busied in preparing what appeared to Waverley to be white bridal favours. Disguising as well as he could the agitation of his mind, Waverley asked for what joyful occasion Miss Mac-Ivor made such ample preparation.

"It is for Fergus's bridal," she said, smiling.

"Indeed!" said Edward; "he has kept his secret well. I hope he will allow me to be his bride'sman."

"That is a man's office, but not yours, as Beatrice says," retorted Flora.

"And who is the fair lady, may I be permitted to ask, Miss Mac-Ivor?"

"Did not I tell you long since that Fergus wooed no bride but Honour?" answered Flora.

"And am I then incapable of being his assistant and counsellor in the pursuit of honour?" said our hero, colouring deeply. "Do I rank so low in your opinion?"

"Far from it, Captain Waverley. I would to God you were of our determination, and made use of the expression which displeased you, solely—

"'Because you are not of our quality,
But stand against us as an enemy.'"

"That time is past, sister," said Fergus; "and you may wish Edward Waverley, no longer captain, joy of being freed from the slavery to an usurper, implied in that sable and ill-omened emblem."

"Yes," said Waverley, undoing the cockade from his hat, "it has pleased the king, who bestowed this badge upon me, to resume it in a manner which leaves me little reason to regret his service."

"Thank God for that!" cried the enthusiast; "and oh that they may be blind enough to treat every man of honour who serves them with the same indignity, that I may have less to sigh for when the struggle approaches!"

"And now, sister," said the chieftain, "replace his cockade with one of a more lively colour. I think it was the fashion of the ladies of yore to arm and send forth their knights to high achievement."

"Not," replied the lady, "till the knight adventurer had well weighed the justice and the danger of the cause, Fergus. Mr. Waverley is just now too much agitated by feelings of recent emotion for me to press upon him a resolution of consequence."

Waverley felt half-alarmed at the thought of adopting the badge of what was by the majority of the kingdom esteemed rebellion, yet he could not disguise his chagrin at the coldness with which Flora parried her brother's hint. "Miss Mac-Ivor, I perceive, thinks the knight unworthy of her encouragement and favour," said he, somewhat bitterly.

"Not so, Mr. Waverley," she replied, with great sweetness. "Why should I refuse my brother's

valued friend a boon which I am distributing to his whole clan? Most willingly would I enlist every man of honour in the cause to which my brother has devoted himself. But Fergus has taken his measures with his eyes open. His life has been devoted to this cause from his cradle; with him its call is sacred, were it even a summons to the tomb. But how can I wish you, Mr. Waverley, so new to the world, so far from every friend who might advise and ought to influence you,—in a moment, too, of sudden pique and indignation,—how can I wish you to plunge yourself at once into so desperate an enterprise?"

Fergus, who did not understand these delicacies, strode through the apartment biting his lip, and then, with a constrained smile, said, "Well, sister, I leave you to act your new character of mediator between the Elector of Hanover and the subjects of your lawful sovereign and benefactor," and left the room.

There was a painful pause, which was at length broken by Miss Mac-Ivor. "My brother is unjust," she said, "because he can bear no interruption that seems to thwart his loyal zeal."

"And do you not share his ardour?" asked Waverley.

"Do I not?" answered Flora,—"God knows mine exceeds his, if that be possible. But I am not, like him, rapt by the bustle of military preparation and the infinite detail necessary to the present undertaking, beyond consideration of the grand principles of justice and truth, on which our enterprise is grounded; and these, I am certain, can only be furthered by measures in themselves true and just. To operate upon your present

feelings, my dear Mr. Waverley, to induce you to an irretrievable step, of which you have not considered either the justice or the danger, is, in my poor judgment, neither the one nor the other."

"Incomparable Flora!" said Edward, taking her hand, "how much do I need such a monitor!"

"A better one by far," said Flora, gently withdrawing her hand, "Mr. Waverley will always find in his own bosom, when he will give its small still voice leisure to be heard."

"No, Miss Mac-Ivor, I dare not hope it; a thousand circumstances of fatal self-indulgence have made me the creature rather of imagination than reason. Durst I but hope — could I but think — that you would deign to be to me that affectionate, that condescending friend who would strengthen me to redeem my errors, my future life — "

"Hush, my dear sir; now you carry your joy at escaping the hands of a Jacobite recruiting officer to an unparalleled excess of gratitude."

"Nay, dear Flora, trifle with me no longer; you cannot mistake the meaning of those feelings which I have almost involuntarily expressed; and since I have broken the barrier of silence, let me profit by my audacity. Or may I, with your permission, mention to your brother —"

"Not for the world, Mr. Waverley!"

"What am I to understand?" said Edward. "Is there any fatal bar, has any prepossession —"

"None, sir," answered Flora. "I owe it to myself to say that I never yet saw the person on whom I thought with reference to the present subject."

"The shortness of our acquaintance, perhaps. If Miss Mac-Ivor will deign to give me time —"

"I have not even that excuse. Captain Waverley's character is so open — is, in short, of that nature — that it cannot be misconstrued, either in its strength or its weakness."

"And for that weakness you despise me?" said Edward.

"Forgive me, Mr. Waverley, and remember it is but within this half hour that there existed between us a barrier of a nature to me insurmountable, since I never could think of an officer in the service of the Elector of Hanover in any other light than as a casual acquaintance. Permit me, then, to arrange my ideas upon so unexpected a topic, and in less than an hour I will be ready to give you such reasons for the resolution I shall express as may be satisfactory at least, if not pleasing to you." So saying, Flora withdrew, leaving Waverley to meditate upon the manner in which she had received his addresses.

Ere he could make up his mind whether to believe his suit had been acceptable or no, Fergus re-entered the apartment. "What, *à la mort*, Waverley?" he cried. "Come down with me to the court, and you shall see a sight worth all the tirades of your romances. An hundred firelocks, my friend, and as many broadswords, just arrived from good friends, and two or three hundred stout fellows almost fighting which shall first possess them. But let me look at you closer, — why, a true Highlander would say you had been blighted by an evil eye. Or can it be this silly girl that has thus blanked your spirit? Never mind her, dear Edward; the wisest of her sex are fools in what regards the business of life."

"Indeed, my good friend," answered Waverley,

"all that I can charge against your sister is that she is too sensible, too reasonable."

"If that be all, I insure you for a louis-d'or against the mood lasting four-and-twenty hours. No woman was ever steadily sensible for that period; and I will engage, if that will please you, Flora shall be as unreasonable to-morrow as any of her sex. You must learn, my dear Edward, to consider women *en mousquetaire*." So saying, he seized Waverley's arm and dragged him off to review his military preparations.

CHAPTER XXVII.

UPON THE SAME SUBJECT.

FERGUS MAC-IVOR had too much tact and delicacy to renew the subject which he had interrupted. His head was, or appeared to be, so full of guns, broadswords, bonnets, canteens, and tartan hose that Waverley could not for some time draw his attention to any other topic.

"Are you to take the field so soon, Fergus," he asked, "that you are making all these martial preparations?"

"When we have settled that you go with me, you shall know all; but otherwise, the knowledge might rather be prejudicial to you."

"But are you serious in your purpose, with such inferior forces, to rise against an established government? It is mere frenzy."

"*Laissez faire à Don Antoine,*—I shall take good care of myself. We shall at least use the compliment of Conan, who never got a stroke but he gave one. I would not, however," continued the chieftain, "have you think me mad enough to stir till a favourable opportunity; I will not slip my dog before the game's afoot. But, once more, will you join with us, and you shall know all?"

"How can I," said Waverley,—"I, who have so lately held that commission which is now posting

back to those that gave it? My accepting it implied a promise of fidelity and an acknowledgment of the legality of the government."

"A rash promise," answered Fergus, "is not a steel handcuff; it may be shaken off, especially when it was given under deception, and has been repaid by insult. But if you cannot immediately make up your mind to a glorious revenge, go to England, and ere you cross the Tweed you will hear tidings that will make the world ring; and if Sir Everard be the gallant old Cavalier I have heard him described by some of our *honest* gentlemen of the year one thousand seven hundred and fifteen, he will find you a better horse-troop and a better cause than you have lost."

"But your sister, Fergus?"

"Out, hyperbolical fiend!" replied the chief, laughing; "how vexest thou this man! Speak'st thou of nothing but of ladies?"

"Nay, be serious, my dear friend," said Waverley; "I feel that the happiness of my future life must depend upon the answer which Miss MacIvor shall make to what I ventured to tell her this morning."

"And is this your very sober earnest," said Fergus, more gravely, "or are we in the land of romance and fiction?"

"My earnest, undoubtedly. How could you suppose me jesting on such a subject?"

"Then, in very sober earnest," answered his friend, "I am very glad to hear it; and so highly do I think of Flora that you are the only man in England for whom I would say so much. But before you shake my hand so warmly, there is more to be considered. Your own family,—will

they approve your connecting yourself with the sister of a high-born Highland beggar?"

"My uncle's situation," said Waverley, "his general opinions, and his uniform indulgence, entitle me to say that birth and personal qualities are all he would look to in such a connection. And where can I find both united in such excellence as in your sister?"

"Oh, nowhere, — *cela va sans dire*," replied Fergus, with a smile. "But your father will expect a father's prerogative in being consulted."

"Surely; but his late breach with the ruling powers removes all apprehension of objection on his part, especially as I am convinced that my uncle will be warm in my cause."

"Religion, perhaps," said Fergus, "may make obstacles; though we are not bigoted Catholics."

"My grandmother was of the Church of Rome, and her religion was never objected to by my family. Do not think of *my* friends, dear Fergus; let me rather have your influence where it may be more necessary to remove obstacles, — I mean with your lovely sister."

"My lovely sister," replied Fergus, "like her loving brother, is very apt to have a pretty decisive will of her own, by which, in this case, you must be ruled; but you shall not want my interest nor my counsel. And, in the first place, I will give you one hint, — Loyalty is her ruling passion; and since she could spell an English book, she has been in love with the memory of the gallant Captain Wogan, who renounced the service of the usurper Cromwell to join the standard of Charles II., marched a handful of cavalry from London to the Highlands to join Middleton, then in arms for

the king, and at length died gloriously in the royal cause. Ask her to show you some verses she made on his history and fate,—they have been much admired, I assure you. The next point is—I think I saw Flora go up towards the waterfall a short time since; follow, man, follow,—don't allow the garrison time to strengthen its purposes of resistance. *Alerte à la muraille!* Seek Flora out, and learn her decision as soon as you can, and Cupid go with you, while I go to look over belts and cartouch-boxes."

Waverley ascended the glen with an anxious and throbbing heart. Love, with all its romantic train of hopes, fears, and wishes, was mingled with other feelings of a nature less easily defined. He could not but remember how much this morning had changed his fate, and into what a complication of perplexity it was likely to plunge him. Sunrise had seen him possessed of an esteemed rank in the honourable profession of arms, his father to all appearance rapidly rising in the favour of his sovereign; all this had passed away like a dream, he himself was dishonoured, his father disgraced, and he had become involuntarily the confidant, at least, if not the accomplice, of plans dark, deep, and dangerous, which must infer either the subversion of the government he had so lately served, or the destruction of all who had participated in them. Should Flora even listen to his suit favourably, what prospect was there of its being brought to a happy termination, amid the tumult of an impending insurrection? Or how could he make the selfish request that she should leave Fergus, to whom she was so much attached, and, retiring with him to England, wait, as a dis-

tant spectator, the success of her brother's undertaking, or the ruin of all his hopes and fortunes? Or, on the other hand, to engage himself, with no other aid than his single arm, in the dangerous and precipitate counsels of the chieftain, to be whirled along by him, the partaker of all his desperate and impetuous motions, renouncing almost the power of judging, or deciding upon the rectitude or prudence of his actions,—this was no pleasing prospect for the secret pride of Waverley to stoop to. And yet what other conclusion remained, saving the rejection of his addresses by Flora,—an alternative not to be thought of, in the present high-wrought state of his feelings, with anything short of mental agony. Pondering the doubtful and dangerous prospect before him, he at length arrived near the cascade where, as Fergus had augured, he found Flora seated.

She was quite alone, and as soon as she observed his approach, she rose, and came to meet him. Edward attempted to say something within the verge of ordinary compliment and conversation, but found himself unequal to the task. Flora seemed at first equally embarrassed, but recovered herself more speedily, and (an unfavourable augury for Waverley's suit) was the first to enter upon the subject of their last interview. "It is too important, in every point of view, Mr. Waverley, to permit me to leave you in doubt on my sentiments."

"Do not speak them speedily," said Waverley, much agitated, "unless they are such as I fear, from your manner, I must not dare to anticipate. Let time, let my future conduct, let your brother's influence —"

"Forgive me, Mr. Waverley," said Flora, her

complexion a little heightened, but her voice firm and composed. "I should incur my own heavy censure did I delay expressing my sincere conviction that I can never regard you otherwise than as a valued friend. I should do you the highest injustice did I conceal my sentiments for a moment. I see I distress you, and I grieve for it; but better now than later; and oh, better a thousand times, Mr. Waverley, that you should feel a present momentary disappointment than the long and heart-sickening griefs which attend a rash and ill-assorted marriage!"

"Good God!" exclaimed Waverley, "why should you anticipate such consequences from a union where birth is equal, where fortune is favourable, where, if I may venture to say so, the tastes are similar, where you allege no preference for another, where you even express a favourable opinion of him whom you reject?"

"Mr. Waverley, I *have* that favourable opinion," answered Flora; "and so strongly that though I would rather have been silent on the grounds of my resolution, you shall command them, if you exact such a mark of my esteem and confidence."

She sat down upon a fragment of rock, and Waverley, placing himself near her, anxiously pressed for the explanation she offered.

"I dare hardly," she said, "tell you the situation of my feelings, they are so different from those usually ascribed to young women at my period of life; and I dare hardly touch upon what I conjecture to be the nature of yours, lest I should give offence where I would willingly administer consolation. For myself, from my infancy till this day, I have had but one wish,—the restora-

tion of my royal benefactors to their rightful throne. It is impossible to express to you the devotion of my feelings to this single subject; and I will frankly confess that it has so occupied my mind as to exclude every thought respecting what is called my own settlement in life. Let me but live to see the day of that happy restoration, and a Highland cottage, a French convent, or an English palace will be alike indifferent to me."

"But, dearest Flora, how is your enthusiastic zeal for the exiled family inconsistent with my happiness?"

"Because you seek, or ought to seek, in the object of your attachment a heart whose principal delight should be in augmenting your domestic felicity, and returning your affection, even to the height of romance. To a man of less keen sensibility and less enthusiastic tenderness of disposition, Flora Mac-Ivor might give content, if not happiness; for were the irrevocable words spoken, never would she be deficient in the duties which she vowed."

"And why, why, Miss Mac-Ivor, should you think yourself a more valuable treasure to one who is less capable of loving, of admiring you, than to me?"

"Simply because the tone of our affections would be more in unison, and because his more blunted sensibility would not require the return of enthusiasm which I have not to bestow. But you, Mr. Waverley, would forever refer to the idea of domestic happiness which your imagination is capable of painting, and whatever fell short of that ideal representation would be construed into coolness and indifference, while you might consider

the enthusiasm with which I regarded the success of the royal family as defrauding your affection of its due return."

"In other words, Miss Mac-Ivor, you cannot love me?" said her suitor, dejectedly.

"I could esteem you, Mr. Waverley, as much, perhaps more, than any man I have ever seen; but I cannot love you as you ought to be loved. Oh, do not, for your own sake, desire so hazardous an experiment. The woman whom you marry ought to have affections and opinions moulded upon yours. Her studies ought to be your studies, her wishes, her feelings, her hopes, her fears, should all mingle with yours. She should enhance your pleasures, share your sorrows, and cheer your melancholy."

"And why will not you, Miss Mac-Ivor, who can so well describe a happy union, why will not you be yourself the person you describe?"

"Is it possible you do not yet comprehend me?" answered Flora. "Have I not told you that every keener sensation of my mind is bent exclusively towards an event upon which, indeed, I have no power but those of my earnest prayers?"

"And might not the granting the suit I solicit," said Waverley, too earnest on his purpose to consider what he was about to say, "even advance the interest to which you have devoted yourself? My family is wealthy and powerful, inclined in principles to the Stewart race, and should a favourable opportunity —"

"'A favourable opportunity!'" said Flora, somewhat scornfully; "'inclined in principles!' Can such lukewarm adherence be honourable to yourselves or gratifying to your lawful sovereign?

Think, from my present feelings, what I should suffer when I held the place of member in a family where the rights which I hold most sacred are subjected to cold discussion, and only deemed worthy of support when they shall appear on the point of triumphing without it!"

"Your doubts," quickly replied Waverley, "are unjust as far as concerns myself. The cause that I shall assert, I dare support through every danger, as undauntedly as the boldest who draws sword in its behalf."

"Of that," answered Flora, "I cannot doubt for a moment. But consult your own good sense and reason rather than a prepossession hastily adopted, — probably only because you have met a young woman possessed of the usual accomplishments, in a sequestered and romantic situation. Let your part in this great and perilous drama rest upon conviction, and not on a hurried and probably a temporary feeling."

Waverley attempted to reply, but his words failed him. Every sentiment that Flora had uttered vindicated the strength of his attachment; for even her loyalty, although wildly enthusiastic, was generous and noble, and disdained to avail itself of any indirect means of supporting the cause to which she was devoted.

After walking a little way in silence down the path, Flora thus resumed the conversation: "One word more, Mr. Waverley, ere we bid farewell to this topic forever; and forgive my boldness if that word have the air of advice. My brother Fergus is anxious that you should join him in his present enterprise. But do not consent to this; you could not, by your single exertions, further his success;

and you would inevitably share his fall if it be God's pleasure that fall he must. Your character would also suffer irretrievably. Let me beg you will return to your own country; and having publicly freed yourself from every tie to the usurping government, I trust you will see cause and find opportunity to serve your injured sovereign with effect, and stand forth, as your loyal ancestors, at the head of your natural followers and adherents, a worthy representative of the house of Waverley."

"And should I be so happy as thus to distinguish myself, might I not hope —"

"Forgive my interruption," said Flora. "The present time only is ours, and I can but explain to you with candour the feelings which I now entertain; how they might be altered by a train of events too favourable perhaps to be hoped for, it were in vain even to conjecture. Only be assured, Mr. Waverley, that, after my brother's honour and happiness, there is none which I shall more sincerely pray for than for yours."

With these words she parted from him, for they were now arrived where two paths separated. Waverley reached the castle amidst a medley of conflicting passions. He avoided any private interview with Fergus, as he did not find himself able either to encounter his raillery or reply to his solicitations. The wild revelry of the feast, for Mac-Ivor kept open table for his clan, served in some degree to stun reflection. When their festivity was ended, he began to consider how he should again meet Miss Mac-Ivor after the painful and interesting explanation of the morning. But Flora did not appear. Fergus, whose eyes flashed when he was told by Cathleen that her mistress

designed to keep her apartment that evening, went himself in quest of her; but apparently his remonstrances were in vain, for he returned with a heightened complexion and manifest symptoms of displeasure. The rest of the evening passed on without any allusion, on the part either of Fergus or Waverley, to the subject which engrossed the reflections of the latter, and perhaps of both.

When retired to his own apartment, Edward endeavoured to sum up the business of the day. That the repulse he had received from Flora would be persisted in for the present, there was no doubt. But could he hope for ultimate success in case circumstances permitted the renewal of his suit? Would the enthusiastic loyalty, which at this animating moment left no room for a softer passion, survive, at least in its engrossing force, the success or the failure of the present political machinations? And if so, could he hope that the interest which she had acknowledged him to possess in her favour, might be improved into a warmer attachment? He taxed his memory to recall every word she had used, with the appropriate looks and gestures which had enforced them, and ended by finding himself in the same state of uncertainty. It was very late before sleep brought relief to the tumult of his mind, after the most painful and agitating day which he had ever passed.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

A LETTER FROM TULLY-VEOLAN.

In the morning, when Waverley's troubled reflections had for some time given way to repose, there came music to his dreams, but not the voice of Selma. He imagined himself transported back to Tully-Veolan, and that he heard Davie Gellatley singing in the court those matins which used generally to be the first sounds that disturbed his repose while a guest of the Baron of Bradwardine. The notes which suggested this vision continued, and waxed louder, until Edward awoke in earnest. The illusion, however, did not seem entirely dispelled. The apartment was in the fortress of Ian nan Chaistel, but it was still the voice of Davie Gellatley that made the following lines resound under the window:—

> "My heart 's in the Highlands, my heart is not here,
> My heart 's in the Highlands a-chasing the deer;
> A-chasing the wild deer, and following the roe,
> My heart 's in the Highlands wherever I go." [1]

Curious to know what could have determined Mr. Gellatley on an excursion of such unwonted extent, Edward began to dress himself in all haste, during

[1] These lines form the burden of an old song to which Burns wrote additional verses.

which operation the minstrelsy of Davie changed its tune more than once,—

"There 's nought in the Highlands but syboes and leeks,
And lang-leggit callants gaun wanting the breeks, —
Wanting the breeks, and without hose and shoon;
But we 'll a' win the breeks when King Jamie comes hame."[1]

By the time Waverley was dressed and had issued forth, David had associated himself with two or three of the numerous Highland loungers who always graced the gates of the castle with their presence, and was capering and dancing full merrily in the doubles and full career of a Scotch foursome reel, to the music of his own whistling. In this double capacity of dancer and musician, he continued, until an idle piper, who observed his zeal, obeyed the unanimous call of "Seid suas" (that is, blow up), and relieved him from the latter part of his trouble. Young and old then mingled in the dance as they could find partners. The appearance of Waverley did not interrupt David's exercise, though he contrived, by grinning, nodding, and throwing one or two inclinations of the body into the graces with which he performed the Highland fling, to convey to our hero symptoms of recognition. Then, while busily employed in setting, whooping all the while, and snapping his fingers over his head, he of a sudden prolonged his side-step until it brought him to the place where Edward was standing, and, still keeping time to the music like Harlequin in a pantomime, he thrust a letter into our hero's hand, and

[1] These lines are also ancient, and I believe to the tune of
"We 'll never hae peace till Jamie comes hame;"
to which Burns likewise wrote some verses.

continued his saltation without pause or intermission. Edward, who perceived that the address was in Rose's handwriting, retired to peruse it, leaving the faithful bearer to continue his exercise until the piper or he should be tired out.

The contents of the letter greatly surprised him. It had originally commenced with, "Dear Sir;" but these words had been carefully erased, and the monosyllable, "Sir," substituted in their place. The rest of the contents shall be given in Rose's own language:—

I fear I am using an improper freedom by intruding upon you, yet I cannot trust to any one else to let you know some things which have happened here, with which it seems necessary you should be acquainted. Forgive me if I am wrong in what I am doing, for, alas! Mr. Waverley, I have no better advice than that of my own feelings; my dear father is gone from this place, and when he can return to my assistance and protection, God alone knows. You have probably heard that in consequence of some troublesome news from the Highlands, warrants were sent out for apprehending several gentlemen in these parts, and, among others, my dear father. In spite of all my tears and entreaties that he would surrender himself to the government, he joined with Mr. Falconer and some other gentlemen, and they have all gone northwards, with a body of about forty horsemen. So I am not so anxious concerning his immediate safety as about what may follow afterwards, for these troubles are only beginning. But all this is nothing to you, Mr. Waverley; only I thought you would be glad to learn that my father has escaped, in case you happen to have heard that he was in danger.

The day after my father went off, there came a party of soldiers to Tully-Veolan and behaved very rudely to

Bailie Macwheeble; but the officer was very civil to me, only said his duty obliged him to search for arms and papers. My father had provided against this by taking away all the arms except the old useless things which hung in the hall, and he had put all his papers out of the way. But oh, Mr. Waverley, how shall I tell you that they made strict inquiry after you, and asked when you had been at Tully-Veolan, and where you now were. The officer is gone back with his party, but a non-commissioned officer and four men remain as a sort of garrison in the house. They have hitherto behaved very well, as we are forced to keep them in good-humour. But these soldiers have hinted as if on your falling into their hands you would be in great danger. I cannot prevail on myself to write what wicked falsehoods they said, for I am sure they are falsehoods; but you will best judge what you ought to do. The party that returned carried off your servant prisoner, with your two horses, and everything that you left at Tully-Veolan. I hope God will protect you, and that you will get safe home to England, where you used to tell me there was no military violence, nor fighting among clans permitted, but everything was done according to an equal law that protected all who were harmless and innocent. I hope you will exert your indulgence as to my boldness in writing to you, where it seems to me, though perhaps erroneously, that your safety and honour are concerned. I am sure — at least I think — my father would approve of my writing; for Mr. Rubric is fled to his cousin's at the Duchran, to be out of danger from the soldiers and the Whigs, and Bailie Macwheeble does not like to meddle (he says) in other men's concerns, though I hope what may serve my father's friend at such a time as this, cannot be termed improper interference. Farewell, Captain Waverley. I shall probably never see you more, for it would be very improper to wish you to call at Tully-Veolan just now, even if these men were gone; but I will always

remember with gratitude your kindness in assisting so poor a scholar as myself, and your attentions to my dear, dear father.

I remain, your obliged servant,

ROSE COMYNE BRADWARDINE.

P.S. — I hope you will send me a line by David Gellatley just to say you have received this, and that you will take care of yourself; and forgive me if I entreat you, for your own sake, to join none of these unhappy cabals, but escape, as fast as possible, to your own fortunate country. My compliments to my dear Flora and to Glennaquoich. Is she not as handsome and accomplished as I described her?

Thus concluded the letter of Rose Bradwardine, the contents of which both surprised and affected Waverley. That the Baron should fall under the suspicions of government, in consequence of the present stir among the partisans of the house of Stewart, seemed only the natural consequence of his political predilections; but how *he* himself should have been involved in such suspicions, conscious that until yesterday he had been free from harbouring a thought against the prosperity of the reigning family, seemed inexplicable. Both at Tully-Veolan and Glennaquoich his hosts had respected his engagements with the existing government, and though enough passed by accidental innuendo that might induce him to reckon the Baron and the chief among those disaffected gentlemen who were still numerous in Scotland, yet until his own connection with the army had been broken off by the resumption of his commission, he had no reason to suppose that they nourished any immediate or hostile attempts against the

present establishment. Still, he was aware that unless he meant at once to embrace the proposal of Fergus Mac-Ivor, it would deeply concern him to leave the suspicious neighbourhood without delay, and repair where his conduct might undergo a satisfactory examination. Upon this he the rather determined as Flora's advice favoured his doing so, and because he felt inexpressible repugnance at the idea of being accessory to the plague of civil war. Whatever were the original rights of the Stewarts, (*u*) calm reflection told him that, omitting the question how far James the Second could forfeit those of his posterity, he had, according to the united voice of the whole nation, justly forfeited his own. Since that period, four monarchs had reigned in peace and glory over Britain, sustaining and exalting the character of the nation abroad, and its liberties at home. Reason asked, Was it worth while to disturb a government so long settled and established, and to plunge a kingdom into all the miseries of civil war, for the purpose of replacing upon the throne the descendants of a monarch by whom it had been wilfully forfeited? If, on the other hand, his own final conviction of the goodness of their cause, or the commands of his father or uncle, should recommend to him allegiance to the Stewarts, still it was necessary to clear his own character by showing that he had not, as seemed to be falsely insinuated, taken any step to this purpose during his holding the commission of the reigning monarch.

The affectionate simplicity of Rose and her anxiety for his safety — his sense, too, of her unprotected state, and of the terror and actual dangers to which she might be exposed — made an

impression upon his mind, and he instantly wrote to thank her in the kindest terms for her solicitude on his account, to express his earnest good wishes for her welfare and that of her father, and to assure her of his own safety. The feelings which this task excited were speedily lost in the necessity which he now saw of bidding farewell to Flora Mac-Ivor, perhaps forever. The pang attending this reflection was inexpressible; for her high-minded elevation of character, her self-devotion to the cause which she had embraced, united to her scrupulous rectitude as to the means of serving it, had vindicated to his judgment the choice adopted by his passions. But time pressed, calumny was busy with his fame, and every hour's delay increased the power to injure it. His departure must be instant.

With this determination he sought out Fergus and communicated to him the contents of Rose's letter, with his own resolution instantly to go to Edinburgh and put into the hands of some one or other of those persons of influence to whom he had letters from his father, his exculpation from any charge which might be preferred against him.

"You run your head into the lion's mouth," answered Mac-Ivor. "You do not know the severity of a government harassed by just apprehensions, and a consciousness of their own illegality and insecurity. I shall have to deliver you from some dungeon in Stirling or Edinburgh Castle."

"My innocence, my rank, my father's intimacy with Lord M——, General G——, etc., will be a sufficient protection," said Waverley.

"You will find the contrary," replied the chieftain; "these gentlemen will have enough to do

about their own matters. Once more, will you take the plaid and stay a little while with us among the mists and the crows, in the bravest cause ever sword was drawn in?"[1]

"For many reasons, my dear Fergus, you must hold me excused."

"Well, then," said Mac-Ivor, "I shall certainly find you exerting your poetical talents in elegies upon a prison, or your antiquarian researches in detecting the Oggam[2] character, or some Punic hieroglyphic upon the key-stones of a vault curiously arched. Or what say you to *un petit pendement bien joli?*—against which awkward ceremony I don't warrant you, should you meet a body of the armed west-country Whigs."

"And why should they use me so?" said Waverley.

"For a hundred good reasons," answered Fergus. "First, you are an Englishman; secondly, a gentleman; thirdly, a prelatist abjured; and, fourthly, they have not had an opportunity to exercise their talents on such a subject this long while. But don't be cast down, beloved; all will be done in the fear of the Lord."

"Well, I must run my hazard."

"You are determined, then?"

"I am."

[1] A Highland rhyme on Glencairn's expedition, in 1650, has these lines—

"We 'll bide a while among ta crows,
We 'll wiske ta sword and bend ta bows."

[2] The Oggam is a species of the old Irish character. The idea of the correspondence betwixt the Celtic and Punic, founded on a scene in Plautus, was not started till General Vallancey set up his theory, long after the date of Fergus Mac-Ivor. (*v*)

"Wilful will do 't," said Fergus. "But you cannot go on foot, and I shall want no horse, as I must march on foot at the head of the children of Ivor; you shall have brown Dermid."

"If you will sell him, I shall certainly be much obliged."

"If your proud English heart cannot be obliged by a gift or loan, I will not refuse money at the entrance of a campaign; his price is twenty guineas. [Remember, reader, it was Sixty Years since.] And when do you propose to depart?"

"The sooner the better," answered Waverley.

"You are right, since go you must, or rather, since go you will; I will take Flora's pony, and ride with you as far as Bally-Brough. Callum Beg, see that our horses are ready, with a pony for yourself, to attend and carry Mr. Waverley's baggage as far as —— [naming a small town], where he can have a horse and guide to Edinburgh. Put on a Lowland dress, Callum, and see you keep your tongue close, if you would not have me cut it out; Mr. Waverley rides Dermid." Then, turning to Edward, "You will take leave of my sister?"

"Surely,—that is, if Miss Mac-Ivor will honour me so far."

"Cathleen, let my sister know Mr. Waverley wishes to bid her farewell before he leaves us. But Rose Bradwardine, her situation must be thought of,—I wish she were here. And why should she not? There are but four red-coats at Tully-Veolan, and their muskets would be very useful to us."

To these broken remarks Edward made no an-

swer; his ear indeed received them, but his soul was intent upon the expected entrance of Flora. The door opened,— it was but Cathleen, with her lady's excuse, and wishes for Captain Waverley's health and happiness.

CHAPTER XXIX.

WAVERLEY'S RECEPTION IN THE LOWLANDS AFTER HIS HIGHLAND TOUR.

It was noon when the two friends stood at the top of the pass of Bally-Brough. "I must go no farther," said Fergus Mac-Ivor, who during the journey had in vain endeavoured to raise his friend's spirits. "If my cross-grained sister has any share in your dejection, trust me she thinks highly of you, though her present anxiety about the public cause prevents her listening to any other subject. Confide your interest to me; I will not betray it, providing you do not again assume that vile cockade."

"No fear of that, considering the manner in which it has been recalled. Adieu, Fergus; do not permit your sister to forget me."

"And adieu, Waverley; you may soon hear of her with a prouder title. Get home, write letters, and make friends as many and as fast as you can; there will speedily be unexpected guests on the coast of Suffolk, or my news from France has deceived me."[1]

Thus parted the friends, — Fergus returning back to his castle; while Edward, followed by

[1] The sanguine Jacobites, during the eventful years 1745–46, kept up the spirits of their party by the rumour of descents from France on behalf of the Chevalier St. George. (*w*)

Callum Beg, the latter transformed from point to point into a Low-country groom, proceeded to the little town of ——.

Edward paced on under the painful and yet not altogether embittered feelings which separation and uncertainty produced in the mind of a youthful lover. I am not sure if the ladies understand the full value of the influence of absence, nor do I think it wise to teach it them, lest, like the Clelias and Mandanes of yore, they should resume the humour of sending their lovers into banishment. Distance, in truth, produces in idea the same effect as in real perspective. Objects are softened, and rounded, and rendered doubly graceful; the harsher and more ordinary points of character are mellowed down, and those by which it is remembered are the more striking outlines that mark sublimity, grace, or beauty. There are mists, too, in the mental, as well as the natural horizon, to conceal what is less pleasing in distant objects, and there are happy lights, to stream in full glory upon those points which can profit by brilliant illumination.

Waverley forgot Flora Mac-Ivor's prejudices in her magnanimity, and almost pardoned her indifference towards his affection, when he recollected the grand and decisive object which seemed to fill her whole soul. She, whose sense of duty so wholly engrossed her in the cause of a benefactor, what would be her feelings in favour of the happy individual who should be so fortunate as to awaken them? Then came the doubtful question whether he might not be that happy man,—a question which fancy endeavoured to answer in the affirmative, by conjuring up all she had said in his praise, with the addition of a comment much more flat-

tering than the text warranted. All that was commonplace, all that belonged to the every-day world, was melted away and obliterated in those dreams of imagination, which only remembered with advantage the points of grace and dignity that distinguished Flora from the generality of her sex, not the particulars which she held in common with them. Edward was, in short, in the fair way of creating a goddess out of a high-spirited, accomplished, and beautiful young woman; and the time was wasted in castle-building, until, at the descent of a steep hill, he saw beneath him the market-town of ——.

The Highland politeness of Callum Beg, — there are few nations, by the way, who can boast of so much natural politeness as the Highlanders,[1] — the Highland civility of his attendant had not permitted him to disturb the reveries of our hero. But observing him rouse himself at the sight of the village, Callum pressed closer to his side, and hoped "when they cam to the public, his honour wad not say nothing about Vich Ian Vohr, for ta people were bitter Whigs, deil burst tem."

Waverley assured the prudent page that he would be cautious; and as he now distinguished, not, indeed, the ringing of bells, but the tinkling of something like a hammer against the side of an old mossy, green, inverted porridge-pot that hung in an open booth of the size and shape of a parrot's

[1] The Highlander in former times had always a high idea of his own gentility, and was anxious to impress the same upon those with whom he conversed. His language abounded in the phrases of courtesy and compliment; and the habit of carrying arms, and mixing with those who did so, made it particularly desirable they should use cautious politeness in their intercourse with each other.

cage, erected to grace the east end of a building resembling an old barn, he asked Callum Beg if it were Sunday.

"Could na say just preceesely; Sunday seldom cam aboon the pass of Bally-Brough."

On entering the town, however, and advancing towards the most apparent public-house which presented itself, the numbers of old women in tartan screens and red cloaks who streamed from the barn-resembling building, debating, as they went, the comparative merits of the blessed youth Jabesh Rentowel and that chosen vessel Maister Goukthrapple, induced Callum to assure his temporary master "that it was either ta muckle Sunday hersell, or ta little government Sunday that they ca'd ta fast."

On alighting at the sign of the Seven-branched Golden Candlestick, which, for the further delectation of the guests, was graced with a short Hebrew motto, they were received by mine host, a tall, thin, puritanical figure, who seemed to debate with himself whether he ought to give shelter to those who travelled on such a day. Reflecting, however, in all probability, that he possessed the power of mulcting them for this irregularity,—a penalty which they might escape by passing into Gregor Duncanson's, at the sign of the Highlander and the Hawick Gill, Mr. Ebenezer Cruickshanks condescended to admit them into his dwelling.

To this sanctified person Waverley addressed his request that he would procure him a guide, with a saddle-horse, to carry his portmanteau to Edinburgh.

"And whar may ye be coming from?" demanded mine host of the Candlestick.

"I have told you where I wish to go; I do not conceive any further information necessary either for the guide or his saddle-horse."

"Hem! ahem!" returned he of the Candlestick, somewhat disconcerted at this rebuff. "It 's the general fast, sir, and I cannot enter into ony carnal transactions on sic a day, when the people should be humbled, and the backsliders should return, as worthy Mr. Goukthrapple said; and moreover when, as the precious Mr. Jabesh Rentowel did weel observe, the land was mourning for covenants burnt, broken, and buried."

"My good friend," said Waverley, "if you cannot let me have a horse and guide, my servant shall seek them elsewhere."

"Aweel! Your servant,—and what for gangs he not forward wi' you himsell?"

Waverley had but very little of a captain of horse's spirit within him,—I mean of that sort of spirit which I have been obliged to when I happened, in a mail-coach or diligence, to meet some military man who has kindly taken upon him the disciplining of the waiters and the taxing of reckonings. Some of this useful talent our hero had, however, acquired during his military service, and on this gross provocation it began seriously to arise. "Look ye, sir; I came here for my own accommodation, and not to answer impertinent questions. Either say you can, or cannot, get me what I want; I shall pursue my course in either case."

Mr. Ebenezer Cruickshanks left the room with some indistinct muttering; but whether negative or acquiescent, Edward could not well distinguish. The hostess, a civil, quiet, laborious drudge, came

to take his orders for dinner, but declined to make answer on the subject of the horse and guide; for the Salique law, it seems, extended to the stables of the Golden Candlestick.

From a window which overlooked the dark and narrow court in which Callum Beg rubbed down the horses after their journey, Waverley heard the following dialogue betwixt the subtle foot-page of Vich Ian Vohr and his landlord:—

"Ye 'll be frae the North, young man?" began the latter.

"And ye may say that," answered Callum.

"And ye 'll hae ridden a lang way the day, it may weel be?"

"Sae lang that I could weel tak a dram."

"Gudewife, bring the gill stoup."

Here some compliments passed fitting the occasion, when my host of the Golden Candlestick, having, as he thought, opened his guest's heart by this hospitable propitiation, resumed his scrutiny.

"Ye 'll no hae mickle better whiskey than that aboon the Pass?"

"I am nae frae aboon the Pass."

"Ye 're a Highlandman by your tongue?

"Na; I am but just Aberdeen-a-way."

"And did your master come frae Aberdeen wi' you?"

"Ay,—that 's when I left it mysell," answered the cool and impenetrable Callum Beg.

"And what kind of a gentleman is he?"

"I believe he is ane o' King George's state officers,—at least, he 's aye for ganging on to the South, and he has a hantle siller, and never grudges onything till a poor body, or in the way of a lawing."

"He wants a guide and a horse frae hence to Edinburgh?"

"Ay, and ye maun find it him forthwith."

"Ahem! It will be chargeable."

"He cares na for that a bodle."

"Aweel, Duncan,—did ye say your name was Duncan, or Donald?"

"Na, man, Jamie,—Jamie Steenson; I telt ye before."

This last undaunted parry altogether foiled Mr. Cruickshanks, who, though not quite satisfied either with the reserve of the master or the extreme readiness of the man, was contented to lay a tax on the reckoning and horse-hire that might compound for his ungratified curiosity. The circumstance of its being the fast day was not forgotten in the charge, which, on the whole, did not, however, amount to much more than double what in fairness it should have been.

Callum Beg soon after announced in person the ratification of this treaty, adding, "Ta auld deevil was ganging to ride wi' ta *duinhé-wassel* hersell."

"That will not be very pleasant, Callum, nor altogether safe, for our host seems a person of great curiosity; but a traveller must submit to these inconveniences. Meanwhile, my good lad, here is a trifle for you to drink Vich Ian Vohr's health."

The hawk's eye of Callum flashed delight upon a golden guinea, with which these last words were accompanied. He hastened, not without a curse on the intricacies of a Saxon breeches pocket, or "spleuchan," as he called it, to deposit the treasure in his fob; and then, as if he conceived the benevolence called for some requital on his part, he gathered close up to Edward, with an expres-

sion of countenance peculiarly knowing, and spoke in an under tone: "If his honour thought ta auld deevil Whig carle was a bit dangerous, she could easily provide for him, and teil ane ta wiser."

"How, and in what manner?"

"Her ain sell," replied Callum, "could wait for him a wee bit frae the toun, and kittle his quarters wi' her *skene-occle*."

"'Skene-occle!' what 's that?"

Callum unbuttoned his coat, raised his left arm, and with an emphatic nod pointed to the hilt of a small dirk snugly deposited under it, in the lining of his jacket. Waverley thought he had misunderstood his meaning; he gazed in his face, and discovered in Callum's very handsome, though embrowned features, just the degree of roguish malice with which a lad of the same age in England would have brought forward a plan for robbing an orchard.

"Good God, Callum, would you take the man's life?"

"Indeed," answered the young desperado, "and I think he has had just a lang enough lease o't, when he 's for betraying honest folk that come to spend siller at his public."

Edward saw nothing was to be gained by argument, and therefore contented himself with enjoining Callum to lay aside all practices against the person of Mr. Ebenezer Cruickshanks; in which injunction the page seemed to acquiesce with an air of great indifference.

"Ta *duinhé-wassel* might please himsell; ta auld rudas loon had never done Callum nae ill. But here 's a bit line frae ta Tighearna, tat he bade me gie your honour ere I came back."

The letter from the chief contained Flora's lines on the fate of Captain Wogan, whose enterprising character is so well drawn by Clarendon. He had originally engaged in the service of the Parliament, but had abjured that party upon the execution of Charles I.; and upon hearing that the royal standard was set up by the Earl of Glencairn and General Middleton in the Highlands of Scotland, took leave of Charles II., who was then at Paris, passed into England, assembled a body of Cavaliers in the neighbourhood of London, and traversed the kingdom, which had been so long under domination of the usurper, by marches conducted with such skill, dexterity, and spirit that he safely united his handful of horsemen with the body of Highlanders then in arms. After several months of desultory warfare, in which Wogan's skill and courage gained him the highest reputation, he had the misfortune to be wounded in a dangerous manner, and no surgical assistance being within reach, he terminated his short but glorious career.

There were obvious reasons why the politic chieftain was desirous to place the example of this young hero under the eye of Waverley, with whose romantic disposition it coincided so peculiarly. But his letter turned chiefly upon some trifling commissions which Waverley had promised to execute for him in England, and it was only towards the conclusion that Edward found these words: "I owe Flora a grudge for refusing us her company yesterday; and as I am giving you the trouble of reading these lines, in order to keep in your memory your promise to procure me the fishing-tackle and crossbow from London, I will enclose her verses on the Grave of Wogan. This I know

will tease her; for, to tell you the truth, I think her more in love with the memory of that dead hero than she is likely to be with any living one, unless he shall tread a similar path. But English squires of our day keep their oak-trees to shelter their deer-parks or repair the losses of an evening at White's, and neither invoke them to wreathe their brows nor shelter their graves. Let me hope for one brilliant exception in a dear friend, to whom I would most gladly give a dearer title."

The verses were inscribed,—

TO AN OAK TREE,

In the Churchyard of ——, in the Highlands of Scotland, said to mark the Grave of Captain Wogan, killed in 1649.

EMBLEM of England's ancient faith,
Full proudly may thy branches wave
Where loyalty lies low in death,
And valour fills a timeless grave.

And thou, brave tenant of the tomb,
Repine not if our clime deny,
Above thine honoured sod to bloom,
The flowerets of a milder sky.

These owe their birth to genial May;
Beneath a fiercer sun they pine,
Before the winter storm decay, —
And can their worth be type of thine?

No; for 'mid storms of Fate opposing,
Still higher swelled thy dauntless heart,
And while Despair the scene was closing,
Commenced thy brief but brilliant part.

'T was then thou sought'st on Albyn's hill
(When England's sons the strife resigned)
A rugged race resisting still,
And unsubdued, though unrefined.

Thy death's hour heard no kindred wail,
No holy knell thy requiem rung;
Thy mourners were the plaided Gael,
Thy dirge the clamorous pibroch sung.

Yet who, in Fortune's summer-shine
To waste life's longest term away,
Would change that glorious dawn of thine,
Though darkened ere its noontide day?

Be thine the Tree whose dauntless boughs
Brave summer's drought and winter's gloom!
Rome bound with oak her patriots' brows,
As Albyn shadows Wogan's tomb.

Whatever might be the real merit of Flora MacIvor's poetry, the enthusiasm which it intimated was well calculated to make a corresponding impression upon her lover. The lines were read, read again, then deposited in Waverley's bosom; then again drawn out, and read, line by line, in a low and smothered voice, and with frequent pauses which prolonged the mental treat, as an epicure protracts, by sipping slowly, the enjoyment of a delicious beverage. The entrance of Mrs. Cruickshanks, with the sublunary articles of dinner and wine, hardly interrupted this pantomime of affectionate enthusiasm.

At length the tall, ungainly figure and ungracious visage of Ebenezer presented themselves. The upper part of his form, notwithstanding the season required no such defence, was shrouded in a large great-coat, belted over his under habiliments, and crested with a huge cowl of the same stuff, which, when drawn over the head and hat, completely overshadowed both, and being buttoned beneath the chin, was called a "trot-cozy." His

hand grasped a huge jockey-whip, garnished with brass mounting. His thin legs tenanted a pair of gambadoes, fastened at the sides with rusty clasps. Thus accoutred, he stalked into the midst of the apartment, and announced his errand in brief phrase: "Yer horses are ready."

"You go with me yourself then, landlord?"

"I do, as far as Perth, where ye may be supplied with a guide to Embro', as your occasions shall require."

Thus saying, he placed under Waverley's eye the bill which he held in his hand, and at the same time, self-invited, filled a glass of wine and drank devoutly to a blessing on their journey. Waverley stared at the man's impudence; but as their connection was to be short, and promised to be convenient, he made no observation upon it, and having paid his reckoning, expressed his intention to depart immediately. He mounted Dermid accordingly, and sallied forth from the Golden Candlestick, followed by the puritanical figure we have described, after he had, at the expense of some time and difficulty, and by the assistance of a "louping-on-stane," or structure of masonry erected for the traveller's convenience in front of the house, elevated his person to the back of a long-backed, raw-boned, thin-gutted phantom of a broken-down blood-horse on which Waverley's portmanteau was deposited. Our hero, though not in a very gay humour, could hardly help laughing at the appearance of his new squire, and at imagining the astonishment which his person and equipage would have excited at Waverley Honour.

Edward's tendency to mirth did not escape mine host of the Candlestick, who, conscious of the

cause, infused a double portion of souring into the pharisaical leaven of his countenance, and resolved internally that, in one way or other, the young *Englisher* should pay dearly for the contempt with which he seemed to regard him. Callum also stood at the gate, and enjoyed, with undissembled glee, the ridiculous figure of Mr. Cruickshanks. As Waverley passed him, he pulled off his hat respectfully, and, approaching his stirrup, bade him "Tak heed the auld Whig deevil played him nae cantrip."

Waverley once more thanked and bade him farewell; and then rode briskly onward, not sorry to be out of hearing of the shouts of the children as they beheld old Ebenezer rise and sink in his stirrups, to avoid the concussions occasioned by a hard trot upon a half-paved street. The village of —— was soon several miles behind him.

AUTHOR'S NOTES.

Note I. p. 47. — Titus Livius.

The attachment to this classic was, it is said, actually displayed, in the manner mentioned in the text, by an unfortunate Jacobite in that unhappy period. He escaped from the jail in which he was confined, for a hasty trial and certain condemnation, and was retaken as he hovered around the place in which he had been imprisoned, for which he could give no better reason than the hope of recovering his favourite Titus Livius. I am sorry to add that the simplicity of such a character was found to form no apology for his guilt as a rebel, and that he was condemned and executed.

Note II. p. 52. — Nicholas Amhurst.

Nicholas Amhurst, a noted political writer who conducted for many years a paper called the "Craftsman," under the assumed name of Caleb D'Anvers. He was devoted to the Tory interest, and seconded, with much ability, the attacks of Pulteney on Sir Robert Walpole. He died in 1742, neglected by his great patrons, and in the most miserable circumstances.

"Amhurst survived the downfall of Walpole's power, and had reason to expect a reward for his labours. If we excuse Bolingbroke, who had only saved the shipwreck of his fortunes, we shall be at a loss to justify Pulteney, who could with ease have given this man a considerable income. The utmost of his generosity to Amhurst, that I ever heard of, was a hogshead of claret! He died, it is supposed, of a broken heart, and was buried at the charge of his honest printer, Richard Francklin" (*Lord Chesterfield's Characters Reviewed*, p. 42).

Note III. p. 56. — Colonel Gardiner.

I have now given in the text the full name of this gallant and excellent man, and proceed to copy the account of his remarkable conversion, as related by Dr. Doddridge.

"This memorable event," says the pious writer, "happened towards the middle of July, 1719. The major had spent the evening (and, if I mistake not, it was the Sabbath) in some gay company, and had an unhappy assignation with a married woman, whom he was to attend exactly at twelve. The company broke up about eleven; and not judging it convenient to anticipate the time appointed, he went into his chamber to kill the tedious hour, perhaps with some amusing book or some other way. But it very accidentally happened that he took up a religious book, which his good mother or aunt had, without his knowledge, slipped into his portmanteau. It was called, if I remember the title exactly, 'The Christian Soldier; or, Heaven taken by Storm,' and it was written by Mr. Thomas Watson. Guessing by the title of it that he would find some phrases of his own profession spiritualized in a manner which he thought might afford him some diversion, he resolved to dip into it; but he took no serious notice of anything it had in it. And yet while this book was in his hand, an impression was made upon his mind (perhaps God only knows how) which drew after it a train of the most important and happy consequences. He thought he saw an unusual blaze of light fall upon the book which he was reading, which he at first imagined might happen by some accident in the candle; but lifting up his eyes, he apprehended, to his extreme amazement, that there was before him, as it were suspended in the air, a visible representation of the Lord Jesus Christ upon the cross, surrounded on all sides with a glory, and was impressed as if a voice, or something equivalent to a voice, had come to him, to this effect (for he was not confident as to the words): 'Oh, sinner, did I suffer this for thee, and are these thy returns?' Struck with so amazing a phenomenon as this, there remained hardly any life in him, so that he sunk down in the armchair in which he sat, and continued, he knew not how long, insensible."

"With regard to this vision," says the ingenious Dr. Hibbert, "the appearance of our Saviour on the cross, and the awful words repeated, can be considered in no other light than as so many recollected images of the mind, which, probably, had their origin in the language of some urgent appeal to repentance that the colonel might have casually read or heard delivered. From what cause, however, such ideas were rendered as vivid as actual impressions, we have no information

to be depended upon. This vision was certainly attended with one of the most important of consequences connected with the Christian dispensation, — the conversion of a sinner; and hence no single narrative has perhaps done more to confirm the superstitious opinion that apparitions of this awful kind cannot arise without a divine fiat." Dr. Hibbert adds, in a note: "A short time before the vision, Colonel Gardiner had received a severe fall from his horse. Did the brain receive some slight degree of injury from the accident, so as to predispose him to this spiritual illusion?" (*Hibbert's Philosophy of Apparitions*, Edinburgh, 1824, p. 190.)

Note IV. p. 58. — Scottish Inns.

The courtesy of an invitation to partake a traveller's meal, or at least that of being invited to share whatever liquor the guest called for, was expected by certain old landlords in Scotland, even in the youth of the Author. In requital, mine host was always furnished with the news of the country, and was probably a little of a humourist to boot. The devolution of the whole actual business and drudgery of the inn upon the poor gudewife was very common among the Scottish Bonifaces. There was in ancient times, in the city of Edinburgh, a gentleman of good family who condescended, in order to gain a livelihood, to become the nominal keeper of a coffee-house, one of the first places of the kind which had been opened in the Scottish metropolis. As usual, it was entirely managed by the careful and industrious Mrs. B.; while her husband amused himself with field sports, without troubling his head about the matter. Once upon a time, the premises having taken fire, the husband was met walking up the High Street loaded with his guns and fishing-rods, and replied calmly to some one who inquired after his wife, that the poor woman was trying to save a parcel of crockery and some trumpery books, — the last being those which served her to conduct the business of the house.

There were many elderly gentlemen in the Author's younger days who still held it part of the amusement of a journey "to parley with mine host," who often resembled, in his quaint humour, mine Host of the Garter in the "Merry Wives of Windsor," or Blague of the George in the "Merry Devil of Edmonton." Sometimes the landlady took her share of entertaining the company. In either case the omitting to pay them

due attention gave displeasure, and perhaps brought down a smart jest, as on the following occasion :—

A jolly dame who, not "Sixty Years since," kept the principal caravansary at Greenlaw, in Berwickshire, had the honour to receive under her roof a very worthy clergyman, with three sons of the same profession, each having a cure of souls. (Be it said, in passing, none of the reverend party were reckoned powerful in the pulpit.) After dinner was over, the worthy senior, in the pride of his heart, asked Mrs. Buchan whether she ever had had such a party in her house before. "Here sit I," he said, "a placed minister of the Kirk of Scotland, and here sit my three sons, each a placed minister of the same kirk. Confess, Luckie Buchan, you never had such a party in your house before." The question was not premised by any invitation to sit down and take a glass of wine or the like, so Mrs. B. answered dryly, "Indeed, sir, I cannot just say that ever I had such a party in my house before, except once in the forty-five, when I had a Highland piper here, with his three sons, all Highland pipers ; *and deil a spring they could play amang them.*"

Note V. p. 87. — STIRRUP-CUP.

I may here mention that the fashion of compotation described in the text was still occasionally practised in Scotland in the Author's youth. A company, after having taken leave of their host, often went to finish the evening at the clachan, or village, in "womb of tavern." Their entertainer always accompanied them to take the stirrup-cup, which often occasioned a long and late revel.

The *Poculum Potatorium* of the valiant Baron, his blessed Bear, has a prototype at the fine old castle of Glammis, so rich in memorials of ancient times; it is a massive beaker of silver, double gilt, moulded into the shape of a lion, and holding about an English pint of wine. The form alludes to the family name of Strathmore, which is Lyon, and when exhibited, the cup must necessarily be emptied to the earl's health. The Author ought perhaps to be ashamed of recording that he has had the honour of swallowing the contents of the Lion ; and the recollection of the feat served to suggest the story of the Bear of Bradwardine. In the family of Scott of Thirlestane (not Thirlestane in the Forest, but the place of the same name in Roxburghshire) was long preserved a cup of the same

kind, in the form of a jack-boot. Each guest was obliged to empty this at his departure. If the guest's name was Scott, the necessity was doubly imperative.

When the landlord of an inn presented his guests with *deoch an doruis*, — that is, the drink at the door, or the stirrup-cup, — the draught was not charged in the reckoning. On this point a learned bailie of the town of Forfar pronounced a very sound judgment.

A., an ale-wife in Forfar, had brewed her "peck of malt," and set the liquor out of doors to cool; the cow of B., a neighbour of A., chanced to come by, and seeing the good beverage, was allured to taste it, and finally to drink it up. When A. came to take in her liquor, she found her tub empty, and from the cow's staggering and staring so as to betray her intemperance, she easily divined the mode in which her "browst" had disappeared. To take vengeance on Crummie's ribs with a stick was her first effort. The roaring of the cow brought B., her master, who remonstrated with his angry neighbour, and received in reply a demand for the value of the ale which Crummie had drunk up. B. refused payment, and was conveyed before C., the bailie, or sitting magistrate. He heard the case patiently; and then demanded of the plaintiff, A., whether the cow had sat down to her potation, or taken it standing. The plaintiff answered, she had not seen the deed committed, but she supposed the cow drank the ale while standing on her feet; adding, that had she been near, she would have made her use them to some purpose. The bailie, on this admission, solemnly adjudged the cow's drink to be *deoch an doruis*, — a stirrup-cup, — for which no charge could be made without violating the ancient hospitality of Scotland.

Note VI. p. 153. — Rob Roy.

An adventure very similar to what is here stated, actually befell the late Mr. Abercromby of Tullibody, grandfather of the present Lord Abercromby, and father of the celebrated Sir Ralph. When this gentleman, who lived to a very advanced period of life, first settled in Stirlingshire, his cattle were repeatedly driven off by the celebrated Rob Roy, or some of his gang; and at length he was obliged, after obtaining a proper safe-conduct, to make the cateran such a visit as that of Waverley to Bean Lean in the text. Rob received him

with much courtesy, and made many apologies for the accident, which must have happened, he said, through some mistake. Mr. Abercromby was regaled with collops from two of his own cattle, which were hung up by the heels in the cavern, and was dismissed in perfect safety, after having agreed to pay in future a small sum of blackmail, in consideration of which Rob Roy not only undertook to forbear his herds in future, but to replace any that should be stolen from him by other freebooters. Mr. Abercromby said Rob Roy affected to consider him as a friend to the Jacobite interest and a sincere enemy to the Union. Neither of these circumstances were true; but the laird thought it quite unnecessary to undeceive his Highland host at the risk of bringing on a political dispute in such a situation. This anecdote I received many years since (about 1792) from the mouth of the venerable gentleman who was concerned in it.

Note VII. p. 164. — Kind Gallows of Crieff.

This celebrated gibbet was, in the memory of the last generation, still standing at the western end of the town of Crieff, in Perthshire. Why it was called the "kind" gallows, we are unable to inform the reader with certainty; but it is alleged that the Highlanders used to touch their bonnets as they passed a place which had been fatal to many of their countrymen, with the ejaculation, "God bless her nain sell, and the Tiel tamn you!" It may therefore have been called "kind," as being a sort of native or kindred place of doom to those who suffered there, as in fulfilment of a natural destiny.

Note VIII. p. 167. — Caterans.

The story of the bridegroom carried off by caterans on his bridal-day is taken from one which was told to the Author by the late Laird of Mac-Nab many years since. To carry off persons from the Lowlands and to put them to ransom, was a common practice with the wild Highlanders, as it is said to be at the present day with the banditti in the South of Italy. Upon the occasion alluded to, a party of caterans carried off the bridegroom, and secreted him in some cave near the mountain of Schihallion. The young man caught the small-pox before his ransom could be agreed on; and whether it was the fine, cool air of the place, or the want of medical

attendance, Mac-Nab did not pretend to be positive, but so it was that the prisoner recovered, his ransom was paid, and he was restored to his friends and bride, but always considered the Highland robbers as having saved his life by their treatment of his malady.

Note IX. p. 177. — Highland Policy.

This sort of political game ascribed to Mac-Ivor was in reality played by several Highland chiefs, the celebrated Lord Lovat in particular, who used that kind of finesse to the uttermost. The Laird of Mac—— was also captain of an independent company, but valued the sweets of present pay too well to incur the risk of losing them in the Jacobite cause. His martial consort raised his clan, and headed it, in 1745. But the chief himself would have nothing to do with king-making, declaring himself for that monarch, and no other, who gave the Laird of Mac—— "half-a-guinea the day, and half-a-guinea the morn."

Note X. p. 181. — Highland Discipline.

In explanation of the military exercise observed at the Castle of Glennaquoich, the Author begs to remark that the Highlanders were not only well practised in the use of the broadsword, firelock, and most of the manly sports and trials of strength common throughout Scotland, but also used a peculiar sort of drill suited to their own dress and mode of warfare. There were, for instance, different modes of disposing the plaid, one when on a peaceful journey, another when danger was apprehended, one way of enveloping themselves in it when expecting undisturbed repose, and another which enabled them to start up with sword and pistol in hand on the slightest alarm.

Previous to 1720, or thereabouts, the belted plaid was universally worn, in which the portion which surrounded the middle of the wearer, and that which was flung around his shoulders, were all of the same piece of tartan. In a desperate onset all was thrown away, and the clan charged bare beneath the doublet, save for an artificial arrangement of the shirt, which, like that of the Irish, was always ample, and for the sporran-mollach, or goat's-skin purse.

The manner of handling the pistol and dirk was also part of the Highland manual exercise, which the Author has seen gone through by men who had learned it in their youth.

Note XI. p. 184. — DISLIKE OF THE SCOTCH TO PORK.

Pork, or swine's flesh, in any shape, was till of late years much abominated by the Scotch, nor is it yet a favourite food amongst them. King Jamie carried this prejudice to England, and is known to have abhorred pork almost as much as he did tobacco. Ben Jonson has recorded this peculiarity, where the gypsy in a masque, examining the king's hand, says, —

"You should by this line
Love a horse and a hound, but no part of a swine."
The Gypsies Metamorphosed.

James's own proposed banquet for the Devil was a loin of pork and a poll of ling, with a pipe of tobacco for digestion.

Note XII. p. 185. — A SCOTTISH DINNER-TABLE.

In the number of persons of all ranks who assembled at the same table, though by no means to discuss the same fare, the Highland chiefs only retained a custom which had been formerly universally observed throughout Scotland. "I myself," says the traveller, Fynes Morrison, in the end of Queen Elizabeth's reign, the scene being the Lowlands of Scotland, "was at a knight's house, who had many servants to attend him, that brought in his meat with their heads covered with blue caps, the table being more than half furnished with great platters of porridge, each having a little piece of sodden meat. And when the table was served, the servants did sit down with us; but the upper mess, instead of porridge, had a pullet, with some prunes in the broth" ("Travels," p. 155).

Till within this last century, the farmers, even of a respectable condition, dined with their work-people. The difference betwixt those of high degree was ascertained by the place of the party above or below the salt, or sometimes by a line drawn with chalk on the dining-table. Lord Lovat, who knew well how to feed the vanity and restrain the appetites of his clansmen, allowed each sturdy Fraser, who had the slightest pretensions to be a *duinhé-wassel*, the full honour of the sitting, but at the same time took care that his young kinsmen did not ac-

quire at his table any taste for outlandish luxuries. His lordship was always ready with some honourable apology why foreign wines and French brandy — delicacies which he conceived might sap the hardy habits of his cousins — should not circulate past an assigned point on the table.

Note XIII. p. 198. — Conan the Jester.

In the Irish ballads relating to Fion (the Fingal of Mac-Pherson) there occurs, as in the primitive poetry of most nations, a cycle of heroes, each of whom has some distinguishing attribute ; upon these qualities, and the adventures of those possessing them, many proverbs are formed which are still current in the Highlands. Among other characters, Conan is distinguished as in some respects a kind of Thersites, but brave and daring even to rashness. He had made a vow that he would never take a blow without returning it ; and having, like other heroes of antiquity, descended to the infernal regions, he received a cuff from the arch-fiend, who presided there, which he instantly returned, using the expression in the text. Sometimes the proverb is worded thus : "Claw for claw, and the Devil take the shortest nails," as Conan said to the Devil.

Note XIV. p. 203. — Waterfall.

The description of the waterfall mentioned in this chapter is taken from that of Ledeard, at the farm so called on the northern side of Lochard, and near the head of the lake, four or five miles from Aberfoyle. It is upon a small scale, but otherwise one of the most exquisite cascades it is possible to behold. The appearance of Flora with the harp, as described, has been justly censured as too theatrical and affected for the lady-like simplicity of her character. But something may be allowed to her French education, in which point and striking effect always make a considerable object.

EDITOR'S NOTES.

(*a*) p. xvi. "Alexander the Corrector." This was a name adopted by Cruden, the author of the well-known Concordance.

(*b*) p. xvi. "The chief enjoyment of my holidays was to escape with a chosen friend." Scott's companion, as his fragment of Autobiography in Lockhart shows, was Mr. John Irving, afterwards a Writer to the Signet. (Lockhart, i. 63.)

(*c*) p. xviii. "A temporary residence in the country." The place referred to was Rosebank, a villa on the Tweed, near Kelso. It was afterwards bequeathed to Scott by his uncle, Captain Scott. (Lockhart, i. 174; ii. 187.)

(*d*) p. xxxi. "Letters on the Author of 'Waverley' (1822)." These were by Mr. Adolphus. Extracts from them are given in Lockhart, vi. 386.

(*e*) p. ciii. "The 'Quarterly Review,' in 1817." This notice was written by Scott, in conjunction with his friend Mr. William Erskine. As his own correspondence and that of Mr. Murray, the publisher, show, Scott offered to criticise his own novels, as a proof that he had not written them. See Introduction to "Old Mortality." The review is published in Scott's Miscellaneous Prose Works.

(*f*) p. 19. "Alma." The allusion is to Prior's poem of "Alma: the Vital Principle." In the first edition Scott says, "Alma, when seated in his arms and legs," in accordance with Prior's humorous theory.

> "To her next stage as Alma flies,
> And likes, as I have said, the thighs,
> With sympathetic power she warms
> Their good allies and friends, the arms."

(*g*) p. 47. "The edition of Sweynheim and Pannartz." This is "Historiarum Romanarum decades III., ex recognitione

Joan. Andreæ, episc. alierensis. Romæ: Conradus Sweynheym et Arnoldus Pannartz. Folio." The date is believed to be 1467. A copy was sold for £472 10s. at the sale of Sir Mark Sykes, whom Scott succeeded as a member of the Roxburghe Club.

(*h*) p. 66. Probably the old House of Traquair is as like Tully-Veolan as any surviving edifice, bears and all. The avenue of Tully-Veolan resembles that of Kenmure Castle, in Galloway.

(*i*) p. 79. "C'est des doux oreilles." So in the edition of 1829. "C'est des deux oreilles" is the reading in the first edition, while Messrs. Black's edition of 1890 offers the reading "c'est d'une oreille," which is correct. Cotgrave's Dictionary (1611) is quoted for "'à une oreille,' said of wine that 's excellent good." Littré, "Vin d'une oreille = le bon vin." A somewhat mythical explanation of the phrase is given in the Dictionary of the French Academy.

(*k*) p. 82. The Baron of Bradwardine. There were doubtless many brave, scholarly old Scottish gentlemen like the Baron, who "had fought the foreign loons in their own countrie." Mr. Chambers ("Illustrations of the Author of 'Waverley'") mentions Col. Alexander Robertson, of the Struan family, and John Stewart of Kincardine; but the fourth Lord Forbes of Pitaligo, who was out in the Fifteen and the Forty-five, had two bears as supporters of his shield; so he, perhaps, was as like the Baron as any of his compeers.

(*l*) p. 85. "Ben Jonson's Tom Otter." In "The Silent Woman," act iv. scene ii.

(*m*) p. 90. *Suum cuique.* The ingenious and unfortunate author of "Vimonda" was a Scotch Episcopalian clergyman, Andrew Mac-Donald. Scott's friend William Erskine (Lord Kinedder) boarded at Mr. Mac-Donald's house when a boy. (Lockhart, i. 279.) "Vimonda," though put on the stage, did not prevent its author from dying in extreme poverty. Scott as a boy had seen Mac-Donald in Mr. Sibbald's bookshop, where he also saw Burns, "at a distance." (Lockhart, i. 64.)

(*n*) p. 94. Luckie Macleary throws her plaid over the swords. This may have been suggested to Scott by a scene in the "Eyrbyggja Saga," where a lady named Aud performs a similar feat in a fray. Less fortunate than Luckie Macleary, Aud lost a hand from a sword-stroke. Sir Walter published

an account of the "Eyrbyggja Saga" in 1813, when he was engaged on "Waverley." As an illustration of Scotch convivial manners and of random sword-blows, we print an account of the death of the Laird of Stewartfield, from a curious manuscript diary in the possession of Mr. Charles Grieve, in Branxholme Park, the work of one of his ancestors. Scott has not exaggerated the manners which he describes.

"The death of Stewartfield happened at a Head Court at Jedburgh. The gentlemen at the meeting were all drunk, and some quarrel arose between Sir —— of —— and Stewartfield, and the latter was stabbed by a sword under the table. There was a precognition taken, but no light could be thrown on the matter. Sir ——'s servant carried his master off as soon as he understood what had happened, and brought him to the churchyard and laid him down upon a tombstone, where he slept for some time, he covering him with a blanket. He conveyed his horses to a distance, and after allowing him some time to sleep off the drink, he waked him and conveyed him up Rule Water, and he lay concealed in Waughope Wood till he made his escape to Holland."

(*o*) p. 96. Dr. Johnson on Scotch breakfasts: "If an epicure could remove by a wish in quest of sensual gratification, wherever he had supped, he would breakfast in Scotland" (Johnson's Works, ix. 52).

(*p*) p. 112. "A rhyme quoted by Edgar in 'King Lear,'" act iii. scene iv.: —

> "Saint Withold footed thrice the wold;
> He met the Night-mare and her nine-fold;
> Bid her alight,
> And her troth plight,
> And, aroint thee, witch, aroint thee!"

(*q*) p. 128. "The celebrated Belides." More frequently called the Danaïds, daughters of Danaus, who was the son of Belus. Their punishment was to carry water in a sieve, and, unlike the lad in the fairy tale, they had not the wit to daub the sieve with clay.

(*r*) p. 207. Flora Macdonald's song.

> "Ye sons of brown Dermid, who slew the wild boar,
> Resume the pure faith of the great Callum-More."

There was no Callum-More; the name is Mac Cailean Mohr. Dermid should be Diarmaid, in Irish apparently Diarmuid.

For the slaughter of the boar by the mythical father of the Campbells, see "The Pursuit of Diarmuid and Grainne." Ossianic Society, Dublin, 1857. The modern Irish have anglicized Diarmuid as Jeremiah.

(*s*) p. 218. "The Pope's legate." See Mr. Hume Brown's "Early Travellers in Scotland," p. xii. The legate visited Scotland in 1543. "His name and identity are still a disputed point, and he is variously known as Peter Francis Contareno, Mark German, and Marcus Grymanus, Patriarch of Aquileia."

(*t*) p. 223. "A charm, which in English ran thus." The charm, as given by Reginald Scott (1584), is, —

> "Hail be thou, holie hearbe
> Growing on the ground;
> All in the mount Calvarie
> First wert thou found.
> Thou art good for manie a sore,
> And healest manie a wound;
> In the name of sweete Jesus
> I take thee from the ground."
>
> *The Discoverie of Witchcraft*, book xii. ch. xiv. (edition of 1886, p. 198).

(*u*) p. 266. "Whatever were the original rights of the Stewarts." Scott has been accused of "blind Jacobitism." The extent of his blindness may be estimated from Waverley's reflections in this chapter. Scott was interested as an historian and as the descendant of "Auld Beardie" in the Jacobite cause. He admired — as who does not? — the self-sacrificing loyalty of the Highlanders, never so nobly displayed as after Drumossie. He felt the poetic charm of the unhappy and ungrateful House of Stewart. But his writings might be searched in vain for even a sentimental approval of "plunging a kingdom into all the miseries of civil war for the purpose of replacing upon the throne the descendants of a monarch by whom it had been wilfully forfeited."

(*v*) p. 268. "Oggam," generally spelled "Ogham," a system of writing by means of lines incised, at various angles, on the edges of a squared stone. The researches of Professor Rhys do not support the Punic hypothesis of General Vallancey.

(*w*) p. 271. "The sanguine Jacobites, during the eventful years 1745–46, kept up the spirits of their party by the rumour

of descents from France on behalf of the Chevalier St. George." See "Tom Jones," book xi. ch. vi. Mrs. Fitzpatrick asked Honour "who were come?" "Who?" answered she, "why, the *French;* several hundred thousands of them are landed, and we shall be all murdered and ravished." . . . "Ay, ay," quoth the landlord, smiling, "her ladyship knows better things; she knows the *French* are our very best friends, and come over hither only for our good. They are the people who are to make old *England* flourish again. . . . His Honour's Majesty [Charles Edward], Heaven bless him, hath given the duke the slip, and is marching as fast as he can to *London*, and ten thousand *French* are landed to join him on the road."

ANDREW LANG.

GLOSSARY.

A', all.
Aboon, abune, above.
Aby, abye, to suffer, to endure.
Ain, own.
Alane, alone.
An, if.
Auld, old
Aweel, well.
Aye, always.

Bailie, alderman or magistrate.
Bawty, sly.
Baxter, baker.
Belive, by-and-by, speedily.
"Bent, tak' the," to take to the open country, to run away.
Bhaird, bard.
Bit (used as a diminutive). "Bit line," a letter.
Black-fishing, poaching.
Blinked, glanced.
Bluid, blood.
Bodle, a copper coin, — fraction of an English penny.
Brae, rising ground.
Breeks, breeches.
Brogues, Highland shoes.
Browst, brewing; as much as is brewed at one time.
Bruik, to enjoy.
Bullsegg, a half-gelded bull.
Buttock-mail, church penance for incontinency.
Bydand, awaiting.

Caillíachs, old women.
Callant, a young lad, a fine fellow.
Canny, skilful, prudent, lucky; in a superstitious sense, good-conditioned, and safe to deal with; trustworthy.
Cantrip, a trick, a piece of mischief; a spell, incantation, charm.
Carle, a churl, a gruff old man.
Cateran, kearn, Highland irregular soldier, freebooter.
Chap, a customer.
Clachan, a hamlet.
"Claw favour," to curry favour.
Cleek, hook.
Cogue, cogie, a round wooden vessel for holding milk, brose, etc.
Coronach, dirge.
Corrie, a mountain hollow.
Cove, cave.
Cranes, booths.
Creagh, a Highland foray, a raid.
Crummy, a crooked-horned cow.
Cuittle, to tickle. To "cuittle favour" means to curry favour.
Curragh, a Highland boat or skiff.

Daft, mad, frolicsome.
Decreet, order of decree.
"Deil's buckie," devil's scamp.
"Deoch an doruis," the stirrup-cup, the parting drink.
Dern, a concealed, secret spot; gloomy, dismal.
Dinmonts, wethers between one and two years old, or that have not been twice shorn.

Doer, a steward.
Doon, down.
Dovering, dozing, half asleep.
Dunniewassal, (or duinhé-wassel), a Highland gentleman, generally the cadet of a family of rank, and who received his title from the land he occupied, though held at will of his chieftain

Eneugh, enough.

Factory, stewardship.
"**Far ben**," in particular favour, very intimate.
"**Feal and divot**," turf and thatch.
Feifteen, the Jacobite rebellion of 1715.
Fendy, clever in providing.
Flemit, frightened.
Foun, fun.
Frae, from.
Fu', full.
Fule, fool.

Gane, gone.
Ganging, going.
Gangs, goes.
Gate, way, direction.
Gaun, going.
Gear, property.
Gillie, a Highland man-servant.
Gimmer, a two-year-old ewe.
Glisked, glimpsed.
Gripple, rapacious.
Gulpin, a simpleton.

Ha', hall.
Hail, whole.
Hallan, the partition between the door of a cottage and the fireplace.
Hame, home.
Hantle, a good many, a great deal.
Harst, harvest.
Hership, plunder.
Hilding, a coward.
Hog, a sheep from six to fifteen months old.
Horning, enforcing payment of a debt.
"**Houlerying and poulerying**," hustling and pulling.
Howe, hollow.
Hurley-house, a broken-down manor-house.

Ilk, of the same name. "Bradwardine of that Ilk,"=Bradwardine of Bradwardine.
"**In the bees**," stupefied.
Intromit, to meddle with.

Justified, died in a good cause.

Ken, know.
Kilt, the philabeg or short petticoat of a Highlander.
Kittle, tickle, ticklish.
Kyloe, a small Highland cow.

Laird, lord of a manor, squire.
Lawing, a tavern reckoning.
Lee land, grass or meadow land.
Lifted, made a prey of, captured.
Limmer, a jade, a loose woman.
Loon, an idle fellow, a rogue, a rustic boy.
Luckie, dame.
Lug, the ear.
Lunxie, waist.

Mae, more.
Mains, demesne, farmhouse.
Mair, more.
"**Mair tint at Sheriffmuir**," more men lost at the battle of Sheriffmuir.
"**Malt abune the meal**," the drink above the food, half-seas over.
Mearns, Kincardineshire.
Meikle, mickle, much, great, large, big, pre-eminent.
Merk=13⅓ *d.* English money.
Misguggled, mangled and disfigured.
"**Mister wight**," child of necessity, doubtful character.
Mony, many.
Morn, "**the morn**," to-morrow.

Morning, a morning dram, or draught.
Muir, moor.

Na, nae, no, not.
Nainsell, ownself.
Napry, table linen.
Nolt, oxen, black cattle.

"Old to do," more than enough to do.
Ony, any.
Orra, odd, unemployed.

Pingle, a fuss.
Plenish, to provide
Ploy, sport, entertainment.
Public, public-house, inn.
Pund Scots, = 1*s.* 8*d.* English money.

Reif, rief, robbery.
Reiver, riever, robber.
Riggs, fields.
Rokelay, short cloak.
Rudas, rough, cantankerous.
Runt, an old, worn-out cow, also, the stalk of colewort or cabbage.

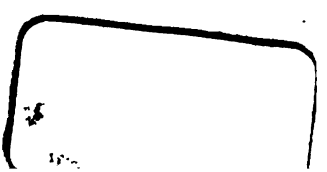
Sain, to bless against evil influence; literally, to sign with the sign of the cross.
Sair, sore, very.
Saumon, salmon.
Saut, salt.
Say, a sample.
Schellum, a low, worthless fellow.
Seannachie, Highland antiquary.
Shearing, the reaping.
Shilpit, weak, washy, insipid.
Shoon, shoes.
"Sic a," "siccan a," such a.
"Sidier roy," red-coated soldiers.
Siller, money.
Simmer, summer.
Sliver, slit, slice.
Smoky, suspicious, doubtful.
Sneck, a latch.
Snood, a young woman's maiden fillet for tying round her head.
Sopite, to quiet a brawl.
Sorners, sojourners, sturdy beggars, obtrusive guests who pleaded privilege, and were not easily got rid of, at least in the Highlands, where the Acts of Parliament against them were not enforced.
Sorted, arranged.
Speirs, asks
Sporran-mollach, the goat-skin purse of the Highlanders.
Spring, a merry tune.
Spuilzie, spoil.
Stieve, stiff.
Stirk, a young steer or heifer.
Stot, a bullock.
Stoup, a flagon, a pitcher, a jug.
Stouthrief, robbery.
Strae, straw.
Strath, a valley through which a river runs.
Sybo, a species of onion or radish.

Taiglit, drooping and disordered.
Tailzie, taillie, a deed of entail.
Tappit-hen, a tin pot with a knob on the top, containing a quart of ale.
Telt, told.
Till, to; **till 't**, to it.
Toun, hamlet, precincts of a manor.
Trews, close trousers.
Trow, to believe, to suppose.
Twa, two.
Tyke, a dog, a snarling fellow.

Unkenn'd, unknown.
Untill, unto, till.
Usquebaugh, whiskey.

Vaiselle, vessels.
Vilipend, to hold of no consequence.

Wa', wall.
Wee, little.
Weel, well.
Whar, where.
"What for," why.
Whilk, which.
Wi', with.
Wiake, a quick stroke or motion.
Wot, to know.

Yon, there, yonder, beyond.

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